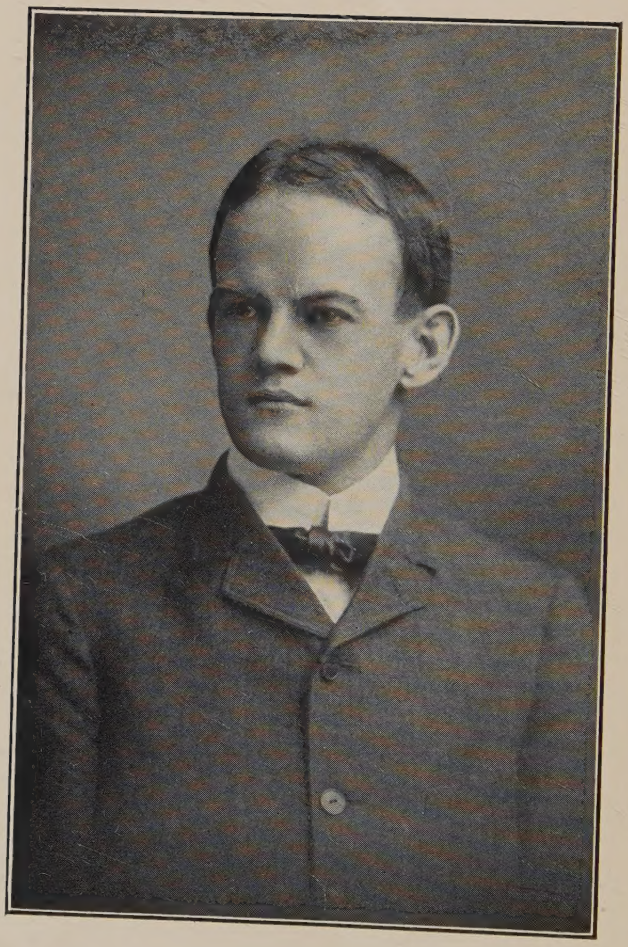
JOHN LAWRENCE THURSTON

A MEMORIAL



JOHN LAWRENCE THURSTON

A Life With a Purpose

A Memorial of John Lawrence Thurston
First Missionary of the Yale Mission

By
HENRY B. WRIGHT

"A simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others."—EMERSON (*Self-Reliance.*)

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To the home circle in America, and to her who has so bravely returned alone to China to continue his work there.

PREFACE

THIS book is the simple record of a life with a purpose. It is the biography of a young man who strove first to know and then to do the will of God. If the requirements of strict adherence to truth in the presentation of facts have been met, the contents, though they may serve no higher purpose, cannot fail to be of a certain scientific value, however unskillful may have been the pen to which the responsibility of the telling has been entrusted. In each succeeding generation there is an increasing number of men who believe that God reveals His thoughts and plans for the world mainly through those human lives in which He is allowed to work out with fullness His will. Modern philosophy assures us that each life which does the will of God becomes by that act the incarnation of a thought of God, which may thereafter be known and read of all men. If this be true, there can be few better laboratories in which to pursue that greatest of all researches—the study of the mind of God,—than in a library of faithful records of the lives of those men and women who have borne the unmistakable stamp of having been His mouthpieces and colabourers.

Lawrence Thurston's life bore precisely such a stamp, and it is for this reason that his friends have united in the preparation of a memorial. The book is not the work of a single hand. Those who knew him best, some in the home, others in the years of preparation, and others still in the shorter period of pioneer service on the field, have given generously of time and thought to complete a true

and faithful record: and there is not a single chapter in which the words of his own correspondence do not reveal better than friends could tell, the greatness of the simple purpose of his life.

The unanimity of opinion regarding Lawrence among the contributors to the volume, who reached their conclusions independently of one another, would seem to justify the attempt in the opening chapter to formulate and to interpret that particular thought of God which in him became incarnate. The life of Lawrence Thurston brings a different message to the college students of the world from that of the life of Hugh Beaver or of Horace Pitkin or of Horace Rose. It reiterates a fundamental principle of Christ which mankind in its search after leaders has largely forgotten, and the obscuring of which has kept many a man in our time content to live but half a life. It demonstrates the great and eternal truth that in the kingdom of God no man need belong to the rank and file of men, and that, through the miracle of obedience, every man whom the world is pleased to call ordinary may become extraordinary, since, by the grace of God, all men were "born to be kings." It establishes what Bushnell once affirmed; that God is girding every man for a place and a calling, in which, taking it from him, even though it be internally humble, he may be as consciously exalted as if he held the rule of a kingdom.

CONTENTS

I.	The Miracle of Obedience	13
II.	Home Life and Early Training	27
III.	Four Years at Yale	59
IV.	The Yale Missionary Band	89
V.	Theological Seminary	125
VI.	The Island Camp	153
VII.	The Yale Mission to China—Lawrence's Appointment	177
VIII.	The Pioneer Missionary	205
IX.	The Chang-Sha Invitation	261
X.	"Ordered Home"	291

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
John Lawrence Thurston	*Title*
Whitinsville Church	30
The Parsonage	30
Rev. John R. Thurston	34
Mrs. Augusta Storey Thurston	34
Lawrence with His Brother Charles, Aged Six	36
Worcester Academy Grounds	38
"The Islands of the Blest." Approach to Johnny's Isle	156
Johnny's Island. Tents and Canoes	156
Campers at Work	158
Campers at Dinner	160
Lawrence as Pioneer Missionary	208
Mrs. Thurston	208
The Road to the Pasture	210
Lawrence in Furs in North China	230
Lawrence at His Desk on the Field	230

I

The Miracle of Obedience

"If *any man* is in Christ he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold they are become new."—*2 Cor. 5: 17.*

"Life stripped of its essentials offers but two alternatives to the man of action. He may work for himself alone, building his little selfish walls across the advancing path of civilization and making them stumbling blocks in the way of progress. Then however successful he may be, ultimately the stern mills of the Gods will grind him and his structures to dust, and he and his work will vanish from the earth. Or, having the eyes that see, he may place his effort parallel with those eternal lines of force that mark the purposes of God, and then what he builds will endure."—*Herbert Knox Smith to the Yale Alumni of Hartford.*

"God has a life-plan for every human life. In the eternal councils of His will, when He arranged the destiny of every star, and every sand-grain and every grass-blade, and each of those tiny insects which live but for an hour, the Creator had a thought for You and Me. Our life was to be the slow unfolding of this thought, as the corn stalk from the corn, or the flower from the gradually opening bud. It was a thought of what we were to be, of what we might become, of what *He* would have us do with our days and years, or influence with our lives. But we all had the terrible power to evade this thought, and shape our lives from another thought, another will, if we chose. The bud could only become a flower, and the star revolve in the orbit God had fixed. But it was man's prerogative to choose his path, his duty to choose it in God. But the Divine right to choose at all has always seemed more to him than his duty to choose in God, so, for the most part, he has taken his life *from God*, and cut out his career from himself. . . . The general truth of these words is simply this; that the end of life is to do God's will. Now that is a great and surprising revelation. No man ever found that out. It has been before the world these eighteen hundred years, yet few have ever found it out to-day."—*Henry Drummond*, "*The Ideal Life.*"

"If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself."—*John 7: 17.*

"He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father."—*John 14: 12.*

"The world has yet to see what God can do with a man unreservedly consecrated to Him."

— D. L. Moody

I

THE MIRACLE OF OBEDIENCE

IN its quest after leaders in thought and action throughout the centuries, the world has again and again and with singular persistency gone astray. Its eyes have almost invariably been fixed upon the heights,—upon palace and hall of learning. It has looked for a descent from above; it has concentrated its attention upon the upper regions of plenty and opportunity. Sometimes, it is true, in these very places the object of its search has been found. But more often men have stopped short in their seeking to find that he for whom they were looking had already come. Whence he came they knew not, save that while their eyes were turned upward he seemed to have ascended from below,—from the unexpected and the neglected quarter, from the door of the humble hut, and from places where men knew not letters, having never learned.

But whether the true leader descends from palace or ascends from the cabin, there is no mistaking him when he comes. His advent in the larger spheres of human thought and action Watson has sketched in striking language:

"No one could have foretold his origin; no one can take credit for training him; no one can boast afterwards of having been his colleague. From behind the veil he comes—from a palace, or from a cottage, or from a col-

lege, or from a desert. Upon him is laid one burden, and he rests not until it be fulfilled; he is incalculable, concentrated, forceful, autocratic. Now he is the idol of the people; now he is their victim; he is ever independent of them, and ever their champion. They may not understand him yet he expresses them; they may put him to death yet he accomplishes their desire. These are the makers of the race through whom God intervenes in human history." [1]

But it is not alone in the greater arena of the nations that such unique figures with the stamp of mission upon them, from time to time appear. Few persons pass through life in its ordinary walks without having at some time come in contact with men and women of this peculiar type. "There are those who stand out from among the crowd which reflects merely the atmosphere of feeling and standard of society around it," says Mozley,[2] "with an impress upon them which bespeaks a heavenly birth. Their criterion of what is valuable, and to be sought after, is different from that of others." The humblest home, the rudest school is transformed by the advent of just such rare souls. They seem always to do and to say, not the obvious but that which proves ultimately to have been the right thing. "The otherworldliness of such a character," says Drummond,[3] "is the thing that strikes you; you are not prepared for what it will do or say or become next, for it moves from a far-off center, and in spite of its transparency and sweetness, that presence fills you always with awe. A man never

[1] John Watson, "The Life of the Master," p. 11.
[2] Mozley, "Sermons Before the University of Oxford," p. 240.
[3] Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," pp. 134–135.

feels the discord of his own life, never hears the jar of the machinery by which he tries to manufacture his own good points till he has stood in the stillness of such a presence. Then he discerns the difference between growth and work."

The world has a ready explanation for such unique figures. Like the great painters and musicians and scholars of the ages, so these too, it affirms, are geniuses, —the spiritual geniuses of the race. They are possessed of special gifts, denied to the generality of mankind. They alone were "born to be kings,"—to be extraordinary. It was fated that the rest of men should, in spiritual matters, as in others, be ordinary,—should belong to the rank and file of men.

This explanation, though striking and plausible, is by no means a new one. It was a tenet of the ancient Roman religion. *Paucis vivat humanum genus*, "For the few the race must live," wrote Cicero. But true men have always felt a shudder when they come to consider the actual acceptance of such a view into their creed. That I may be saved must other men be lost? Does the law of the survival of the fittest, over which men have no control and capable of being overridden by no higher law prevail in the spiritual realm? "A thousand times No!" cries the human heart. "If it be so I will have none of salvation." "In God's spiritual universe," pleaded Robertson,[1] "there are no favourites of heaven who can attain knowledge and spiritual wisdom apart from obedience. There are none reprobate by an eternal decree who can surrender self, and in all things submit to God, and yet fail of spiritual convictions. It is not therefore a rare partial condescension

[1] Robertson, "Sermons," Third Series, No. 7.

of God, arbitrary and causeless, which gives knowledge of the truth to some, and shuts it out from others, but a vast, universal, glorious law. The light lighteth every man that cometh into the world. 'If *any* man will do His will, he shall know.'"

And when we come to the life and teaching of Jesus there is no mistaking the emphasis which He placed upon the unlimited possibilities for development in every human being. To His mind there need be no such thing as an average man. "If *any man* will . . . he shall know," were His words. "*He that believeth* . . . the works that I do shall he do also and greater works than these shall he do." Trained outside of palace and halls of learning, He spent the greater part of His life among those whom the world is pleased to call the rank and file of men. In Cephas He was quick to discern a latent Peter, and in witness to the great truth that the ordinary man was born to become extraordinary, from fishermen and tax collectors He developed the spiritual leaders of the world. It is true that in the moral and spiritual realm in those cases where men could, but would not be saved, He clearly taught the great principle of the survival of the fittest; but overshadowing this in the grandeur of its loftiness He reared a mightier truth that any man who would, might be made fit to survive, and that for a man once made fit himself, the greatest work in the world was to return to the depths and help the unfit to make themselves fittest. "If *any man* be willing," He said, "he shall know;" and the truth which He taught was reiterated by His disciples. "God hath showed me," said Peter, "that I should not call *any man* common." "If *any man* is in Christ," added Paul, "he is a new creature. The old things are passed away."

The phenomena, then, which the world in wonder describes as miracles of spiritual genius,—gifts predestined to an appointed few,—were in the eyes of Jesus and His apostles but the inevitable results of a law,—of a process of obedience possible to any man.

Is there then a mighty miraculous law of God, underlying the life of men, the processes of which may be observed, a law, whereby weak men are made strong, whereby the ordinary man can become extraordinary, a law which no man can create or master, but a law of which any man may avail himself if he will? Are the phrases which were so constantly on Paul's lips, "Him that enabled me," "The strength which God supplieth," "Newness of life," "My God shall fulfill every need," "I can do all things through Him," "His working which worketh in me mightily," mere empty phrases of rhetoric, or are they the genuine witnesses to a mysterious power which had made of Paul a new creature? When such a thought first dawns upon one, its possibilities are well-nigh overwhelming. President Jordan tells us that one half of the normal strength of the young men of America is to-day wasted in dissipation gross or petty, and we stand aghast before the thought of what the nation has lost in power of achievement through human wilfulness. But what of the fourfold or the tenfold strength which God intended to supply to men which they have never claimed, and which after all was really their normal strength in God's thought for their lives? How many leaders have been lost to the world through this form of human wilfulness? What countless numbers of men and women who have been content to constitute the rank and file may have been "born to be kings"! "As the earth sweeps on with vast treasures

of gold and gems all uncovered," says Hillis,[1] "so men move forward laden with treasures which are neither explored nor suspected." Is this all fancy or is it fact? "If any man be willing," said Jesus, "he shall know, and greater works than Mine shall he do." Does it not now become more apparent why it was that the form of sin which Jesus regarded as the worst was satiety and self-sufficiency?

That there is such a thing as the miraculous law of obedience whereby the lives of ordinary men and women have been transformed by the renewing of their minds to be mighty proofs of the perfect will of God, the majority of Christians do not to-day deny. The evidence is too abundant and too well established to admit of denial. Nor on the whole is there much uncertainty as to the general lines along which the process moves. "*I came not to do Mine own will*, but the will of Him that sent Me," said Christ. "Lord, what *wilt* Thou have me to do," were the words which marked the turning point of Paul's career. "If any man *willeth to do His will*," taught Christ, "he shall know . . . and greater works than these shall he do." Were the lives of a hundred of the transformed leaders of the past and present—what the world calls its spiritual geniuses—to be examined, they would all be found to revert to the single open secret that they willed to do God's will. Yet among a great many honest men and women there exists to-day a real perplexity as to what it is to do God's will. Students return from some great religious gathering where they have honestly felt and perhaps openly expressed their deep desire to do the will of God. They have sung from their hearts:

[1] Hillis, "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life," p. 172.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain or land or sea,
I'll do what you want me to do, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

They may have definitely given their lives to foreign missionary service as that form of consecration which seems to be the highest possible; and yet, as the weeks pass, the growth, the promised knowledge of the teaching, the power to do greater works than Christ did, does not appear. And so, while not denying the possibility of such experiences as the above to a certain privileged few, it is to these few alone that they are forced to narrow the universal promise of Jesus that "if *any man* willeth to do God's will . . . he shall know."

What is it to do God's will? "Do the right," says Bushnell.[1] But what is the right? Different men have different standards. "Love," says Mozley.[2] But what is it to love? "Obey," says Robertson.[3] But what, we ask, are the specific things we are to do? "Believing in Jesus Christ, going on into the holiness of the life that is Christ's, entering into Christ's service for the redemption of the world," says Speer.[4] But how far are we to go before results come? No man can ever do all these things perfectly and the world is all at sea as to creed and methods. "Being willing to obey," says Drummond.[5] "But I honestly think I am," the perplexed inquirer replies. "How shall I know whether I am or not?" "Follow Christ," says Lyman Abbott.[6] "I have been

[1] Cheney, "Life of Horace Bushnell," p. 58.
[2] Mozley, "Sermons Before the University of Oxford," p. 240.
[3] Robertson, "Sermons," Third Series, No. 7.
[4] Speer, "Remember Jesus Christ," p. 107.
[5] Drummond, "The Ideal Life," p. 313.
[6] Abbott, "The Great Companion," pp. 89–102.

trying to do this for years," is the answer. How tantalizingly indefinite the problem seems! What would we not give if we could see Jesus during those thirty years when He was working practically with the problem of God's will in His own life, or Paul during the three years in the solitude of Arabia, when God must have answered that question of his on the Damascus road: "What wilt Thou have me to do?" Have Christ and His foremost apostle left no records of these secret soul struggles? May we never know the details of the process by which they came to know the will of God? Are we fated to see only the result—the incontestable miracle of obedience at its end?

Fortunately the mere record of events of those hidden years in the lives of Jesus and of Paul, of which few direct traces remain, is not the only source from which we may learn. There is no struggle through which Jesus went in the earlier years which did not leave its traces upon His later life and teaching, and it has remained for a modern seer[1] to reconstruct from the data of the later years which we do possess, the touchstone which Jesus must have applied to every problem when He strove to determine the particular will of God for His life. It was a fourfold touchstone and the tests were these: an absolute standard of purity, of honesty, of unselfishness and of love. And when we turn to the two places in all his writings where Paul attempts to define what the will of God is [cf. 1 Thess. 4:3; Eph. 5:17]—passages which are also an unconscious revelation on his part of the experiences of those earlier hidden years in Arabia,—we

[1] Speer, "The Principles of Jesus." The absolute standards of Jesus: Purity, Matt. 5:29–30; Honesty, John 8:44; Unselfishness, Luke 14:33; Love, John 13:34.

are struck at once with the remarkable coincidence that it is this identical fourfold touchstone of Christ which Paul commends to the churches at Thessalonica and Ephesus. "For this is the will of God," he writes to those of Thessalonica, ". . . that ye abstain from fornication . . . not in the passion of lust (Purity) [cf. Eph. 5 : 3–14] . . . that no man overreach and wrong his brother in the matter (Honesty) [cf. Eph. 4 : 25–28] . . . that ye abound more and more and that ye study to be quiet and to do your own business and to work with your own hands (Unselfishness) [cf. Eph. 4 : 29–32] . . . but concerning love of the brethren ye have no need that one write to you (Love) [cf. Eph. 5 : 1–2]."[1]

Consciously or unconsciously, it is here—where Jesus and where Paul began,—that we all must begin when we will to do the will of God.[2] To every problem of conduct or career, of pleasure or of duty, to a small matter like our bearing in a game of sport, to a large matter like our answer to an appeal for foreign missionary service, we put the fourfold question: Is my solution the absolutely pure thing; is it the absolutely honest thing; is it the most unselfish thing; is it the fullest expression of my love? And if it fails to measure up to any one of the four tests, we turn away from it in the sure confidence that it cannot be the will of God for our lives. It is deeply significant that the issue of disobedience to any of these four standards is couched by Jesus in the strongest

[1] 1 Thess. 4 : 1–12; Eph. 4 : 1–5 : 17.

[2] It was here that Frederic Robertson began: "If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward."—"Life," Vol. I, pp. 109–110.

of terms,[1] while in each instance the result of obedience is the actual realization of unseen things.[2] Each one of these four standards, also, is the commonly accepted essential to growth in a different one of the four integral parts which go to make up a man. Jesus, we are told, increased in stature, in wisdom, in favour with man and in favour with God. He bade all men love God with strength, with mind, with heart and with soul. If a man would develop physically, he must be pure, if he would develop mentally he must be honest, if he would develop socially he must be unselfish, if he would develop spiritually he must express himself in love.

Is it unreasonable that a path to unlimited achievement for every man should lie through the gateway of obedience to the leading of this fourfold touchstone? May it not be that what the world calls genius is much more a matter of right living than many men would care to admit? Jesus said "not that clear intellect will give you a right heart, but that a right heart and a pure life will clarify the intellect. Not, become a man of letters and learning and you will attain spiritual freedom; but do rightly and you will judge justly; obey and you will know."[3] The ordinary man who wills to have a mind freed from the shackles of impure imagery, an eye that looks at things squarely and brooks deception neither of self nor of others, a hand that will not spare itself in work, and a heart that will express without reserve its

[1] *Impurity:* Matt. 5:29, "Be cast into hell." *Dishonesty:* Luke 16:11, "Who will commit to you the true riches." *Selfishness:* Luke 14:33, "He cannot be My disciple." *Lovelessness:* Matt. 25:46, "Eternal punishment."

[2] *Purity:* Matt. 5:8, "He shall see God." *Honesty:* Luke 16:11, "The true riches." *Unselfishness:* Luke 9:24, "He shall save his life." *Love:* Matt. 25:34, "Inherit the kingdom prepared."

[3] Robertson, "Sermons," Third Series, No. 7.

honest convictions and genuine affections, will often even in this earthly life outstrip the brilliant genius who though starting far ahead in the race because of inherited gifts, is shackled and ultimately overthrown by impurity, dishonesty, selfishness or atrophy of heart. And who can doubt the ultimate result when we enter upon real living after these days of preparations and layings of foundations are over. "We may not be able today to think Plato's thought, create Shakespeare's Hamlet or live with the moral sublimity of Lincoln; but give us eternity and infinite opportunity and there is no limit to our possible growth in those directions." [1]

Such was the great truth that little by little dawned upon us as we lived and worked by the side of Lawrence Thurston.

[1] Griggs, "Moral Education," p. 23.

II

Home Life and Early Training

"Strictly speaking I was never led to Christ, never having known what it was not to be a Christian. This must not imply that sin has not always been a powerful factor in my life, but thanks to a Christian inheritance and home and godly parents I have never known what it was to be in open rebellion against God."—*From Lawrence's reply to questions at ordination.*

"A ship in a heavy gale, strains and springs a leak and founders. Men say, 'The gale which caused that ship to founder began in the shipyard.' It would not have strained and sprung a leak if it had been properly built. Those timbers that were put in because they were cheaper, were elements of weakness that weakened the whole craft. The defects were covered up with paint and putty as defects usually are and she looked as well, and in the harbour she lay as well, and in a calm she went as well as any other ship. But when the hurricane came down, the well-built craft went safely through the gale, while the one that was poorly built foundered. The trouble was not that this one was not handled as well as the other but that she was not built as well.

"One man lays out his life plans with moderation—that is with relation to his own capacity; with relation to what a man ought to want, ought to do, and ought to be; with a keel of equity, and with ribs of truth and righteousness—and he is always building as under the eye of the eternal Father. Another man, not meaning to do wrong, lays out his life plans under the inspirations of over-eager desire of greed; not of stealing and lying and dishonour, but of greed, of the inordinate use of his secular worldly feelings. By and by comes the period of trial and suffering. Five, or ten, or twenty years may elapse before it comes; but however remote that period may be, the weakness that in the one case was incorporated in the original plan inheres in the structure, and it falls beneath the storm, while the other that was properly organized survives."—*Beecher.*

II

HOME LIFE AND EARLY TRAINING

JOHN LAWRENCE THURSTON was born in the Congregational parsonage at Whitinsville, Mass., on August 4, 1874, and for the thirty years of his life this same spot remained his home. He was thus privileged from the first to come under the direct influence of two of the most powerful forces that can shape character—God-fearing parents, and the simple, unaffected life of a New England country town.

The factory village of Whitinsville, with its long stretches of ponds which supply the power to drive the thousand busy machines plying each day in the big Whitin cotton-mills and machine-shops, has doubtless much in common with other New England towns. But its people have a spirit of their own which the stranger who tarries for a night among them is quick to note. One is awakened in the quiet of the early morning by the vigorous warning strokes of the mill bell, and for a few moments he hears beneath his window the quick steps of men and women, hurrying to their work, sometimes in silence but more often in little groups of three or four, and with a cheerful greeting one to the other as they go. In a little while the great bell sends forth another warning call, the footsteps as they pass and die away in the distance become fewer and more rapid, the distant rumble of machinery begins, and by seven o'clock the town has settled back into the peacefulness characteristic of any

New England village, which is only disturbed again when the whistle sounds for noon or for night and the stream of humanity pours forth from the factory doors, now, it is true, wearing upon hands and dress the marks of honest toil. But whether he meets them at morning or at night, one notes in the workers of Whitinsville a spirit of industry and loyalty and content. The town has grown up around a single family whose members are the resident owners of the mills and shop and who have, in many different ways, fulfilled the obligations of brotherhood to those about them. The Memorial Hall, the beautiful Congregational Church and numerous other public benefactions, the provision for aged and incapacitated workmen, and the thoughtfulness in supplying household necessities to workmen at living prices in times of great stringency in the world outside, have bound together employer and employee into that greatest of all unions whose basis is the brotherhood of man.

It is no easy task for a Christian minister to interpret God to the busy workers of such a town. He who would bring the message of Christianity to men who toil in the shop, whether with mind or with hand, as employers or as employees, must be himself a worker with just a trifle quicker step when the bell sends forth its warning in the early hours, and with just a shade more genuinely cheerful greeting, as he passes about his duties, than any of his flock. For, in the final analysis, religion is imparted and not taught and the most eloquent and convincing language in which the preacher speaks is that of his own life.

Rev. John Rogers Thurston, Lawrence's father, who was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Whitinsville in 1871, had received both by inheritance

WHITINSVILLE CHURCH

THE PARSONAGE

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

and from the sterner training of his early life many requisite traits for precisely such a ministry. He belonged to an old and honoured family. The name Thurston, variously interpreted as meaning God's-rock or God's-servant, appears as early as 800 A. D. in a Danish monk who lived at the Abbey of Croyland; and the same name is found many times thereafter in various callings and offices. The most celebrated of the family was Thurston who was elected twenty-eighth Archbishop of York and who served many years as chaplain and secretary of Henry II.

The special branch of the Thurston family to which Lawrence's father belonged came to Newbury, Mass., from the town of Thornbury, county of Gloucester, England, between 1635 and 1638, removing later to old Rowley, Mass., in the part now called Georgetown.

Here, in 1794, John Thurston, Lawrence's grandfather, was born. But soon after the family again removed to Sedgwick, Me., and the boy remained on the farm working for his father, until the latter's death in 1821, when he took entire charge of the homestead until 1830. He then removed to Bangor and became the "Keeper of the Ordinary" for the Theological Seminary. He was one of the original members of the Hammond Street Church, a devout and earnest Christian, and as Dr. Pond said of him, "Always at the prayer-meeting." His son, John Rogers Thurston, Lawrence's father, was born at Bangor in 1831.

Lawrence's father was thus born of rugged, God-fearing stock, but it was the stern training of his early life which more especially fitted him to be a leader of those who work. When he was two years of age both of his parents died, and during the years of education which

followed he was largely dependent upon his own resources. He entered Yale at sixteen with a poor preparation, and although compelled to devote many hours each week to manual labour for self-support, he graduated in 1851 with an oration stand, having improved in scholarship regularly each successive year of the course. At the end of his freshman year he had united with the College Church and later he definitely decided to enter the mission field, planning to go to China with his cousin, Rev. Henry Blodget, Yale, '48. For four years after graduating he taught in order to earn money to pay debts incurred in securing his education, and then, after completing his theological studies at Bangor, he received his appointment from the American Board as a missionary to China. Illness in the family, however, made it necessary for him to relinquish his long-cherished ambition, and to find God's plan for his life in the home ministry. For more than ten years, excepting the months spent in the Christian Commission during the Civil War, he was settled in Newbury, Mass., over the church of which three of his ancestors had been members. Here his first wife died leaving two daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth. From Newbury, Mr. Thurston was called in 1871 to Whitinsville, having previously married Miss Caroline A. W. Storey, a member of the well-known Newburyport family of Storeys, a woman of rare character from whom Lawrence inherited much of the vivacity and keen sense of humour which later characterized his sunny nature. Here for more than thirty-five years he has served the town, not only in the capacity of Congregational pastor, but also as its representative in the State Legislature and in other public positions.

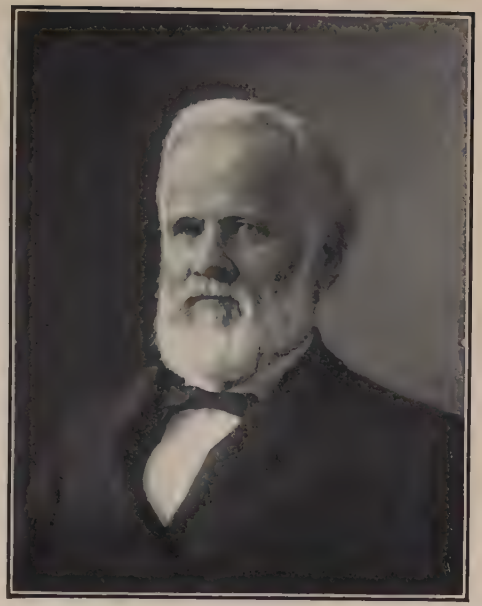
Lawrence was the second son born from this latter

marriage and was named for his paternal grandparents, John Thurston and Abigail Lawrence Thurston—the latter, a granddaughter of Asa Lawrence, captain of the Groton Minutemen at Bunker Hill. The home circle in which he grew up included the two half-sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth, his elder brother Charles who preceded him both at Worcester Academy and at Yale, leaving a brilliant record as a scholar, and a younger sister Isabel to whom in later years he was in a peculiar sense a true "elder brother" in love and sympathy and companionship. Of Lawrence's early childhood his mother writes:

"He was a very bright and apparently healthy baby until his third year, when a severe cold, followed by an attack of what was called 'marasmus,' kept him an invalid for more than two years, and though after this time he apparently recovered, he was never robust. During his long sickness, in spite of the fact that he lost strength and flesh to a pitiful extent, the energy that characterized him in after years was never wanting, and when he was too weak to walk, he insisted upon being dressed each day, and carried to the table with the family, where, though his appetite was very small, he could enter into the life of the household. During these years, he was much under the care of a cousin who was devoted to him, and whom he loved fondly in return. When he grew stronger, he was ever busy about something, and as he was much with his mother and cousin, he liked to do as they did, and learned to sew very neatly. He was always very careful that the work should be all his own, and if he found that a stitch had been taken by any one, with the idea of helping him to finish some little gift, the work had to be

ripped out, that it might be entirely his own. He was a great lover of home, and preferred to have his playmates come to be with him in the house or the large yard and in the hay-loft, where many happy hours were spent. As he grew older and went to school, it was found that he picked up more 'slang' in a week than his elder brother had in two years, and his friends of later years will remember his fondness for what we might call picturesque language. But his conscience was alert, and he never strayed, I think, into profanity."

Lawrence's boyhood and youth were thus centered to a large degree at the parsonage, where his father found time, in spite of his many pastoral duties, to carry on a little gardening and light farming. The boy soon came to know every foot of the pasture, to and from which he or his brother drove the cows each day, and where he was always alert, in the spring and summer, for the coming of the birds and the berries and the wild flowers. He watched the garden with its ever changing crops, and recorded daily in his little diary, by a system of his own, the changes in the weather, the variations of the thermometer, and the number of eggs which the hens laid. Close at hand was the pond with its polywogs and lizards and shiners and later when he became the proud possessor of a boat, he enjoyed to the full extent the bass fishing and swimming in its waters during the summer months. But best of all spots of his early childhood days was the home with its big yard and the hay-loft in the barn, whither the lad invited his boy friends when school was over or on Saturdays, and where he and his companions enjoyed themselves as children only can. When the little army of invaders threatened to disturb



REV. JOHN R. THURSTON

MRS. AUGUSTA STOREY THURSTON

the necessary quiet of the pastor's study, the wise father merely put double doors on his own retreat and reared in the yard a horizontal bar and a swing which made home and its surroundings doubly attractive to the growing boy. From early childhood, in the evenings up to bedtime and on Sunday afternoons, he would listen by the hour while his mother read aloud to him from missionary biographies and books of travel and adventure. It is interesting to note that even at an early age "Hamlin's Life," the "Biography of Livingstone," and a book called "Fiji and the Fijians" were his special favourites.

The memory of these childhood experiences was a precious inspiration to Lawrence when, years later, he found himself away from home and friends on anniversary days.

"I have been thinking of you to-day," he wrote on a Sunday evening during the year of the Yale Band campaign when alone in Chicago, "as together at home, and I have thought how I should like to drop in on you, and have a sing with Belle, and go to church where I belong, and sit down after church and have prayers, and then have a good long talk with you all. Why I feel as though I could talk a steady stream for hours and then not finish."

"I shall think of you all," he writes again, just before one Christmas day, "and suppose your tree will come on Saturday evening. . . . You must send me a list of the Christmas presents and tell me all about it. . . . I wish next Christmas we might have the children down and have a real celebration with tree and all. . . . A tree without children is like camping without the fellows.

What fun it used to be to get up and dress by the fire in mamma's room and, in our excitement, plead with papa to dress us which he couldn't do, as he must go down and light up [*i. e.*, the lights on the tree, the ceremonies of which took place before breakfast]. Then I remember my jig-saw Christmas. If I remember correctly, I didn't do anything but saw all day, and oh, the woe that filled my soul when, within a day or two, I screwed it up too tight and broke off a great piece and wrecked it. . . . Do you remember when I came home with my *third* tin drum from the Sunday-school tree? *I* do anyway. And I never can feel that those Christmas delights are past even though I am no longer a child."

And Lawrence realized well the secret of the home to which he so often turned back for inspiration and counsel.

"I must tell you what ——— said to me when I came back after Thanksgiving," he once wrote to his parents from preparatory school. "We were talking about home, etc., and he said, 'I am convinced that I should like to live in your home for about a month, you all seem so happy.' I tell you what, we children don't realize what a home we have. It is heaven on earth. And this is all because of Christianity and Christ's love shining through papa and mamma. If I can have a home like ours for my children, life will have been worth the living even if I accomplish nothing more."

Lawrence's education began in the primary schools of Whitinsville when he was seven years of age. He was at first very shy, and for several years made few friends outside of his immediate circle. In 1887, he entered the grammar school where he came under the careful train-

LAWRENCE WITH HIS BROTHER CHARLES, AGED SIX

ing of Miss Ella Aldrich. To the lad of thirteen, by whom lessons had never been learned any too easily, and who was always eager for the hour to come when he could be once more in the loft or by the pond's side, those extra minutes after school, spent in correcting mistakes made in problems or in atonement for minor transgressions, were a source of discontent. On one occasion, when the whole school had been kept after four o'clock for some breach of conduct, as the minutes of detention dragged on in silence, suddenly Lawrence rose from his seat and solemnly moved "that we adjourn." That this was meant in good faith and in entire respect, although there was undoubtedly an element of roguery in it, is apparent from an entry in the diary which he kept during this year and which is his sole comment on this incident. "Yesterday we struck for the dismission of school at four o'clock. She gave it to us, but was very hard on us with lessons." Years afterwards he had occasion to visit Miss Aldrich in person and to express to her his deep gratitude for the thorough foundation in mathematics which he owed entirely to her careful drill, and which later served him in such good stead in Worcester Academy.

When in June, 1889, Lawrence finished the work at the grammar school, the question arose whether he should continue his studies at the high school at Whitinsville or go to Worcester Academy, where his brother Charles was already enrolled as a student. The decision was left largely with Lawrence himself and it involved much careful thought on his part. And although boarding-school life at Worcester necessitated a severing to some extent of the home ties, it was upon this latter course that he finally decided.

There are few experiences in life which a normal boy enjoys more thoroughly at the time, or remembers afterwards with more distinctness than those connected with his high school days. No later triumph in college or in the world of action has in it precisely such exhilaration, no subsequent defeat leaves quite as bitter a sting as that which each newcomer experiences in his earliest struggles to assert himself among his peers within the strange and isolated little world of the fitting school, in those few budding years of his life when time is long and the world is new.

The preparatory school which Lawrence entered at the age of fifteen in the fall of 1889 was one excellently equipped to meet the needs of an active growing boy. Worcester Academy, already well known among the boarding schools of New England from its honourable record of over a half-century, was just entering upon a new era of material expansion under Mr. Abercrombie who had been called to the principalship in 1882. During Lawrence's school-days three new buildings costing over $200,000 were added to the school plant and the number of boys in the academy increased to nearly 200. The scholarship record of Worcester Academy graduates at college was such as to rank it among the best fitting schools in New England, and the remarkable success of its athletic teams had given it an enviable name in the student world.

Lawrence began his boarding-school life under circumstances which made the breaking of home ties less of a wrench than it has been for many boys. His brother Charles had already been in residence at the academy for two years and was now one of the leading men in the school. It had been arranged that the two boys should

WORCESTER ACADEMY GROUNDS

room together and this circumstance gave Lawrence an excellent opportunity to meet his brother's chums in the upper classes as well as the members of his own class.

Lawrence joined the school Y. M. C. A. within a week after entering the academy but he does not seem to have taken any active part in its meetings other than that of regular attendance. He was for some time very distrustful of his powers as a speaker and the results of his occasional public declamations in the chapel which constituted a part of his regular school work seem to have been very unsatisfactory to himself. "One good thing that came from the Thursday meetings," he wrote home after his first term, "was the formation of a first year Christian Endeavour Society. I have joined as an associate member. They wanted me to join as an active member but I didn't want to lead the meetings, so I didn't." His interest in the preaching services during the first year appears to have been no more nor less than that of a normal healthy boy, although special mention of several addresses on City or Foreign Missions is to be found in his diary.

Into the life of the boys he entered with great enthusiasm. The fact that he was not strong physically precluded the possibility of extensive participation in athletic sports, but he was a loyal supporter of the school and of his class in all the athletic competitions. His diary for the first year records the result of every baseball or football game, with ample justification for the team in defeat and a corresponding joy in victory. Writing home to the family on the occasion of a notable victory, he had happened to describe with much detail a banquet which the whole school had attended. "I don't know but what you will think," he concluded, "that I

cared more for the supper than for the game, but I didn't." Later in the year he wrote regarding the inter-class field sports, "'93 was second. We cheered all the way home." And those who knew Lawrence's invincible spirit in the more serious struggles of later life will have little doubt as to the identity of one, at least, of the organizers of the defeated but unconquered class of '93 in its march back to the academy grounds.

To his studies Lawrence applied himself faithfully. He was neither fond of study nor quick to learn and the results obtained were not always commensurate with his efforts. His eldest sister who was at home with him for a Christmas vacation wrote, "Lawrence is as full of life and thought as ever; a most interesting boy. I cannot understand why his studies come so hard. He shows the pluck of his Puritan ancestors and the sweetness of an angel about it." In later years he often referred with no little amusement and some genuine annoyance to what he knew to have been an overestimate of himself in his class standing during the first term at preparatory school, and again during the first term at college, in courses where his brother had preceded him and where Charlie's brilliant record in scholarship made a presupposition in Lawrence's favour at the start. During the first term at Worcester he was ranked second in a class of twenty-three and a note was added at the bottom of the report-card—"Lawrence nearly does what Charlie does so handsomely. There may be material for a class leader in him yet." So far as Lawrence was directly responsible for the result, the high rating on this occasion was largely due to a nearly perfect mark in mathematics. "All the fellows were in my room before the mathematics exam," he wrote home in exultation. Nor was this the only

time when he had occasion to be grateful for Miss Aldrich's careful grounding in accuracy and close reasoning.

The first year passed uneventfully with little to interrupt the ordinary routine of school life. When he returned to Worcester for his second year, his circle of intimate acquaintances had greatly widened and he entered upon his duties with much more self-confidence. "I spoke in prayer-meeting," his diary records on January 16, 1891. In his studies he still worked faithfully and took the results good-naturedly. "My rank last term was twenty-four. I don't remember the term before as large numbers are harder to remember than small ones." Sophomore year was for him preëminently a year of ventures, in which the growing lad was feeling about for the special line of achievement in which he might prove his powers to his fellows. The first of these did not bear the fruit which he had anticipated.

Before nearly every boy in his preparatory school-days there arises sooner or later an alluring vision of himself acclaimed victor before an admiring crowd of onlookers, in some test of speed or endurance with his fellows. And the vision in prospect seems so easy of realization. Who can forget the joys of the first day of training for that initial contest; the supreme satisfaction of self-imposed rigid diet and of early hours of retiring; the absolute assurance, in spite of discouraging time records in the trial runs, of one's ability, somehow, in some unexplained way, to distance all competitors when the contest shall finally come. And who will forget also the inevitable issue of that first contest, when the tyro, answering to his name at the line, and starting forth beneath the unsympathetic gaze and comments of the stands, seemed to himself a

petty mortal striving against gods, as gamely struggling in the rear, he watched the frames of his rivals disappearing ahead down the track, propelled as it were, by seven league boots. The story of Lawrence's athletic aspirations is best told in the brief words of his diary:

May 6. I began to train for walking (the mile walk) this afternoon.

May 11. Went to gym to see about training.

May 12. Trained. I walked as far as the ruins of the house.

May 19. We trained. The cinder track is being laid.

May 20. We trained. The track was laid today.

May 21. We trained for the last time before the sports.

May 22. I got my gym clothes and put them in a bag for the races.

May 23. (The day of the games.) Williams walked the mile in eight minutes, twenty seconds. I walked and had 150 yards handicap and came in 150 yards behind."

This performance closed Lawrence's active athletic career. He always felt in later years that it had been providential that he had not been able to engage regularly in athletics. And indeed it seems probable that his interest in the more serious achievements of his life must of necessity have been lessened had he devoted his intense and invincible spirit whole-heartedly to any sport.

Lawrence's second venture of sophomore year was

one calculated to prove of more lasting value to the school and to himself. When he had first entered the academy the thing which had disappointed him most sorely was to find so few among the boys who loved as he did the woods and the hills, the birds and the flowers which had been so large a part of his life at Whitinsville. Writing to his sister early in May he told the story of the formation of the Agassiz Association, in which he had a prominent part.

"*May 3d, 1891.*

"I want to tell you chiefly about our Natural History Society which we will after this call the Agassiz Association, as we have joined that society. About a week before the end of the fall term Mr. A—— asked all who were interested in natural history to meet in his recitation room and talk over forming a society. Nearly thirty came and it was decided at the beginning of the winter term to call a meeting and form a society. When we met we elected Rob Smith for president and Aldrich for vice-president. Ever since we formed the society it has been on the high wave of success. You see Mr. S—— is a member and is very much interested and although Mr. A—— has not had time to go to any of the meetings, yet we know that he wants the society to succeed, so we have everything in our favour. We have a room in the schoolhouse (the new building) for our collections and hold our meetings in Mr. S——'s recitation room on the same floor.

"At the meetings we have papers read and before the end of this term we hope to have a Harvard professor, a friend of Mr. S——'s, give us a lecture on geology. We keep a log of all the flowers and animals as they come

and after a few years it will be interesting to compare these and notice the early and late seasons.

* * * * * *

"We took our walk Monday and were out about three hours. We all had a perfectly delightful time. We found fully thirty flowers in bloom. Rob Smith kept the list. I found one new flower, the dwarf ginseng or ground nut. I see that you found it at Norton but we haven't pressed it before. Rob brought home for the society meeting a black, poisonous water-snake, but we put him in a tin box so that he is perfectly safe, and a little puff adder about a foot long. We think we shall put both in alcohol. We found several common lizards and one black one with yellow spots. I have forgotten his name.

* * * * * *

"Yours lovingly,
"LAWRENCE."

The society flourished for many years and continued to hold a prominent place in Lawrence's interests during the whole of his connection with the school.

In June, 1891, Charles Thurston graduated from the academy, and when Lawrence returned to school the next fall at the beginning of junior year, he entered upon a new period in his life. For the first time he may be said to have passed entirely outside of the direct influence of the family circle. His brother's departure necessitated the selection of a roommate, and soon subordinate offices fell to his lot in school and class organizations with which Charlie had been connected, but where the elder brother was no longer above to advise. But more significant than these, coming as it did at the beginning of the

period of independent action in his life was his joining of the church at Whitinsville on the third of January, 1892.

His decision to unite with the Church of Christ came about in a perfectly natural way. He was now nearly eighteen years of age, and when his father had raised the question of a public profession in a letter to him in the fall he had at once responded favourably to the suggestion. He could point to no definite moment of conversion and submission to the will of God. Both inheritance and surroundings had made the step an easy and natural one. His mother's devotion to her family had interpreted to him the love-in-sacrifice of the Master. He had learned Christ's great principle of love-in-action as he had listened to his father's bold utterances from the pulpit against the saloon, and then had watched him holding the hose of the volunteer fire company in a heroic attempt to save the property of the saloon-keeper from burning down. Above all he had seen the working results of a vital Christianity in the little church of 250 members in whose parish he had been reared, which was now giving between five and ten thousand dollars a year for foreign missions, and whose total benevolences often amounted to from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

But although this decision seems to have been the result of no decided change of heart, there was a very evident change in Lawrence's interests and activities with the beginning of the winter term of junior year. To a nature like his a public declaration to serve Christ meant actual service. He had not been back at school many days before he began to plan for a camping party with some of his classmates on the Whitinsville pond during the next summer. This was eventually carried

out and proved to be the beginning of the annual gatherings which in later years meant so much to his friends in spiritual uplift. He did not withdraw from the school activities, but with his characteristic practical bent of mind proceeded to bring his Christianity into these activities. His informal talks and the society debates in which he took part were now concerned with more exclusively ethical problems. With his friends he discussed the tobacco question and the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. Late in the spring he led the Y. M. C. A. meeting for the first time. The subject was—"Filling our hearts with good things" (Luke 11 : 21–27).

In his preliminary examination for admission to Yale College at the close of junior year Lawrence was not successful, and he returned to school in the fall of 1892 as a senior with much additional curriculum work due to this failure, and with many new extra curriculum interests. He had been appointed to the exalted and responsible position of a school monitorship. He had also accepted the presidency of the Agassiz Association and an assistant editorship of the *Academy*, the school paper. The fall term kept him very busy and brought some hours of discouragement: "I have been doing very poorly in my lessons," he wrote home in the middle of December, "and that has worried me. I have felt sometimes as if I would rather drop it and try something I can do, but I have managed to keep up and now I feel a great deal better." And keep at it he did, in spite of failure and disheartening experiences, for Lawrence had set his face steadfastly towards Yale, and it was not for such as he, having put his hand to the plow to look back, or having begun to build, not to finish.

There were bright hours too when the honest effort which he was exerting towards a future goal, brought with it the satisfaction of feeling that he had already the right to count himself a loyal supporter of the college of his choice and to rejoice in her triumphs. As the day of the big Yale–Harvard football game at Springfield approached, there was no little excitement in the academy, and the colony of Yale supporters, although in the minority, on one occasion at least, had the best of the argument.

"Yesterday morning several of the Harvard fellows decked their windows with crimson and yelled for Harvard, but about 4 P. M. what a change there was. The crimson disappeared, and all that was to be heard from the Harvard men were low murmurs and grumblings and suggestions for us to wait till next year and then see what Harvard would do. It was also amusing to see how many Yale men there were in the evening compared to the few in the morning. As Ben W—— said there were three Yale supporters at breakfast and forty at supper."

At the beginning of the winter term of his senior year, Lawrence, after correspondence with his father, arrived at a decision which, as his friends now look back upon it in the light of his later career, appears to have been one of the most important of his life. It was the decision to remain another year after graduation at the academy, and thus be able to enter Yale without conditions. To it, Lawrence came slowly, at first very reluctantly, as is apparent in the letter which follows. Yet had Lawrence Thurston entered Yale in 1893, it is difficult to see,

humanly speaking, how, without the fellowship of the Volunteers of '98, and the experiences of the Yale Missionary Band, his life could have rounded out as it did to make him the man of the hour as the pioneer missionary of the Yale China Mission.

"*January 29, 1893.*

"You seem to be troubled about the amount of outside work I do. During the last two weeks while I have been working so hard I don't think I have done five hours of outside work, and what little I did do was of a nature that it rested my mind rather than tired it, except perhaps last night's debate. The courage to plod along in lessons which I do not succeed in is what I need. I suppose if I took German in college I might be able to get in next year as I would have to read but three books of the Iliad in the summer. I fear I would have to give up the *News* idea [competition for a position on the editorial board of the *Yale Daily News*] if I did that, and that would disappoint me very much. I want to do the very best thing, but this life is so short that it seems to me as if to use a year more in school is a great loss. Of course, the question is whether I can do more good by staying here another year and getting better fitted for college or whether a year of life outside of college will be better. I will have to work very hard if I do, and may have to shut myself up more than I believe in for a year or two."

Lawrence's final decision was to take the extra year and, this decision once made, he experienced that peace and contentment which is ever the reward of those who have resolved to do their work thoroughly and honestly,

whatever may be the temporary sacrifice or however alluring the short cut. The cloud of worry and self-distrust passed from his mind and his letters have again their old ring.

He now had time, too, to reflect on questions relating to more than his immediate future. The following letter shows the problem which was engaging his attention.

"*March 26, 1893.*

"This morning Mr. Scott, a medical missionary to Ceylon, preached in Union Church. As he is just starting for the field and has done no work as yet, he of course could not tell us much about the work, but he gave a very good sermon. It seems to me that a medical missionary has one of the greatest opportunities that can come to a man. I have often wished that I liked medicine.

"I have been interested lately in counting up the number of professions I should like to go into. Law has a tremendous fascination for me and I have been rather surprised to find that people that have known me but a short time rather take it for granted that I am going to be a lawyer. Along with law comes public life where there is such a large field for doing good. The ministry, at home or abroad, is one of the very best professions for exerting a great influence for good, and I believe it is one of the most delightful. Though of course I don't use delightful in its common sense. Then I am very fond of journalism and there again is a wide field. Medicine I have mentioned. The teachers have a noble work to do, and I don't mean simply the academy and college professors but common school teachers. I have always been fond of business and probably always will be.

"Don't think I have mentioned these in any order, for I have put them down as they have come to me. What an opportunity a young man does have and how short a time there is to grasp it in!"

A month and a half later appears another significant paragraph in one of his letters:

"This evening Mr. Davis presented the Chinese side of the Geary outrage. I never realized before what a future there was before China. You know our great diplomatist believes that the Chinese are to be to America what the Goths and Huns were to Rome. Whether we believe it or not there is something to think about in it."

Although Lawrence had decided to return to Worcester Academy for another year, he completed the regular school work and received his diploma with the class of 1893 in June. In the class history he came in for a full share of good-natured bantering. "Then there is John L. Thurston," the history reads, "a man with a perfectly rabid affection for Yale. With Mr. S—— [a Harvard man] he wrangles frequently on the subject and is often successful. He is the only man in the class that claims to grind and this he does incessantly. He has without doubt the most copious vocabulary of slang that has ever been put in constant use. For this reason Societies for the Prevention of Slang have been frequently organized for his benefit but with indifferent success." The graduating class numbered twenty-two men, only one of whom, his roommate Paul Whitin, was to be with him later in the class of 1898 at Yale.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Lawrence

attended his first great religious conference, and its effect on his subsequent spiritual interests is clearly traceable. The gathering in question was the annual convention of the Christian Endeavour Society held that year at Montreal, from July 5th to 9th. Lawrence kept a careful record of the journey and of the events of each day, noting the main points in each devotional address with comments of his own, and culling from the discussions on method, suggestions for work in his own society on his return. The first sermon by Dr. Chapman, on "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," made a deep impression. A later talk on "Soul Winning" he characterizes emphatically as "a very important subject." It seems probable from his notes that it was at this conference that he first caught the vision of the power of a surrendered life. The fact that this vision first came to him where it did rather than at the student gathering at Northfield undoubtedly accounts largely for the fact that even in his college days his interests lay chiefly in the deputation work to the young people of the Christian Endeavour Societies of the surrounding churches. And the underlying aim of the Yale Missionary Band, in which he was later to play so prominent a part, was first and foremost to bring the Christian forces of the college into more vital connection with the Young People's Societies.

During the last weeks of the summer vacation a trip with his brother Charles to the World's Fair, at Chicago, with stop-overs at Washington, Niagara Falls and Toronto gave an excellent preparation for the busy year which was to follow. Lawrence returned to the academy in the fall of 1893 with all the prestige of a senior but with the additional advantage of the experience of one

senior year at the school. He came back also with a clean-cut decision to make his life count for Christ. The stories which he wrote for publication in the school paper of which he still continued to be an editor have no uncertain ring. What a year after graduation from college often means to a young man in settling definitely his principles of life, if spent in the comparative isolation of travel, advanced study or temporary teaching before entering upon the absorbing activities of his chosen career, the extra year at Worcester meant to Lawrence. He had before him a definite but not over-difficult task—to enter Yale without conditions. Moreover he was mature enough not to confuse opportunity for reflection with idleness.

The year proved to be one of special religious interest in the academy. In the early fall Mr. Sayford, the evangelist, spoke for several evenings in succession before the boys, and many committed themselves definitely to the Christian life. After Mr. Sayford had left, Lawrence was one of a little group on whom fell the responsibility for the conserving of spiritual results. The work had a reflex influence on his own soul life and he found time to be often alone with God.

"*November 5, 1893.*

"I have taken several delightful walks lately. I took one very fine walk about five miles long on Wednesday. I went alone and enjoyed myself full as well, for then there is no one to entertain and you can be alone with your thoughts and nature. There is something fascinating to me in being alone in the woods and fields. Perhaps it is a little selfish but one must rest once in a while."

A letter written later in the year reveals clearly his uncompromising attitude towards deviations from the standards of schoolboy honour.

"It has been quite lively here this week in more ways than one. First three boys have been expelled or suspended. . . . They all deserved it and there are more like them. Friday Mr. A—— talked to us about the whole matter after chapel. The root of the evil is dishonesty, the very thing that I spoke of while at home. Lying and cheating are so easy for schoolboys to fall into. They don't do it intentionally, but gradually their consciences become blunted and before they know it a lie is as easy as a crib on the Xenophon margin was before. When you see class leaders in scholarship, school leaders in athletics stooping to little meannesses to gain a point or two on the teacher's book, or in the estimation of their fellows, it makes you sick at heart. A high sense of honour, a very sensitive conscience are rare qualities. I wouldn't imply that there aren't many good fellows but their standards are not high enough. Their ideals are either of a low order or are lacking altogether. . . ."

The complications which arose from his position of spiritual leadership among the boys were not without their humorous side.

"*January 21, 1894.*

"There was a great horse on me the other day in class and Mr. A—— thought it was so good he told me to write home about it; so here goes. The question was asked Cary who Jacob was and as he didn't answer,

Mr. A—— asked the class. Well to tell the truth, though I thought he was Isaac's son, I wasn't sure, so I didn't raise my hand. So few said they knew that Mr. A—— thought he would take a census of the class on the subject. First all those who knew raised their hands, and as I wasn't sure, my conscience wouldn't let me, so when those who didn't, raised their hands, I had to too. Up went my hand and down came Abie. 'What, a minister's son don't know who Jacob was! Well what is this generation coming to?' I was then the butt of the class for the next five minutes. He told me I had better come over and get Dan's book of Bible stories, etc. I felt like informing him that I probably had more books on the subject than all of his kids put together. He may think this generation doesn't know much Bible, but I'll warrant my training on the subject in a New England minister's family has been fully as good as his on a southern plantation."

It was early in March that Lawrence disclosed the secret of those solitary walks among the quiet hills, to which reference has already been made. The letter which revealed the decision—to which he had come—the first fruits of the miracle of obedience in his life—rang with the joyful note of victory and the decision itself was a fitting climax to the first period of his life.

"*March 4, 1894.*

"You remember about a year ago that I wrote of the five professions which seemed the most attractive to me. That list has gradually narrowed down till now one seems to be the prominent one, the only one which I can look

forward to. It may not be the one which in God's providence I shall follow. I may have mistaken my calling and I may change. But it is not the decision of a moment, nor of a week, or month but that of nearly a year of careful thought. I have prayed over it and walked many miles with it in mind. Now it seems to me and has seemed for several weeks that God has unmistakably called me to the ministry. It may be to missions but I feel more probably to a pastorate. I can't, I would not resist it.

"My life has been happier for the past few weeks than for a great while, I do not know why. But I have begun to take a most serious view of life. I would not be pietistic for the wide world. I almost consider that wicked. But I would be tremendously in earnest about life. To go through life or even to start in life without Christ, with no thought of the future, only for self, only for pleasure, carried away with the present, is something that I cannot understand a person's doing."

Happy years indeed they were—those early years of Lawrence's life, at home and in the fitting-school. "There are but four Sundays left," he wrote from Worcester on May 20, 1894, "and then my letters from Worcester Academy will cease and five years of work will be ended. It seems hardly possible that five years have gone by since I decided in papa's study to go to Worcester Academy instead of the high school. Five years ago I was in the grammar school and now when I go back to that same school, how small the children look. Five years ago I was driving the cows back from the pasture and I wouldn't have missed those years of simple boyish pleasure for anything."

The impression which he left on the school is well summed up in letters from two of the academy instructors.

" . . . I first knew Lawrence Thurston when he entered Worcester Academy. . . . He was a small boy not overstrong, but he enjoyed life as a young boy ought and did creditable work in his lessons. I watched his development of mind and body during the four years of his preparation for college. From the first he was a young man of principle. He had ideals and was consistent in striving to reach them, but his thought was by no means for himself alone, he was decidedly public spirited. What was for the good of the class or for the good of the school was sure to interest him. He had the courage of his convictions too, and did not hesitate to express himself even though his cause might not be popular. Not the least of his interests was the religious life of the school, an interest which grew in his college life to be a passion. But in all his zeal I never heard that any one questioned his sincerity. In a word my impression of Lawrence Thurston is that he was a young man of no extraordinary powers but one who accomplished much by his splendid zeal and sincerity; a young man very much in earnest, sincerely trying to live up to his ideal, and to bring better things to pass."

" . . . Lawrence Thurston inherited the strong convictions which make so rich an inheritance for the child of New England. He belonged to the best stock of that New England, the stock that never talks about itself, but is always doing the best things with quiet modesty. He was a faithful student and a hard worker,

at Worcester Academy, not daunted by tasks which he found difficult. In the building and about the grounds he was always frank and sunny. He was not the type of boy who never gets into mischief because he has no fun in him. There was always in his eye a merry look which did good like a medicine, and in his heart the fun which gave pleasure rather than pain. His religious life was like the rest of his school life, normal and happy and helpful. He stands to me the type of a sturdy but sympathetic, strong but happy Christianity. The impression of sunny, lovable strength which he made upon us at Worcester was permanent and is worth recording. His goodness was of the wholesome kind which deserves the permanence it attained."

In June, 1894, Lawrence was successful with the entrance examinations and received a clean paper of admission to Yale. For five years at Worcester Academy he had been quietly laying out his plans to meet any testing which the heavy gales of the coming years might bring. His modest little vessel made slight display as it slipped from the stays for its trial in the testing waters of college life. For some time the little ship ran by the side of the rest unnoticed. But it could not be for long. The ship had been builded as under the eye of an eternal Father. The keel of equity and the ribs of truth and righteousness were there.

III

Four Years at Yale

"Yale is a place for work. Few who go to Yale and stay are not busy. The student is held steadily to a reasonable amount of mental effort whether or no he went to New Haven to learn from his teachers and his books. In his life with his fellows he is held as steadily and more relentlessly to some kind or other of labour. Otherwise he is not of that life." —*Welch*, "*Yale, Her Campus, Classrooms and Athletics*," *p. 17.*

"The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy and invincible determination—a purpose once fixed and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no titles, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two legged creature a man without it."—*Sir Thomas Buxton.*

"One boy here resolves—I will win this scholarship; I will be head of the school; I will be captain of the eleven; and does it. Another resolves—this school shall be purer in tone, simpler in habits, braver and stronger in temper for my presence here; does his best but doubts after all whether he has succeeded. I need not say that the latter is the best idealist; but which is the most successful?"—*Thomas Hughes.*

III

FOUR YEARS AT YALE

THE first days of life at a great university are apt to evoke in the newcomer feelings which vary alternately between inspiration and deep depression. There is a supreme satisfaction in the assurance that one is actually a part of a well-known institution of learning and has earned the right to rank himself a member of a brotherhood which includes some of the most distinguished men of the land. But there often follows in the wake of such a thought a feeling of self-distrust, when one realizes through actual contact how great in numbers and resources the university really is, how exacting are its demands and how intense is the life which throbs in its veins.

It was not strange that Lawrence should have been, as he himself once expressed it, overawed by the new surroundings into which he came. "I entered college a much scared freshman, independent to the last degree but too scared to be fresh." He once wrote to a friend " . . . I was not fitted to deal with classmates. I was afraid of them and at the same time repelled them in some way or other. I did not understand dealing with men and I fear I do not now—that is in the aggregate." Two of his immediate family it is true, a father and a brother, had already preceded him at Yale; and from them he had learned much regarding the ideals and traditions of the college. His brother, because of the extra year which

Lawrence had spent at Worcester, was now three years ahead of him at Yale, ranking second in scholarship in a class of over 250 students. But in the new environment this counted for little. The relations between classes of several hundred men in a large university were far different from those between forms of twenty-five or thirty men in a boarding-school. It is distinctive of Yale life that each class is a little community in itself, left alone by the rest of the student body to develop its own leaders during the first three years of the course and subject only to college traditions of order and propriety, imposed by the distant and exalted seniors. In time, if he proved himself worthy, Lawrence must inevitably be where his brother was, but he must first fight his own battles in a different community, where no record but his own would ultimately count.

There were other circumstances which made the new order of things seem stranger than it has for some. Lawrence entered Yale from a school which prepared mainly for Harvard and consequently he knew but few members of his class at the start. Moreover the college was passing through a period of reconstruction. While every college generation is to a greater or less degree a period of gradual transition from one order of things to another in student thought and tradition, the decade of the nineties which included the four years of Lawrence's student life saw the agitation and in some cases the actual consummation of changes in Yale life so radical in their nature as to stamp these years beyond question as the beginning of a new era in the life of the institution. During these years the boasted democracy of Yale was put to a searching test. Within the decade in question Yale passed from a college into a university. In the year 1895

twice as many men were enrolled as students in the academical department as had been enrolled ten years previous; the prosperity of the country had largely increased the number of sons of wealthy families who annually sought admission; and the growth of the college in equipment and material resources had kept pace with the increase in students. With the new order of things the simple buildings of the old brick row soon began to make way for the modern dormitory with its more luxurious appointments. In 1893 and 1894 South College, Atheneum and North Middle were demolished in rapid order, and as their successors arose the well equipped structures of Vanderbilt, White and Berkeley. It was inevitable, with the increased number of men who now entered Yale from each of the larger fitting institutions, that the better known Yale preparatory schools should make themselves felt more strongly as controlling forces in student politics during freshman year. The society-system of the college, which had been no more than adequate when the classes numbered 100, still remained unchanged, notwithstanding the fact that each class was now composed of nearly three times as many men as formerly. There naturally resulted, especially in the earlier years of the course, an intensity of interest in society matters and acute competition for social recognition, which, while not without its value in calling forth the student's best efforts, gave to many men a very disproportionate view of the things of real value in college life. In a decade Yale had grown fast and to this growth her institutions and traditions had not yet been fully adjusted.

And yet in spite of temporary confusion of real values, in the earlier years of the course, few men passed through Yale in those days who failed to realize what ultimately

counted in the estimate of a man among his fellows. The judgment might be long deferred but it was sure. Persistent effort, steady development, fair play, and manhood—these were the final tests. Yale was a place for work. Few would deny this. A man must be busy about something. But Yale was more than this; it was a place for development; there was room for the man who entered with a handicap. It was not enough that one had done something in days gone by, or even arrived at an exceptional state of proficiency in his special line. Of the gifted man without the handicap more was required. No matter how high a man started in freshman year the college sentiment demanded relentlessly, that the work done in each succeeding year must be superior to that done the year before. Furthermore Yale was a place where every man must have fair play—an equal chance for this development. There could be no place for one who had attained by suppressing his rivals rather than by surpassing them in a fair and open contest. Lastly, the final test of a man was manhood; not the offices which he held, not the record of what he had done, but what these offices and achievements had wrought in him.

It is a tribute to the genuineness and permanency of these Yale ideals that Lawrence Thurston, although his reward was not immediate, seems never to have doubted their ultimate issue. He early recognized that it was not appointed him to be a leader in the conventional lines of college activity. Entering Yale with no extraordinary gifts of body or mind he belonged distinctly in the earlier years to the rank and file of the class. When we first came to know him he seemed to have accepted the fact and to be mainly engaged in cultivating within his life some of the fundamental traits of Christian life in which

SCHOOL OF THEO

there was room for all to excel and which no classmate, not even the most prominent man in the class, could preëmpt. He had apparently grasped the great truth that, if he was not able to lead in conventional lines as some others did, he could at least be always pure and honest and unselfish and grateful. And as his friends watched him term after term, they saw perfected in him, by a process as natural and inevitable, yet every whit as wonderful as the ripening of the full corn in the ear, the miracle of obedience—the ordinary man become the leader.

Shy, self-distrustful of his powers as he entered Yale, he saw before him two definite lines of work which were plainly his duty, his studies and his service of Christ, and to these he devoted himself with an unflinching purpose. Nothing is more characteristic of him than his career in scholarship, with its steady advance term after term and year after year till commencement day. Although he had been unsuccessful in some studies in the preparatory school, he entered college without a condition and carried out successfully his determination never to be in danger of receiving a single condition during his college days. He missed the first division in scholarship by four points in the first term of freshman year. He exceeded the required first division stand by three points during the second term. He received a dissertation standing [*i. e.*, the fourth group of eight on the Yale honour list] for the work of the first two years; he graduated with an oration standing [*i. e.*, the next highest group above the dissertation] for the four years of the course.

And the same spirit of persistent effort of steady development which characterized his studies, Lawrence carried into what was to be the consuming passion of his college days—his service of Christ. In one of his earliest

letters home from college he had expressed the hope that this might be the center of all his college life. On the first Sunday night of his student life he associated himself definitely with Yale's organized Christian work. The class of which he was a member was strong in Christian men, over two-thirds of the number being church-members when they entered. There were many opportunities for service in the college Christian Association whose activities were centered in Dwight Hall under the vigorous leadership of William H. Sallmon, later president of Carleton College, who at that time had just graduated from Yale, and had returned as general secretary. The stimulus which this side of Yale life proved to him, and the spirit with which he gave himself to it is well portrayed in a letter written after his graduation from college:

"I decided to be a minister in preparatory school and thought at least that I faced the missionary question. But I think it is safe to say that my spiritual development really began at college. You know the story of my volunteering. Northfield undoubtedly marked an epoch in my life, and that first summer saw me stumping the country for missions,—easily one of the best means of growth that ever came to me. Sophomore year, missions began in earnest, and by junior year I was managing the study class."

One of his earliest letters home describes more fully the opportunities which opened up before him:

"*October 21, 1894.*

"Dear Ones:

"Whatever idea I may have given you of the other phases of college life from the store of my small

experience, if I remember correctly, there is one side of it which I have not, as yet, mentioned. And it is rather strange, as I hope it is to be the center of all my college life. That is the Christian life at college.

" Of course it is almost entirely conducted by classes and in very few cases do the members of the different classes come in contact. The class prayer-meetings come directly after the morning service and the subject is the same for all. So far, ours has been well attended and not much time is lost between the speakers. It is not a question of when one wishes to speak, but of when one can get a chance to speak.

" Wednesday evening comes the Bible class which must have over fifty members, some active, some associate. The leader is A. P. Stokes, Jr., of '96. He is senior deacon of his class and evidently a very earnest, fine fellow. The topic is ' The Life of Christ,' and we are expected to do some studying on it, though of course questions, except in a general way, are impossible. Stokes, however, is full of the subject, and we will get a great deal of inspiration from the class I don't doubt.

" Last Thursday evening there was started a class for the study of missions with the special topic of ' The Historical Development of the Missionary Idea.' It is a class especially for volunteers, and is open to all four classes in college, but they are glad to have any one interested in missions come in with them and so I have gone into that work. But I mean that this shall be only conditional, for there are other things calling for more earnest attention. This class will also meet once a week and calls for outside work which any one entering it will gladly give.

" To-day something else has come up which presents

itself more strongly to me than anything else so far. That is a training class. It is to be composed of fifteen men from the class and to be led by H. T. Fowler, vice-president of the graduate department. As the class is to be limited I may not get into the '98 class, and may have to enter the general class from the university. It will inevitably bring me in contact with the most earnest men of the class and college, and that is just what I want. I was in doubt as to whether I was consecrated enough. But I have entered my name and God will help me.

"All this may seem to you a great deal to undertake but really it is not much and I hope to take up more before the end of my course. . . .

"With lots of love,

"LAWRENCE."

During the fall term of freshman year Lawrence was busy in many forms of Christian work. It was in February of that same year, during the visit of Sherwood Eddy to Yale, that he was brought face to face with the greatest decision of his life—the call to foreign missionary service. The steps by which he was led to volunteer he has himself outlined in the letter which he wrote to his parents informing them of the decision to which he had come.

"*New Haven, Conn., February 16, 1895.*

"DEAR ONES AT HOME:

"The greatest decision of my life has been made during the past week. I am a member of the Student Volunteer Movement. I have expressed my purpose in writing of becoming a foreign missionary if God permits. This is how the decision was made. I had been very

much moved by Eddy's addresses, but yet not more than usual, as I have always been intensely interested in foreign missions. Tuesday afternoon, B——, chairman of the Religious Committee, met me and asked me to sign with him. I said, 'No,' and gave my reasons, which seemed satisfactory. Then he wanted my advice as to his own decision. I told him I would talk with him in the evening. In the meanwhile I went to Eddy for advice, and after he had advised me about B——, he asked me my reason for not signing. I explained that I was perfectly willing to go anywhere, but that I did not wish to set my heart on either home or foreign work, for fear of needless disappointment, and that besides my rheumatism troubled me so much, that I feared that life and money would be thrown away in sending me. He answered the second objection by saying there were many climates more favourable for those subject to rheumatism than this, and that I might also be cured. In regard to the first, he said that my influence would be helpful to the Movement, and that during my college course I might multiply my life several times by being identified with the Movement. This set me to thinking. I made an appointment with him for the next afternoon. Then I went to see B—— and set him to thinking on an article in the February *Student Volunteer*, by Jessup, discussing the twelve classes of men not wanted as foreign missionaries, and ending with an appeal for men. It must have had a powerful influence. I know it did on me. When I came home that night, I prayed as I never had before. It was a fearful struggle and I slept undecided. I thought I was willing to go anywhere, but when it came to setting my face steadfastly towards the foreign field, it seemed a different thing. The next morning I

prayed and it was decided. It was all over and only once or twice did a thought come of looking back. Eddy would not let me sign without seeing a doctor about my rheumatism. . . . I have come to the conclusion that any hindrance from rheumatism is included in the card, which simply reads, 'It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

The joy which the decision brought to the parsonage at Whitinsville can well be imagined. Lawrence's father had been detained by the hand of God from entering the foreign field and it had been the deepest desire of his heart that a son of his might fill the place which he had planned to occupy in China. That this decision of Lawrence's was reached without undue urging on the part of his father is further evident from a letter which he wrote home the following week.

"*February 23, 1895.*

"One of the things which has made my volunteering easy has been the assurance that I would receive but a God's speed from my family. The letters from papa and mamma this week have been additional evidence of this feeling and it has been a great comfort to me. We who have been brought up on missions all our lives hardly realize how hard it is for many to even persuade their families to let them go. George Eddy says that hundreds are kept back simply because of the opposition of friends.

"I am also very thankful that I have never been urged to go or in fact spoken to on the subject of a missionary life for myself. Now that I have taken the greatest step in the way of a purpose for life that a man can take, I

feel that I may speak on this more freely than before. A minister's son is at a greater advantage than a business man's son in that he is absolutely free to choose his occupation. Yet I have no doubt that many a minister's son is so pestered by hints, if not by direct urging, to follow his father's calling, that he is driven further and further away from any thought of it. This has not been my misfortune. On the contrary, I have been absolutely free to think the matter over, weigh the arguments for and against, and decide for myself. . . ."

What this decision meant to his own classmates in inspiration and example has been sketched by one of them.

"The closest ties binding us from the very first days of the term were those of our religious work. We discovered each other in one of the early meetings in Dwight Hall, where we had both taken a strong stand for the most earnest purposes of the course. I think that every man feels himself strangely drawn to those who in the same spirit speak out their mind in those early meetings for decision, recognizing how much of common interest it is going to mean in the coming days. My brother and I spoke of the pleasure of finding that the man across the hall was 'dead in earnest' and we consequently became most intimate. It was a time of peculiar religious interest at Yale along missionary lines. A secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement stayed at Yale for a number of days in conference with many of us who were trying to solve the life-work problem. It was not a hurried stirring of emotion or unwise enthusiasm but a most thoroughgoing searching of motives and plans of

life that the little group of 'ninety-eight' men were making. The religious meetings felt the result of it and it was far from infrequent to find the conversation drifting towards the question, 'Well, have you decided what you are going to do with yourself?' There were three men who had the missionary decision settled when they entered college and these were the nucleus about which others gathered. The secretary was staying in my room, and here many of the interviews were held that were helping men to the decisive step. Laurie was among these who faced the problem fearlessly and with his usual freedom from all consideration of his own pleasures and ambitions. He was very doubtful whether he had strength enough to face missionary work, but the question that staggered most of us seemed the most easy for him to settle. He was willing to do anything that God made clear to him as His will, and that became the predominating mark of his earnestness. The question of his health became a matter for the future to decide, and he volunteered in the quiet spirit of a man of mature judgment without emotion or romance. It was a simple problem as he used to discuss it. The solution of life was to get into the place where a man was needed most and there spend such strength and ability as God had given him, to the last ounce, but always tempered with an unbiased judgment and the broadest view obtainable.

"It is this missionary decision that swallows up every other memory of our freshman year. It was the main spring of our religious life and for the matter of that it was the chief influence of all our struggles and purposes. I remember some of the fellows showing more or less of intensity and over-enthusiasm in those strenuous days, but Laurie in my memory kept that reserve of balance

that so strongly marked his life in later years. He was not swept away in any sense. He followed the natural currents of his life and these led him to that point of conviction that the greatest need he would ever find was in the countries of the East and that if he should be free when the time came for sailing, there was the place for him. He used to speak of the practical tendencies of his mind and the fact that he could teach carpentry and farming, if he couldn't handle their philosophy.

"Missions had no glamour for him. He saw the work and its privations as clearly as a man may from this side of the seas; he knew its discouragements and its possible dangers; and he set his mind and heart for the long running fight with the evils and indifference he would meet there. Those were the earnest days of life, when the spirit outran the body and the cost seemed small, if only there was a clear light shining somewhere. We used to get up on the high window seats of the top floor of Lawrance in the evening and look across the tops of the campus elms talking, until late hours, of those elements of life that prove that humanity has God within reach. Laurie had the 'single eye' if ever man had. Some of us were spending most of the time counting the cost and weighing personal ambitions or business openings against these thoughts of responsibility and men's need, and many a time he put the clear word into the conversation that showed us the principles that lay deeper than we had yet mined. Selfish things troubled him little,—less than most men. He had the ambitions and the tendencies towards that selfish life but they were far outweighed by the heavy considerations of duty and service. He was greatly useful in talking with other men on these topics after his own decision was clear, and though I don't know

the men by name, many of them will remember those hours in the fall of freshman year that were spent in this field of strong battles between self and the other man who needed our help."

To Lawrence the decision to volunteer meant the absolute surrender of his life to God. From that time on he became in a certain sense a specialist in missions and his life had but one consuming purpose. Yet the practical side of his nature asserted itself here as it did ever in his life. He did not wait for the years to go by until he should actually stand on a foreign shore before he began his work. Extracts from his later letters of freshman year show the interest with which he now applied himself to every opportunity for service which presented itself and the conscientiousness with which he considered the smallest questions of personal living.

"*March 23, 1895.*

"You may see how busy my Sundays are by the fact that it is 7:30 and this is the first chance I have had to finish this letter. But I wouldn't give up this intense life for anything. I am supremely happy only when I am at work on development along some line of my practical Christian life. Give me the life which some men live here in college and I should be ready to leave."

"*March 31, 1895.*

"I may have told you that W ——, the poor fellow I am trying to help at the Mission promised me a week ago last Friday evening that he would stop drinking and begin to read the Bible. I confess I trembled a little bit

when I asked Tuesday night how he had succeeded. But he told me that he hadn't touched a drop since then. He had also read the first six chapters of Mark. Nor is he doing it in his own strength. I really think he is quite a hopeful case and there seems to be good reason to believe he will hold out."

"*April 28, 1895.*

"To-day is as full as usual. I have just returned from teaching that class of boys at Bethany, who seemed to be verily possessed. It's a terrible strain on a man. I must be receiving my just retribution for my performances when a small boy in Sunday-school."

"*May 5, 1895.*

"What a great inspiration college is! One comes in contact with so much and so varied humanity. First, a devoted, whole-souled Christian, then a lukewarm one, then a man who needs the love of Christ in his heart. I have just been talking with B——, one of the strongest Christians in the class. It was a perfect inspiration. Perhaps after supper I shall come in touch with his opposite. . . . To-day has been as delightful as usual. This afternoon I led the volunteer meeting of freshmen and brought home the principle of sacrifice both as applying to ourselves and to the Christian Church. When twenty-four well prepared young men and women have recently been rejected by the Presbyterian board simply from lack of money it seems a mockery to ask for more men. What we want is more men and *money* with emphasis on the money. We will never, I believe, have enough money till the Church be-

gins to grasp the true meaning of total surrender and sacrifice to God."

"*May 18, 1895.*

". . . Tuesday evening Paul and I went to the Joint Play. . . . As I have sworn off on the theatre, on principles which I shall explain later, I enjoyed it very much, perhaps more so than a regular theatregoer. The whole thing was amateur. Even the play, Mr. Bonaparte, was written by college men. It was a take-off on Napoleon and though it had nothing to do with Yale was a clever production.

"The reason that I have given up the theatre is simply because of the life of the actors. Not that there are not notable exceptions to the general rule. But it is an indisputable fact that the lives of most actors are far from what they should be. Still more indisputably, the life behind the scenes is totally unfavourable to the development of a spiritual nature. Granting then that the theatre is not conducive to the development of a spiritual nature nor even a moral nature among the actors, I cannot as a Christian man support the institution by my presence. I claim that there is no need of having any other grounds to stand on. These are strong enough and I cannot see how they can be refuted. The claim that the effect on the spectators is bad, is debatable. The effect varies with the individual, there being extremes of both natures. I have stated my views to several men, as the necessity presented itself, and have never been even answered. Some I am afraid are self-convicted but are not willing to give it up. I might add that most of these men are of argumentative natures and would be likely to answer if possible.

"The reason that I went to the Joint Play was that my objections did not apply to amateur acting. . . ."

"DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:

"The main reason for my not writing in the middle of the week was because I didn't know what to say about my having a bicycle. In fact I don't know now, but I will try to tell you how far I have got. Of course the question is simply, shall I have a bicycle or give the same money to missions? supposing that you would be willing for me to do this. If I felt sure that it would really improve my health and make me better able to serve God I should be willing to have the bicycle. Not of course, that I don't really wish it very much but I try to suppress those feelings; for I can't judge if I let feelings which are simply selfish come up. I realize that if I didn't have one Belle would be disappointed, and it would look a little peculiar to the townspeople, but those must be minor considerations. With the fearful need in the field I simply tremble to think of the wrong investment of any money and especially of so much money. In regard to health, the only possible advantage of a bicycle over simply walking are greater exhilaration, more all round exercise, and greater variety in scenery. I am perfectly ready to do which is best. But I am very much afraid of selfishness on the one hand and fear of appearing inconsistent on the other. But I know that apparent inconsistency would affect only the thoughtless, whereas failure to keep my health would affect both the thoughtless and the thoughtful. I want your advice on the subject very much.

"I haven't written this in the regular letter because there is no need of the family knowing all about it.

"Of course I thank you very much, more than I can tell, for the offer, and I only pray that I may be guided to do all for the glory of God.

"With a great deal of love,

"LAWRENCE."

It remains to be said that his final decision was to purchase the bicycle; his subsequent arrest soon after that of one of the most dignified members of the Yale faculty, for failure to observe a minor city bicycle ordinance, causing infinite amusement among his friends and exposing him to no end of good-natured bantering.

Lawrence had not been on the Freshman Religious Committee during freshman year, nor was he elected a class deacon. But with the beginning of sophomore year his faithful work began to attract attention. He was placed on the Foreign Missionary and Boys' Club Committees of the Christian Association and led a mission study class on the Bible and missions. Although at first he was not the leader of the Band of Volunteers, his influence there was always as strong as that of any man in the group. He was not the most popular. He was probably not the man who accomplished most in college for the causes that were there discussed. But spiritually he was one of the strongest, and his unusually level judgment for outlining a policy or plan of work and his faithful performance of every duty that was laid upon him, quickly led others to put great trust in his ability to accomplish things. During sophomore year he began his missionary deputation work for the college. He spoke four times that year, at New Britain, Torrington, Deep River and Seymour. A little book started at this time and kept by him for several years, gives a com-

plete statement of each meeting he addressed with the numbers present on each occasion, and suggestions regarding the best means of approach when missions were presented at these places in the future.

It was characteristic of Lawrence that he should crave for his friends in the home town the spiritual advantages which he was enjoying to such a remarkable degree at Yale. Early in January, 1896, there was special religious interest in the college as an indirect result of an evangelistic campaign by Rev. B. Fay Mills in the city. Both Mr. Mills and Dr. Alexander McKenzie spoke to large bodies of students at Dwight Hall and these addresses were supplemented by the visits of Luce or Eddy of the Student Volunteer Mission. Through the coöperation of these men Messrs. Stout and McNair were secured to speak in Whitinsville. Lawrence himself came home from college and the meetings made a decided impression on many of the young people.

During the first two years at Yale Lawrence had deliberately chosen to narrow his circle of acquaintances for the largest efficiency in his chosen sphere of work. It was inevitable that he should be regarded in the last two years as one of the missionary leaders of the class. In junior and senior years he served on the Foreign Missions Committee of the Christian Association acting as chairman in his senior year. During the last year he was also leader of the Student Volunteer Band. He spoke frequently in the churches of New Haven and vicinity, and on him in his last year devolved the organization of the Yale delegation of twenty-seven for the Volunteer Convention at Cleveland. His reports in the Christian Association *Record* of senior year, as chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee of the

association, and as leader of the Cleveland delegation are both noteworthy for their thorough grasp of the principles of organization and their breadth of view in the conception of the scope and aim of missions.

But although the sphere of his activities were thus somewhat limited, his life was exerting a powerful influence among the Christian men with whom he came in contact.

"His greatest influence was not among the careless men of the class, at the fence or loafing in their rooms," writes a close friend, "but among the group of men who were most in earnest in the serious things of life. In that missionary room at Dwight Hall he was loved and respected and given a place of leadership more than in any other group in the class. We recognized the reasons that made it impossible for him to be popular with all, and we respected him the more for his zeal.

"As I write, the familiar scene in that little room each Sunday at five, comes before me in great distinctness. The sun is setting through the trees to the west, there is a faint sound of hurrying feet or of animated conversation, the tones of the organ in the adjacent hall are forming a mellow background to the words of prayer that are ascending as the dozen men who form the group are upon their knees about the table. One after another leads our thoughts for the fields abroad or the needs of the college or the deputation work in the surrounding towns. At the close of the hour we unite in a verse or two of some familiar hymn often started by B—— with his rich and sympathetic voice, and so another week has begun filled with problems and opportunities. And always as that memory is stirred I can hear Laurie's voice, low and in-

tense, as he pleads for the needs of the world and for a fuller realization on our part of the tremendous responsibility that is ours. His prayers had an element of terrible intensity that woke every one of us to a conception of his earnestness. His words at times came with hesitancy and were never chosen with regard to literary beauty or finish, but his jaw would be set and his voice thrill the room with feeling, as each sentence went to the mark to hit something and to hit it hard.

"Many times we were together in some missionary campaign in the near cities and while he was not a speaker of great fluency or polish, yet the spirit of the man had a power to get results that was a real stimulus to me. He was never caught unprepared or out of tune with the work he was undertaking, because the deep persistency of the man's character showed itself in the seriousness with which he entered upon such a work. It had been prayed over and planned through long before the time came for the journey so that to the full extent of his ability he 'finished the work' in each instance.

"In our senior year Laurie was the leader of the Band and did a larger share of its planning than ever. It was the natural year for the other interests of college life to sweep away the religious zeal that might have been ours earlier in the course. But his faithfulness and determination held many of us more firm than would have been possible if left to our own tendencies."

But Yale life is so ordered that it is scarcely possible for the influence of a man of power to be confined to any one group of men. The frequent change of scholarship divisions with daily oral recitations in the earlier years where men come to know and understand one another

very well even without a formal introduction; the morning chapel bringing the whole college together under one roof each day; the class prayer-meetings with their interchange of views and above all the Yale delegation at Northfield make it probable that by the end of sophomore year a man will have some definite impression of nearly every other man in his class. And when this slow process of mutual introduction had worked itself out in the class of '98 we came to know Lawrence and to love him.

It must not be inferred, because of the intensity of his great life purpose and its constant demands upon his time, that Lawrence was in any sense of the word a recluse. He was one of the happiest, sunniest, most normal men of the class. He loved his college as few men have loved her. Every worthy phase of her manifold life gained his sympathetic attention. He was quick to grasp the humorous side of a situation and this made him a most agreeable companion. He entered with enthusiasm into the special prerogatives and privileges of each succeeding year from freshman year on. If he did not linger as long at the fence as some it was not because he did not love to do so, and the few moments that he did tarry there meant more to him as he passed on to his many duties than did hours of such privilege to the majority of men.

As an upper-class man his acknowledged position of leadership in missions gave him a confidence in himself which had before been lacking. He had felt in the early years that he had but little to offer and that men would not care to know him, but the cordial reception of his modest advances among some of the class leaders inspired and pleased him. And gradually he widened the circle

of those whom he invited each vacation to share the pleasures of camping in his home town,—surprised and yet unselfishly gratified to find that his little circle could give even to some whom he had known less intimately what they could not obtain elsewhere, and that they looked to him for impetus to action and achievement.

Some of his classmates have left on record their impressions of those days. "He was the most consistent Christian in '98," one writes. "Perhaps he was narrow," says another, "but he was very lovable in his narrowness." "He combined to an unusual degree," is the word of another, "the art of 'having a good time' with the science of 'being good.' He was always merry, yet he never had to call for pipe, bowl or fiddlers to make him so. Although he had a sterner code of ethics than his classmates, none of them ever enjoyed life more thoroughly than he did. Willing to spend four hours over freshman Greek when necessary, he was just as willing to spend long hours preparing for our 'freshman fun' at the Glee Club 'Prom.' Concert. I never knew any one more truly reverent, yet his piety was never marred by any undue solemnity. With an ability to be tremendously earnest there went at the same time a keen sense of humour, which kept him out of the pitfall of taking himself too seriously. He always seemed to appreciate the other man's point of view. . . . It was this unique combination of qualities that made him so lovable, that made him for me the true Christian, full of faith and full of fun, always fired with religious devotion, yet never without that sweet reasonableness which was his peculiar charm."

"How well I remember the first physics recitation," writes a fourth. "The book said 'Strike a match and

observe the effect.' The rest of us passed over that part of the lesson as obvious and unnecessary, but Lawrence faithfully performed the experiment and recorded the results. I have never forgotten the instance." Another writes:

"In thinking of Laurie in those college days one characteristic stands out above the rest. It might be expressed in various ways, but I will use the term *Consecration*. He had decided, and used often to frankly express it, that he was not built for popularity among the idlers of the class or even the merely 'good fellow' of the college type. He felt himself justified in centering most of his interest in those lines that needed him most. Yet he never took the position that things were useless merely because he found no time for them. Often he has spoken of his great desire that these things might have had a place in his life since they added pleasure and a great means of approach to the hearts of men, but, since he had to choose, he chose the things that were the most vital.

"I suppose he was the most faithful man in our class in the matter of getting his daily Bible study and his quiet times of thought and prayer. Many is the time that I have felt a deep rebuke in finding him quietly working away at the thing that was for him his first duty, when the burden of it had softly and easily slid from my own shoulders. His reliability and faithfulness came from just this source. He had chosen the lines for his activity, and if he gave himself to any pursuit he would carry it out regardless of its cost. He went at his exercise in this same spirit of dogged determination. His lessons did not come easily to him, yet he stood well

because of the amount of time he was willing to devote to them, and what he learned he had small need of reviewing, for it was never crammed or half digested, but was stowed away in his mind for practical use.

"Times without number we have discussed the questions that come before college men for decision, and I always used to insist with him that he drew lines of duty and principle too fine.

"He had never smoked in college. He could see the good in a man who did, and never was willing to condemn a man harshly because he chose to be broader than Laurie thought right; but for himself and his own life smoking was wrong. Once having decided it there was no moving him. I remember one instance in particular. It came to the time of the class histories on the campus at the close of his college course and the class pipe went the rounds, but despite the pleadings of the committee he was unwilling to break what was to him a vital principle, even on such a justifiable occasion. He spoke about it afterwards with great regret, wishing that he might have avoided so open a break with the men who had urged it upon him; but he was sure in his own mind that he ought not to yield, and that settled the question for all time. He was narrow in the popular, careless sense of the word, and was so considered by many men in the class and even by his friends. But it seems to me as those incidents sweep before the memory that it was the narrowness of concentration and not of ignorance or of bigotry. His life had a fixed amount of energy to be invested, and he knew he must not spread it out too thin over unessential things. He used to bring the matter up in those talks in the winter evenings after the day's work was done or we had returned from some meeting, and

always his breadth of view was in contrast to the concentration of his activity. He recognized the good in the time spent in all athletics, or at the fence making the friendships that were to last for life, but he definitely gave up some of those pleasantest elements of college life for the larger gain of character and usefulness. I would not commend his limitations any more than he would himself if he were writing this; but I do praise the consecration and courage of a man that could clearly follow a path that he had marked out in spite of criticism or of the pleadings of his friends. *Strength* was the cry of his ambition and not popularity or attractiveness. To do, as well as was possible for him, the things to which he committed his effort was the quest of those years."

In every class at Yale there are men who for various reasons come late into prominence in the life of the class. Their ultimate recognition is often delayed too long for adequate class or social honours. But the prominence of men of this type in the hearts of their classmates is always permanent and enduring, for it is invariably based upon a matured character. They have stood the searching tests of the four years and the impression which they leave upon their associates is never effaced. They rank among the most loyal graduates of the college. They have met the tests of the Yale ideal, and embodied its principles in their lives. To them their classmates go for help and suggestion, and their reward is this, that their classmates never question whether such men have been successful at Yale.

It was to such a reward that Lawrence Thurston came in the closing year at Yale. Many men told him personally what his life had meant to them.

"It is five years since we first met at Yale," one wrote. . . . "Your friendship was a tremendous inspiration to me and had it not been for the steady hands that held me until my missionary foundation was laid, it is hard to tell where I would have landed."

"I wish I had more to offer," says another, "for I foresee that there will come times in the next twenty years, if that may be granted to us, when I would give almost anything in my power for your counsel, sympathy and advice."

"It certainly has been a great privilege for me to have known you and to have had you as a friend," was the message of his roommate. "Oftentimes when I look (back) upon experiences I can see them as special blessings come straight from God. Among these I put my living at 260 Lawrance Hall with L. Thurston. . . . You have helped me in many ways."

The year of the Yale Band campaign brought to him a revelation of the appreciation which Yale graduates and Yale families had for his faithful efforts, of which he had never dreamed. And later when the question of financial support for the Yale China Mission was agitated among his class, one of them wrote:

"As to backing you up in the China Mission. I am very glad that I can be one of the group to have the privilege. Foreign missions becomes almost home missions when a dear personal friend goes out."

Yes, Thomas Hughes was right. It is such lives as these that are truly successful.

One night towards the close of senior year two members of '98 sat in the privacy of a college room talking in the gathering twilight about their plans for the years to come. Both were men who had been prominent in the social life of the college. One was a professed follower of Christ; the other was not and much of his life at college had been wild. The swift approach of the hour of separation from one another had broken down the customary reserve between college men, and the Christian leader was pleading at the eleventh hour with his fellow to start the Christian life. In his eagerness to win his friend he made the requirements very easy, with scarcely any renunciation of the old life. His comrade sat in silence for a few moments and then with a peculiar expression on his face he turned and said, "When I do become a Christian, I don't want to be that kind. If I ever do swing over, I want to be the kind of a Christian Laurie Thurston is."

IV

The Yale Missionary Band

"And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand . . . freely ye received, freely give. Get you no gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey . . . for the labourer is worthy of his food. . . . Be not anxious how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

IV

THE YALE MISSIONARY BAND

THERE is a deal of truth in the current phrase which characterizes the life centering about a college or university as the student world. A college community is, in a very true sense, a miniature world, organically a part of the greater universe of thought and action which moves round about it, yet none the less strangely isolated from these same surroundings. Within the brief four years of a student generation men live their college lives for good or evil and then make their exit from the stage never again to play a part in that same drama. When the curtain rises once more, other actors are upon the scenes. Those who were there before have passed on into a new and larger world.

And as upon life itself there break at times visions of greater service and usefulness in some new world of infinite opportunity, the extent and full meaning of which the best of men scarcely comprehend, so to men in their college days come visions of service in the world outside, visions large, at times well-nigh overpowering, visions before which many ponder long in doubt, incredulous of the strength which God supplieth. And often in the pondering the vision fades away and is gone. But sometimes the enthusiasm and faith of youth lays hold with a stout heart and a firm hand, and the vision becomes a reality, imprinted in clear outline upon the history of the day and generation.

The story of the Yale Missionary Band is the story of such a vision which men saw in the closing days of their college course and to which they were not disobedient. The steps which led to the undertaking of this important campaign in the interests of missionary education, and the part which Lawrence Thurston played in it, have been sketched by one who was himself engaged in it.

"During the meetings of the Volunteer Band in our senior year at Yale, we had often expressed the conviction that the comparatively large number of volunteers in Ninety-eight ought to leave a deeper impression on the religious life of the college than had been the case of any class since Ninety-two, when Pitkin was leader. It was a matter of regret and prayerful thought that no greater missionary interest had been stirred in the lower classes, and we constantly faced the thought that before many months we would have left the university and no results of our work would be in evidence. In discussing this state of affairs one afternoon in the regular meeting two suggestions were made. The first was that a public statement by members of the Band to our class and college mates of the reasons why we had decided upon missions as our life-work might prove of help in arousing stronger interest. This afterwards was carried out with the coöperation of the officers of the Y. M. C. A. in one of the general religious meetings of the university in Dwight Hall at which Laurie and three others spoke with great earnestness and feeling. The other suggestion that was to bring far greater results was the discussion of the possibility of a number of the group taking the missionary message, from the standpoint of a young man,

through the cities of the East and seeking thus to arouse a deeper interest or at least a more intelligent knowledge of the cause and claims of foreign missions, among the young people of the churches. No sooner was the idea presented than we gave it most serious consideration. It seemed clear that four years of thought and reading and experience in speaking on these topics ought to have prepared members of the Band to present the claims of this work with more than average force, and that such a presentation was greatly needed. Into this plan as a possibility Laurie threw himself from the very first with enthusiasm. He saw its possibilities more clearly I think than did any other member of the group. I myself was most dubious of the project and far from sanguine of its results and have always confessed that my interest in the plan was due largely to the grim and determined way in which he began to investigate its feasibility. Advice was taken from many of the leaders of the missionary movements in Boston and New York. One afternoon we had a long conference with Mr. Robert E. Speer in regard to it and at that time Laurie presented the plan in its first complete statement of the details of method and purpose that lay in his mind. Mr. Mott had also been consulted and long letters had passed between Laurie and his father who was closely in touch with conditions prevailing in the country and the churches.

"Much to my surprise these men felt that there were strong possibilities in the idea and Mr. Thurston especially believed that such a campaign would bring large results, if carried through with enthusiasm. A half dozen men of the Band were considering the advisability of putting a year of life into it, but there was as yet no center or head to the project. Spring was far advanced

and any plans must be rapidly matured if the thing was to be a success. We went to the Northfield Conference, hardly knowing whether it was to be launched or not. At the conference one of the leading spirits of the movement decided that he could not go and one or two others found difficulties arising and it looked dark ahead, yet Laurie steadily persevered in his hopes that it would eventually be carried through. Vickrey was sure that he could go and believed in the success of the plans, and three others of us were on the fence while Laurie was the real center of the movement.

"During that summer all the difficulties in the way of such a campaign seemed to heap themselves together to discourage it. There was no money to support it, and there was no great eagerness for it on the part of the men who were facing the cost of investing an entire year in such an untried venture. No missionary movement had been found that cared to be responsible for it, and it seemed as though it were to fall dead from lack of some one to lead it. In my own mind I have always been sure that it was directly due to the persistent faith in the success of the plan which Laurie Thurston so often expressed, that it was finally carried out. That summer under the trees in the yard of the parsonage in the little New England village we talked by the hour planning the details and beginning the correspondence that at last launched the movement. His judgment was invaluable and his spirit of courage and quiet determination was always in evidence.

"If the work of the Yale Band had any lasting result in developing missionary interest throughout the country, it was due more to him than to any other person."

Early in the fall of 1898 a circular letter was prepared giving a general statement of the purposes of the Band, as follows:

The purpose of the work is:

First: To assist the Young People's Societies, particularly in the larger cities, in awakening and maintaining a stronger missionary interest, and thus ultimately diffusing the interest through the entire Church.

Second: To bring strikingly to the attention of the churches, the fact that competent college men have offered themselves for service in the foreign field, but cannot be sent for lack of funds.

The plans for the year were broad and far-reaching. The itinerary included all the larger cities of the East and middle West. In general the Band was to remain a week in each of the more important centers. The work was to be thoroughly undenominational in character and the Young People's Societies of all Protestant denominations were invited to coöperate. As a matter of fact before the campaign closed the Band had received the hearty support of the Christian Endeavour Society, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Epworth League, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, as well as the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations and Pastors' Unions. Confidence in the movement was inspired at the start by its representative advisory board, which included Mr. John R. Mott, secretary of the World's Student Federation, and secretaries from each of the leading missionary boards. Special emphasis was also laid upon the fact that the campaign was first and foremost one of education and not of appeal for funds.

If the audiences were aroused to larger giving, it was requested that contributions be made through the channels of the regular denominational board. The only collections taken were those to defray local expenses, and even these were often omitted. Thus the visit of the Band was without expense to the churches and societies visited other than that of entertainment.

The preliminary arrangements in each city visited were in the hands of a central local committee. The letter of suggestions in connection with the work of the Yale Missionary Band, sent some time beforehand by the Band to this committee, is a model of completeness and foresight. Equally thorough were the preparations that were laid for the success of the campaign in prayer. At the head of the prayer cycle were the following quotations:

"Let us advance upon our knees."—*Joseph Neesima.*

"If men of our generation will enter the holy place of prayer, and become henceforth men whose hearts God has touched with the prayer passion, the history of His Church will be changed."—*Robert E. Speer.*

"Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."—*Isa. 62: 6–7.*

The objects of daily prayer were:

Sunday: For the committee on arrangements, that wisdom, grace and strength may be given in their responsible work—that they may be "wise master builders."

Monday: For the members of the Yale Band, that they may come with hearts overflowing in the power and with the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Tuesday: That the pastors, churches and Young Peo-

ple's Societies of the entire city may be united as never before in one common aim.

Wednesday: That all obstacles and hindrances to the success of this visit may be removed, especially those of prejudice and indifference. That there may be an entire absence of selfishness, jealousy, unkind criticism, and everything not Christlike.

Thursday: That there may be awakened a spirit of expectation throughout the city. That the hearts of the people may be opened to receive the messages.

Friday: That the consciences of the people may be aroused and their hearts made aflame with missionary zeal. That the people may be led (*a*) to study; (*b*) to pray; (*c*) to give; (*d*) and some to go.

Saturday: That the work of the Band may abide, and that the Young People's Societies may be organized for definite, permanent, progressive mission work.

The Band included five men, all close friends, D. Brewer Eddy, C. Brownell Gage, Charles V. Vickrey, Arthur B. Williams, and Lawrence. The five men represented five widely separated states of the Union—New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Kansas, and Nebraska. In religious affiliation, two were Congregationalists, two Methodist, and one a Presbyterian. All had been actively engaged in practical religious work at Yale in addition to their special missionary interests.

A feeling of some anxiety as to personal fitness for so great an undertaking, mingled, however, with a willingness to go forward in utter dependence upon God, marked the beginning of the enterprise. After a five days' consultation in New York City with representatives of the different missionary boards the campaign

was started at Scranton, Pa., during the first week in October (1–6). This city was the home of one of the members of the Band as well as of Harry Luce, Yale, 1892, classmate and intimate friend of Horace Pitkin, and missionary to China, and had a well-earned reputation as a loyal Yale center of influence, through its strong Alumni Association. Both because of the lack of experience by members of the Band themselves and of a lack of preparation for the visit on the part of the local committee which had no model by which it could be guided, only a few of the societies and people could be reached. A stop of a single day was made at Wilkesbarre, and from here the Band passed on to Washington. It was at Washington that the effective work really commenced, a detailed report of which, prepared by members of the Band, follows:

"At Washington we found an ideal committee who, three days before our arrival, sent us word that there was nothing more to be done in preparation except to pray. The campaign was so arranged that every one of the eighty societies could be touched—announcements and complete combination invitation-programs had been distributed widely. The work was opened by a general rally which though not monstrous in size was important, because composed of the leaders of the work. A most delightful little reception had been arranged before the rally, where we could meet and confer with the presidents of societies regarding our plans. The next day—Sunday—was a very busy one. A quartette composed of Mr. Eddy and three men from Johns Hopkins' Medical School, two of whom were old Yale friends and volunteers, was kept busy all day. They opened the service

in one place, and then left it in the hands of one of the Band and hurried to another. The remainder of the time was taken up by meetings in the different sections of the city—four each night—at which we endeavoured to bring out as strongly as possible the need of more earnest definite prayer, intelligent interest, and greater sacrifice for the Master's cause. Each meeting was followed by a conference. It is certainly encouraging to note how ready the majority of the young people are for an advance step, sometimes as many as two-thirds of the entire audience remaining to the practical conference. One of the most delightful of these evening services at Washington was one in which fifteen of the coloured churches united. The week's work here closed with a consecration meeting of those most interested, where we have reason to believe that God did a special work in setting aside some for the carrying on of the missionary activity in that city."

After leaving Washington the itinerary of the Band included in succession, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Allegheny, and Columbus. From Columbus, in November, came a formal report letter of the Band to their friends in New England and in the cities which they had already visited. It was the first in a series of letters in the preparation of which all the Band assisted.

"*To the Friends of the Yale Missionary Band:*

"In response to the repeated requests for a report of our work, it has been determined to send out each month a report letter, that you may have a share with us in carrying a message to the cities we visit and that our

tour may serve through these reports to unite in one spirit a volume of prayer that shall go up from us all for an awakening of the Church and of our young people's societies.

"We can hardly realize that the suggestion of one of our Volunteer Band meetings last January has actually been carried out. We feel that it is due to the advice and coöperation of some of the Christian movements among the college men, and especially to Mr. Brockman, that we are now in the work. We cannot doubt our call into it especially when we see how every part of it, even the financial support, has been directly cared for by the Lord. Only one small amount towards that support came as the result of solicitation, and every effort of our own to get money for our expenses has proved a failure,— it almost seems for the direct purpose of teaching us our utter dependence upon God."

After a detailed statement of the methods of work in each of the cities, where over two hundred meetings had been held and between 30,000 to 40,000 people reached with a message the report closed.

"The difficulties of the work have been to secure thorough and wise preparation and wide-spread advertisement for the meetings, and to obtain in the short time of our visit to these large centers any definite action on the part of the societies represented at conferences.

"On the other hand, the removal of difficulties which appeared to block our purpose, the opening of cities that seemed closed, the raising up of consecrated men and women to work for the missionary interests of those

cities, and the deepening of our own spiritual lives are but a few of the signs of an unseen Power that has never left us in doubt as to whose work this is. And while a sense of the responsibilities of a campaign like this has grown upon us, we have been more and more humbled to see how unessential we are to the result, and how small a share we are to have in it. It must be confessed that at the start, occupied with the details of new labour, our desire was largely that God would use us in the work to which He had called us. But there has come a larger vision of the kingdom, and a larger prayer that not merely the blessing for which we may be channels, but the blessing in which greater things are expected than one man or band of men could ever have attempted, may come to His Church and through it to the world. As we have seen how few societies ever imagined they had anything more to do than to appoint a missionary committee of those left over after all the rest were appointed, if indeed they did as much as that, and how many of the remainder are perfectly satisfied if a quarter of their members are giving two cents a week as an expression of their interest in the work for which Christ died; and as we have seen in the isolated examples what latent power lies in these same societies when Christ has been sanctified as Lord, we burn to utter the message of the need and possibilities of a missionary awakening among young people. If any considerable portion of the six or seven millions of these people in the various organizations of our country may get such an experience that they cannot but speak the things they have seen and heard, and feel such a love that they must express it in real sacrifice, it thrills one to think what it means to the Church, to the world, and to Christ. O! fellow Christians, let us tithe our income, scale down

our expenses, and bring a gift that will receive the Master's comment, 'They love much.'

"The message that comes to us here in Columbus in the devotional hours we spend together each day is one that we cannot keep from this letter as it goes out. We had been praying for others and the Lord turned our thought back upon ourselves and showed us why the great blessings we asked had not come. 'Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord.' After a confession of what He revealed, there came back a new and deeper longing to call down the blessing waiting for those cold churches and dead societies. We tremble in sending out this message to think of the responsibility, not only of ourselves but of you all, for whose intercession the kingdom of heaven waits. 'Even so come, Lord Jesus.'"

The months of November and December were spent mainly in Ohio and Illinois, the regular itinerary including Cincinnati, Dayton, St. Louis, Springfield, Ill., Cairo, Galesburg, Streator, Peoria, Rockford and Cedar Falls, Iowa. In addition to these regular engagements meetings were also held at Covington and Newport, Ky., Streator, Ill., and at ten or more educational institutions, including Lane Theological Seminary, the Eclectic Medical Institute, Knox College, and the Iowa State Normal School. Early in December, before the five separated for the holidays, they sent the following Christmas message to the men at Yale:

"*To the Christian Men at Yale:*

"DEAR FELLOWS—Just now when we are thinking of the fun which is to be packed into the next few weeks of vacation, and are planning for good times perhaps

even farther ahead, there comes a thought which we feel many of you will welcome.

"We well know that in many places in distant lands people are pleading to be taught the story of our Master's love—that any should be turned away is indeed a sad thing when we have the message placed in our keeping, and yet that is actually what is happening; for our missionary boards, with hands tied by the coldness in the heart of the Church, are forced to cripple their work even on the threshold of these vast fields of promise.

"We, every one of us, know that our lives in college are pretty selfish lives when we look at them at all closely —not many of us have ever, because of the real love which we have for our Lord Jesus, actually sacrificed any of our pleasures that we might please Him in some way.

"Fellows, how can we make this Christmas time a most joyful one to Him—yes, and to us? Does the best proof of our devotion lie in the exchange of loving though needless gifts among friends and families? Our lives are already filled with joy.

"Shall we not make this Christmas season *most* blessed by telling our parents and those who stand closest to us, that the Christmas gift we most desire is a receipt from the missionary board of our church for an offering made to them. Shall we not give to our friends also the opportunity of receiving from us a like gift if they so desire.

"Let us go farther than this, fellows, and set aside in the days to come, a definite proportion of our allowance for our Lord—let it cut into the room, the dinners, the books—to say nothing of many other things. They are nothing compared to the love which is His. Surely the Master will be pleased as we remember Him in this way.

Many young people throughout our country are uniting with you. And when we think of the joy which will come from the breaking of the light in many darkened lives, as a result of this loving service to our Lord, we can indeed hear His sweet voice saying, 'Ye did it unto Me.'

"Yours in His glad service,

"THE YALE MISSIONARY BAND."

From Chicago, where several of the Band had spent their vacation (Christmas), came the second report letter early in January of 1899, which after summarizing the detailed work in each city and acknowledging the valuable services rendered the Band by Miss Ella D. MacLaurin, secretary of the A. B. M. U., closed as follows:

"In one city a young man during the missionary meetings determined to become a Christian, and on the following Sunday united with the Church. Such results, often coming as definite answers to definite prayers, are to be gratefully accepted as the evidence that God is giving the increase in spite of much carelessness and many mistakes in planting and watering.

"From the experience of these three months, two thoughts have been brought home very forcibly to us. The first is from the answers to prayer which have varied from the solution of business difficulties beyond our control, and the recovery of the sick when the work seemed to demand immediate restoration, to the presence of the Spirit in meetings and in human lives. Such answers give a slight realization of the power of prayer so seldom used. How many of us know how to obtain definite answers to definite asking? A growing desire has thus

been born to learn the secrets of this power, and to see the Church entering the school of prayer that she may become faithful in her stewardship of this manifold grace. By it closed doors have been opened, the need of men supplied in God's own generous way, and by it the present financial difficulties shall become but another of those triumphs in the history of the kingdom, which stimulate the faith of the Church. To enter the ministry of intercession the Lord calls for humble surrendered lives. Is it not worth the price?

"The second thought is a desire that the Church might get the inspiration that has come to us from seeing the enthusiasm of sacrifice in many lives. Young women who are earning their living on small salaries, shop girls, typewriters, and teachers, have given ten, twenty-five, and even seventy dollars for missions, and they have taken the lead at the meetings in raising the support of a missionary. Business men have been met who are deliberately scaling down their expenses that they may give largely, and they talk with almost boyish enthusiasm of the blessedness of giving. Boys have planned to earn the support of a native worker, and one said he could do it by sawing wood. In one church a girl gave sixty dollars, a boy volunteered to stop smoking and give his tobacco money, a Sunday-school class of girls determined to cut off every unnecessary expense and give what they saved, and an infant class gave five dollars. It was not strange that the session in that church met and determined to make the support of a missionary a matter of prayer while they canvassed the church. Why cannot we all know the blessedness of such self-denial? As we enter the new year, whether in college or business or the home, instead of making resolutions to be carried out at

some indefinite time, shall we not at once put the Lord first in the expense account for 1899, and instead of giving to Him what is left when every need of ours has been supplied, plan the year's allowance or salary with this thought, 'Seek ye first the kingdom,' and 'My God shall fulfill every need of yours.' And may not this thought also be our message in prayer-meeting, pulpit and parlour. The Lord's people are tired of special appeals which find them unprepared to respond, but they will welcome a plan which will multiply their giving while it adds the joy of worship to what has so long seemed a necessary evil connected with religious life. The response to President McKinley's proclamation for troops is evidence of the capacity among our young people for self-sacrificing devotion when the cause appeals to them. We cannot but believe that though the enthusiasm of many is not aroused by an annual collection for church benevolences, there are multitudes of disciples ready to respond when they hear the Captain of our Salvation calling for those who are willing to lose their lives in a daily surrender of time and property for His service. An appeal, not to church pride but to Christian love, not for silver collections, but for royal offerings, has found and will usually find many to respond.

"The two messages go together. Prayer for the world is but sounding brass, unless it is breathed from a life of self-denial. None of us can reach the limits of giving without asking that the Lord will make us able. May He who can make all grace abound, even this grace of giving, grant us all sufficiency in everything that we may abound unto every good work, and answer our prayer that the kingdom of God may come more completely in our own land, and with power among all nations."

During the winter holidays, Lawrence was alone in Chicago, his first Christmas away from home. The rush and responsibilities of the trip during the fall months had made his weekly letter home much briefer than hitherto. "It is very hard for me to write you satisfactorily to myself," he had written early in the fall, "as there are so many things happening that I cannot remember them all or give them in a consecutive way." Into his life was coming a growing sense of power and of ability to call on the "Strength which God supplieth." "I have been asked several times how I was standing the strain of the work," he writes again, "and I have had to confess that I hadn't realized that there was any strain at all. It is to me almost a marvel that I am enabled to work so easily. I sleep well and go to sleep quickly, eat well and feel rested most of the time." His later letters show him happy in the work and especially in the welcome which the Yale name brought to him among strangers. "We are all entertained royally, almost too royally." "The Yale name carries us almost everywhere." "Never have I had . . . so much to be thankful for. I have always had reason to be thankful far more than the ordinary man—even of Americans: for home and parents and family and country, and health and strength and advantages, education at Yale and opportunities for Christian work there, and call to the ministry and to the foreign field, and so on I might go but each of these things is enough to make any one thankful. And then this year—the privilege of this work, too great it seems at times, and the way God has opened doors and cleared the pathway for it and the way He is blessing us in it. Why it is simply overwhelming. A fellow doesn't deserve it, not any of it."

The work of the first two weeks of the new year was divided between Champaign, Urbana, Danville, Ottawa, Chicago, Milwaukee and Richmond, Ind. For the next eight weeks it continued as follows: Indianapolis, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany. At Indianapolis two new features were introduced, meetings with the Y. W. C. A. and denominational rallies at the close of the week. The report letter which was issued from Albany early in March was replete with incidents which gave evidence that the campaign was fast proving itself a mighty work of God.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"It is impossible to keep in touch by personal letters with all our friends during this year's work. So whatever have been the ties that bound us together, whether friendship or fellowship in this missionary campaign or the common interests of the kingdom, we come to you, perhaps for the first time, with this report of the work.

"Half of the journey is behind us. Every one of the thirty cities visited has brought to us new friends, failures, successes, and a rich fund of experience.

"Naturally the most encouraging feature of this work is the increasing eagerness with which the suggested plans and methods have been received by the young people. The fruit will abide. The scores of instances of a ready response to the message of sacrifice have been evidence of the answered prayer of those who are 'labouring together with us.' Even as we are writing there comes a most striking illustration of God's way of working. Off in the Hawaiian Islands, in a mission chapel, the letter reporting a portion of the work was read aloud. It asked for sacrifice in taking an advance

step in the work for missions. The thirty persons gathered there responded by pledging $200.00 to help send two native Christians back to their home in the Ladrone Islands to become pioneers in entering these most recent of the 'Open Doors.'

"For us five men it has been the greatest privilege of our lives to have a part in such a work, but even deeper than this impression of privilege is that of *responsibility*.

"It is becoming well-nigh overwhelming. If you were in our place what would you say in the half-hour of golden opportunity, standing before a wealthy church or audience of young people, with all their possibilities of mighty power. As you stand there, fully realizing your own weakness, and keenly appreciating the critical need of those in the thick of the fight, you know that they are challenged to advance by the splendid opportunities just when we are compelling them to retreat. Before you is a congregation possessing all the fullness of supply which God has entrusted to us to satisfy that need. In that half-hour how can you persuade them that the life of sacrifice can bring to them greater joy and satisfaction than one that is self-centered. Evidences of the luxury of the homes from which they have gathered is not needed when all about you is proof that their first thought is for self. They are spending more perhaps for a choir to entertain them, more for the intellectual addresses to which they listen, perhaps even more for attractive programs, and many times more for the fine temple in which to worship, than they are giving to the great enterprises for which they were called in Christ.

"Is it any wonder that these churches are not winning souls? But what can you say to them that would bring a clear vision of the dear Master as He sends us out into

the white harvest fields. Is it not a terrible responsibility? Or what will you say to an audience of Christian Endeavourers that will not straightway be crowded from their hearts by all the pleasures and social demands of their lives. Say something you must that will lead them to desire above everything else this life of glad surrender to the Lord's will.

"The famine-stricken natives of India are not the only ones that are starving. These wealthy congregations and these young people whose lives are crowded full of society are feeding only on the husks.

"But it has grown upon us that the Lord's people are waiting to be led into a deeper consecration. There is before us all a common sense reordering of our lives begun in the definite determination that every pleasure or extravagance or custom of the world that would separate us from Christ shall be crushed, and that His will and His service shall be our greatest interest.

"Certainly this will mean a more active part in Christian work for many, just as it means for all more time spent in sitting at His feet in the study of His word and in prayer. Every one of us can consecrate at least the tithe of his own income or of that which is so willingly spent upon us by others. And why shall we make this sacrifice? What forbids our living in the old way? Only those words of His, 'Even so send I you.'"

The final ten weeks of the campaign began in New York City (March 11–17) and ended with Yale (May 14). The weeks which intervened, with the exception of the Brooklyn campaign, were spent entirely in New England, in Lynn, Lowell, Portland, Boston, Providence, Springfield and Hartford successively. Besides these

regular engagements members of the Band spoke at Harvard, Brown, Andover, Mt. Holyoke and Wellesley, and at numerous district conferences. New York City presented the hardest field because of its size and the difficulty in getting the attention where numberless meetings constantly compete. More organized effort and ingenuity were put into the preparations than in any other city. The result was a record breaking attendance, with one hundred and fifty societies and four thousand people at the week-night meetings. The final rally was marked with the novel placard:

Missionary Meeting, Standing Room Only.

In the New York and Brooklyn rallies Mr. Robert E. Speer presided and made a memorable close to the addresses. In Boston with its suburbs the attendance of the New York meetings was equalled. Soon after the Boston meetings occurs the following paragraph in one of the report letters:

"The past three weeks have seen a more consciously fruitful service, perhaps, than any previous period. The sweetest proof of His presence in the work is a letter from a city we recently left telling of two lives which had taken Jesus as Lord as a direct or indirect result of the missionary meetings. It is but another striking proof that the spirit of missions is the Spirit of Christ."

At Yale, in that upper room of Dwight Hall, where for twenty years students have gathered every Sunday evening in term time to listen to inspiring messages from the great preachers of the land, the campaign of the Yale

Band ended on May 14. Fitting it was indeed that the year's work should be brought to a close in a spot so near to the little semi-circular room in which the five young men had seen the vision and from which they had gone forth to realize it a year before. In the quiet of an evening hour they told the remarkable story of the year. Different in kind, to be sure, had been their call from that which others of Yale had heard and to which they had nobly responded in May of 1898, and in obedience to which some had already laid down their lives in Cuba and the far East. But our hearts kindled as we listened to the report of these five campaigners of the Cross, who had likewise warred a good warfare against the subtler forces of indifference and selfishness " for God, for country and for Yale."

The actual results of the year's work and its deeper lessons were recorded in the closing letter which was issued from Yale in June.

" Dear Friends :

" May not this closing report letter come to you as a message from friend to friend ? Whatever the past year's work may have meant to others in the home or the foreign field, it has meant much to us. And the sharing with you the spiritual lessons of the year and the impressions received from meeting young people of many cities, we believe will mean more to you than an impersonal report of meetings and conferences. May we not, therefore, speak confidentially and personally.

" In the first place, the year's experience has meant much in the prayer life. To be dependent on God always does. And no one can be long in His work without feeling dependent, for our best laid plans ' gang aft

a-gley.' Sometimes the uncertainties of the future prevent us even from doing the planning. Last summer as the time approached when the arrangements with the first cities to be visited must be definite, only three men could plan certainly to do the work. The other two had obstacles. Finally those in charge of arrangements could endure the strain no longer and plead with God for a sign which would give definite assurance that they should go forward. That very night there came a letter with the news that the fourth man was able to go, and the work was assured. A few weeks later the efforts to secure money for expenses were apparently a failure, and as it seemed unwise to ask the churches to pay them, it was necessary to start on an eight months' tour, with no one to look to but the Lord who sent out His disciples without purse. Soon the slender personal resources with which we started were exhausted, and we saw no means of going farther. In this second crisis we again asked God for a sign that we might know that He really wished us to proceed on what was not the 'common sense' basis. Hardly an hour later one of us opened a letter containing a large check with the promise of a duplicate from an entirely unexpected source. Do you wonder that we have with confidence gone on, even though the treasury may have at times been low? No large gift has come since then. That first was sent by a loving Father to strengthen a weak faith. And so in planning and providing we have tested Him for eight months in one necessity after another. If this supply be thought but a chain of coincidences, there have been deeper needs supplied than those of the management or the treasury. Imagine yourself with little or no experience—with only the conviction that something should be said and done

to awaken the church-meeting night after night with audiences that expected *you* to convict, convince and arouse them. Would you not have felt helpless? And here again His answer to prayer has been, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for My power is made perfect in weakness.' The conviction grew deeper from October to June that power was manifested in the work almost in exact proportion as we were faithful in the prayer life. With this conviction came another, that our work must first be planned and wrought in prayer, then translated into action. At the beginning, business took the first place in our morning meeting, and prayer what time was left. Then a definite hour was reserved for prayer. But with the pressure of much business, there was great temptation to allow the business hour to still crowd the prayer. And so it was not long before prayer had to be given first place and business what remained. From putting prayer first in our work, it was a natural step into that ministry of intercession where prayer for others took the precedence over our own needs. Doubtless, many a day, our Lord has counted the intercession together in the morning more than the interviews and meetings in the evening. And does it not seem a little ridiculous that we should be 'too busy' for it? To us the lesson of faith and faithfulness in prayer is worth a year, if it has been learned.

"But aside from these personal experiences, few men ever had greater opportunities. They were worthy of Paul and Barnabas, rather than of five schoolboys just out of college. At a time when the Volunteer Movement stood almost blocked with 4,000 purposing to go, but hindered by lack of funds, while in many mission fields it was but a question of gathering the harvest,

think of addressing about 900 meetings with nearly 200,000 people in ninety-five cities, towns and suburbs, scattered over the wealthy section of the country, from Washington to St. Louis and Milwaukee to Portland, Me. Think of reaching between two and three thousand of the strongest young people's societies in 364 conferences on practical work.

"The experience has made upon us two very strong impressions, to which previous letters have given some expression. First, is the unutterable need of lifting the young people out of themselves and enlisting their effort more truly for Christ and the Church, instead of for their own society or even their local parish. At a recent convention the young people were asked to report some advance work done or attempted. One told of an improvement in the singing. Another was commended for a new church window given. Others reported nothing new, but good prayer-meetings, in which 'little time went to waste.' Less than one-fifth reported any work for others than their own members. Out of 900 societies from which we have written reports, few over two-thirds were found with missionary committees, about one in five had missionary meetings oftener than once in three months, one in seven or eight had a missionary library, one in fifteen had a mission-study class, and only one in nine claimed any system of giving to missions, home or foreign. How can we show them that 100 testimonies in half an hour is not so much the service for which the Master longs, as souls saved in the foreign field through their sacrifice and in the home field through their lives.

"The second impression is that the young people are as ready for an appeal for heroic sacrifice as the students who have furnished the waiting army of volunteers. They

need the appeal. They need the education which the students have had in missions. They need to be told what to do. They need leaders. If their pastors will give them a missionary education instead of an annual sermon, if the volunteers will go among them with clear-cut plans and the message, 'Who will send us?' and if their leaders will give the world's conquest its share of the ability and energy which they have long put into other departments, the young people will take their part in winning the world for Christ.

"In a half-hour conference where from two to twenty societies were present, thorough work was impossible. Yet nearly all the societies that had no missionary committee were ready to appoint one (243); 767, out of the 900, planned to adopt a missionary prayer cycle, to be followed at each meeting; 686 determined to study the method of work outlined in the official missionary manual of their organization; 585 planned to secure a missionary library, 396 to organize a mission-study class, 525 to start a system of giving, and 477 to promote the plan of giving to the Lord the tenth of one's income. Of 353 societies questioned on the point, 288 determined to have a monthly or bi-monthly missionary meeting. One hundred and forty-one societies have indicated the amounts they were giving or would try to give, the sums aggregating $21,140.00. Over 350 orders have been taken for the student missionary campaign library of sixteen volumes, and many more orders have gone directly to the Student Missionary Campaign office. This will circulate about 7,000 volumes of inspiring missionary reading. The people have been eager for literature. A literature table at each of the week-night meetings has been the means of circulating 11,000 copies

of various pamphlets and small books, and 500 maps of the world, coloured to represent the prevailing religions. This includes 1,185 copies of 'Missionary Methods for Missionary Committees,' 1,867 copies of 'Prayer and Missions,' by Robert E. Speer; 3,000 copies of 'Pray Without Ceasing,' by Andrew Murray, and 2,300 copies of 'Money and the Kingdom,' by Dr. Josiah Strong.

"The Christian Endeavour tithing ballots have been used in only a small proportion of the meetings, but with these results: 1,263 voted to give one-tenth or more of their incomes to the Lord's work (about three-fifths of these were already doing so); 304 voted to try for six months the plan of giving one-tenth; 602 decided to give a fixed proportion, though less than the tenth; 983 agreed to keep careful account of all they give away.

"How much this will all amount to depends on the officers of the individual societies and the missionary committees in the local unions. Part of the results will depend upon some of you who read this letter. From many cities come reports of a steady advance. In a few, there is little on the surface to show for the work. But the battle goes on. We stand on the heights won by the sacrifice of thousands, from Samuel Mills and the other fellows behind the haystack down to the present student uprising. The coming century will witness a great victory. We can already see the signs of it. One board alone plans to send out fifty-six new missionaries this summer, in the belief that the Church is awaking. Shall we not enter the battle and stay in it as long as any fight is left in us? If Samuel Mills in 1806 could say of his preposterous proposal to send the gospel to the heathen, 'We can do it if we will,' it's a Christian of poor stuff that gives up because the people in his own community 'are

hard to rouse.' God help us all to say in the hour of Christ's triumph, 'We have fought a good fight.'"

The success of the Band campaign was immediate and its results far-reaching. It was discussed widely in the religious press and the *Congregationalist* characterized it editorially as one of the five significant movements of the year 1899. Happily, to all the men who were engaged in the work it was granted to know in part the results of the year of service. Lawrence's heart was often cheered by the testimony which came as time passed.

"I have been very much touched at the expressions of interest in us boys (the Yale Band) from those to whom I wrote all over the country for suggestions for Cincinnati," he wrote in 1901. "They make me feel that our hold is still strong on the hearts of many workers. And best of all they feel at home with us and really friendly."

Again he writes:

"I wrote to Mrs. C—— of Albany and received the most cordial letter. I knew I would. I have never yet found that the friendships I made that year [Yale Band] have failed. They have proved even more than I had dreamed. . . . I had such a good time there. It is literally my Albany home. I feel almost like a member of the family, as I do of a good many other families scattered over the country."

From Syracuse, on the eve of his departure for China, came the following letter from the State Superintendent of the Christian Endeavour Society of New York.

"I want to testify that my first interest in mission study grew out of the visit to Syracuse of the Yale Band, though it has taken some time for the fruitage. However I have gotten to the point where it has become intensely interesting. The campaign is going further than just Syracuse, for in my State work, I have been making mission study the slogan this year and I feel sure that interest in the subject has been aroused in many quarters even though it may not bear fruit all at once."

There were other results too, more permanent and far-reaching, which it was not his privilege to know. There had been student missionary campaigns before that of the Yale Band but they had been spasmodic, local and denominational. This one was progressive, national and inter-denominational—the first of its kind. Of its influence on a later missionary propaganda, Mr. C. V. Vickrey wrote shortly after Lawrence's death:

"I have just returned from a trip West and South in which I have been over a large part of the territory covered in the Yale Band campaign and have met many of the people whose acquaintance we first formed at that time. Many were the expressions of affectionate regard for the first of the Yale Band to reach the foreign field and the first to enter into his reward. . . . Everywhere I found the same sense of loss felt by many who I hardly supposed would have remembered the friendships of six years ago.

"Another very gratifying thing to me was to see the evidence of growth and permanency in the work which Larry helped to inaugurate at the time. In Dayton, for instance, where we went for four days, there was held

during my stay there a Missionary Institute attended by representatives of about seventy churches from Dayton and surrounding cities, sessions being held morning, afternoon and evening for three days. As a result of the institute there were two volunteers for the foreign field, pledges secured for the organization of one hundred and fifty mission study classes and plans inaugurated for systematic deputation work among all the Young People's Societies of southwestern Ohio. Dayton is only one of the many cities where the work has taken on larger proportions since the original planting of the seed in '98. In fact, I think it may truthfully be said that the present Young People's Missionary Movement is in no small measure the outgrowth of the work of the Yale Band in which Larry was unquestionably the leading spirit."

A member of the Band writes of the year's work and of Lawrence's part in it as follows:

"As I try to set down my impressions of the year now the things that stand out especially are these:

"1. The audacity of the scheme. Five college youths, inexperienced and without anything to recommend them save an overwhelming sense of mission, starting out on a year's campaign which would take them into some of the most complex situations in some of the largest cities in the country. The wonder of it to me is that the plan succeeded. But the secret is an open one. The sense of mission was absolute, the conviction with which the message was given was a burning one. The end sought was always the great thing and personalities and everything that savoured of self-confidence were consistently thrust into the background.

"2. At first there was no well-developed plan of campaign. The Band had had no experience. They had to get it all. It is a marvel to me that it came so quickly. The lack of any sense of self-sufficiency I suppose made the men keenly alive to suggestion and they got much from the seasoned workers in Washington. From that time on there was always a great impatience with anything that did not eventuate into a practical result. Much emphasis was placed on tying things up to a definite organization and placing responsibility on individuals to actually realize on the plans laid. This practical spirit linked with the abounding enthusiasm was a great combination.

"3. I have never known anything since like the feeling of touch with the unlimited power of God through prayer. Not only was prayer made a prominent part of the work but it was the rock upon which everything was built. I think the report letters show this very clearly.

"4. No one of the group was an orator. It was something else that counted. I remember often being astonished beyond measure to see the results coming after what seemed a miserable failure of a speech.

"5. The physical strain was of course great. It was insisted that one man should be laid off each night to rest. Yet there were times when at least two of the men seemed to be breaking. A merciful Providence must have watched over the group to keep them all from sickness and to give them wisdom in caring for the rest and relaxation periods. When they did break loose, though, it was like a pack of children.

"6. The friendships formed were something deeper than in my power to say.

"As I think back over these six outstanding impressions

that abide with me, from the year's work I can see at a glance that Lawrence Thurston is wrapped up in every one of them and that to a great extent he is more responsible than any one for some of them.

"1. He was one of the men who had the deepest sense of mission. It was he who held the men together before the plan was fairly launched, when there was some doubt as to whether it should be undertaken or not. He never wavered in his position that it was a direct call from God to do a definite piece of work and that it must therefore be undertaken. His humble faith was always equal to any emergency. He was always seeking to efface himself, however, and take the less important pieces of work. His purpose was a very simple one, but it was as Emerson says, 'as strong as iron necessity is to others.' I can see how this quality contributed much to the stability and solidity of the group and how it helped to keep the Band from being turned aside by obstacles.

"2. In the matter of the Band's method of work his intensely practical spirit helped tremendously to keep the necessity for attaining results constantly in the foreground. He was impatient with superficial work. In the evolution of the plan of campaign he was always the wise councillor and an economist of the first rank. His mind seemed to take hold of the situation on all sides and he was continually seeking the shortest cut to the end.

"3. Lawrence's influence on the prayer life of the group was one of the strongest. Prayer to him was intense. It needed all the concentration of mind and soul and body of which he was capable. One felt that he was in the very presence of God and that his prayer was effectual. His prayers were always unselfish. They were for others, not for himself. It was a real life—a

reality of experience that continually freshened and deepened his life. The fact that the year's work was laid upon such a spiritually deep foundation I feel was due in large measure to him.

"4. This sort of prayer life showed itself of necessity in his public addresses. He was no orator. He on the contrary often had difficulty in expressing himself as he wished. Yet the intense earnestness of the utterance compelled attention, and the character behind the words drove them home with force. He spoke as he felt God would have him speak. Often it was an uncompromising and a harsh message—one difficult for him to give—yet he never shirked when the necessity for plain speech was laid upon him.

"5. Physically he was never robust. I have seen him sometimes when he had to steady himself by leaning upon the pulpit as he spoke, and often he would be utterly exhausted by his evening's work. It seemed at one time as if he would have to give up the work, because of the nervous and physical drain. Yet no one guarded the physical life more carefully than he. His rest days were religiously observed, and it was he who planned a hunt for rabbits in an Illinois cornfield, and a couple of days off for pickerel fishing in Massachusetts. His love for nature and an outdoor life was deep and vital.

"6. He had a peculiar gift for strong friendships—a genius for loving men. Those to whom he gave himself in this way were not many in number I imagine, but when he really loved a man it was with an intensity and a fidelity that nothing could shake. It was a rare thing to know such a friendship as this. It was one of the priceless things that he has left us, for it keeps him with us and helps us to carry on his work in the world.

"I suppose the things he brought into the Yale Band work were so basic and fundamental that the far-reaching success of the year would not have been possible without him. The work might have been done of course, but when one reviews his contribution to it it seems to consist of essential things. And the whole was done in such an unconscious way with no assumption of authority or leadership, that it seems the more remarkable."

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

V

Theological Seminary

" He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—*Hebrews 11 : 10.*

" Peace ! perfect peace ! in this dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
Peace ! perfect peace ! by thronging duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
Peace ! perfect peace ! with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
Peace ! perfect peace ! our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know and He is on the throne.
Peace ! perfect peace ! death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace."

—*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

V

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

FROM the year of intense service in the Yale Band campaign Lawrence withdrew in the fall of 1899 into the cloistered life of the theological seminary. There could scarcely have been a better preparation, however, for the critical and, to many, unsettling studies upon which he was about to enter, than the year through which he had just passed. Fresh from an actual experience of the working power of Christianity, and from broader observations of the needs of humanity, he was ready to face fearlessly and honestly whatever advanced theology might have to offer; and, at the same time, to make whatever adjustments in his personal views, truth might require.

He had planned, from the first, to divide the three years of his seminary course equally between Auburn and Hartford Seminaries. There were instructors in both institutions under whose teaching he desired to place himself; yet he felt that he ought to graduate from a seminary of his own denomination. The fact that Bell and Eddy of his class at Yale were to be at Auburn was as strong an inducement as any which led him to spend the first year and a half at this seminary.

Much the same spirit marked the seminary days which had characterized his earlier preparation for his life-work.

"He was the same old Larry: giving himself 'systematically and proportionately' to his work whether he

liked it or not. He used to say, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel,' and I sometimes used to wonder if it were not also woe to prepare to preach; for he had no love for some of the regular studies. Yet he accepted his 'duty' most cheerfully; studied by the clock, as it were, and tried to make his studies serve his own mental and moral growth, if nothing else. He was very faithful. It was something quite unusual that could induce him to throw aside his work—no matter how much he disliked it—before he thought the time was up. You could not get him away at Auburn any easier than at Yale; probably not so easily, for Larry had grown in moral vigour. Yet he was a pronounced advocate of regular daily exercise and recreation. Baseball, football, tennis, golf, etc., had few attractions for him, but he did take to bicycling and walking, especially the latter. His walk was characteristic: quick and strong. And in this we learned to follow Larry, though not in his footsteps; they were too many.

"His work in the class-room was never brilliant, but the professors could always count on his sincerity and downright earnestness. I doubt if he loved systematic theology, in spite of the fact that he loved system in general. This was especially noticeable just as he was entering, but by the time he had reached senior year at Hartford something like a taste for theology seemed to have been developed. From the first he knew that he must be ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him to the inquirers of the mission field. He would often speak of the severe test before every foreign missionary,—of the questions that would be asked, the untruths that must be detected and guarded against, the partial truths to be used as guide-posts to Truth Himself, the tremendous power

of antichrist so subtle, so smilingly obstinate, so deadening, which must be faced without and possibly within the soul, and above all the demand for a message of mind as well as of heart. Such the worker must be prepared to meet,—and that, too, with convictions born of thought as well as of experience. A man must think himself through to the eternal verities, in order that, as Larry would say, 'I can know what I've got to tell, and what I haven't.' So Larry religiously set to work to think out his 'theology.' And though he was decidedly conservative by nature, and at first could not conceal his distaste for things critical, yet he took things as they came with the result that he broadened in his views to a marked degree, and developed (what was already his heritage) a keen sense of perception for the essentials as well as the non-essentials.

"To my mind one of his strongest points was just this conservative nature. It gave strength to his convictions, faithfulness to his faith; and when joined with much common sense, with an homage to truth no matter where he found it, and with an ever broadening outlook and deepening love, it helped to make him a steadying power. Problems that came so near unsettling others more brilliant if not more profound hardly seemed to move him. No man could fly off in metaphysical speculation who ever used Larry as a balance-wheel.

"I have said that Larry was conservative by nature. But in some respects he was decidedly radical. He disliked the old forms of expression. For instance, though he knew where he stood in regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures, yet he would not give them the usual pulpit appellation. 'I suppose it's all right to call it the "Word of God," but I hate old stereotyped expressions;

they don't mean anything. Why not say "Bible" and be done with it?' And again, when referring to the personality of Jesus Christ, he said, 'The old word "divine" is not enough. I believe in the deity of Christ.'

"But it was not in the realm of theology, homiletics, Greek or Hebrew, where we felt Larry's most telling influence. It was in the practical spiritual life. His 'prayer-life' was not marked by long continued praying upon his knees, so far as I know. He was not built that way any more than Mr. Moody was. Yet if any seminary man lived a life of prayer I believe he did. Always ready to do his best to 'answer his own prayers,' he nevertheless leaned entirely upon his Master as the only true Answerer. He was continually saying that apart from Christ he could do nothing. And with him prayer was not merely valuable for the good it did himself; it was objective as well as subjective. One of his most common sayings was that we 'can do things outside of ourselves by prayer.' He believed that being in America he could still be working in China or Turkey through a 'power that can move God.' And herein lay much of his personal power with us. It was one of his strongest convictions and one of his most telling messages. We needed men who believed in prayer and who lived the creed. The great things that Larry actually accomplished, though he himself felt how few talents he possessed, were continually bearing witness to the effectualness of a righteous man's fervent—so fervent—prayer.

"Larry's most notable contribution to the life of the seminary was along the line of missions. It was more than his hobby; it was his life. I used to think that for reasons of study mostly he would rather have had no 'missionary campaign' work on his hands; but they

would not let him alone. I hardly ever went to his room when he was not thinking out or writing some letter to societies all over the country, where the Yale Band had gone the year before. The societies around Auburn were also offering opportunities too good to lose. Within the seminary he was always at it, doing his level best to keep the missionary fires alive. He helped to brace up the Volunteer Band; he pushed the study-classes; he made it a point to talk with the men about going to the front. Very few men escaped his personal efforts. Though he never spoke to them, still they were conscious of his burning desire to have them face the question. Some used to accuse him of lack of tact and the like at college, but I cannot recall having heard that criticism in the seminary. He had learned better how to handle men. He was fast becoming a diplomat of no mean calibre. Besides, he had become more sympathetic.

"Duty was a big word with Larry, and perhaps some men got only glimpses of his moral side, but we who read him better had reason to know that he could love deeply. Really I never knew how affectionate he was by nature till we chummed together at Auburn. He was a faithful friend, too. He was staunch enough to use the knife of criticism—sometimes with a blunt edge that hurt; but better that than none. His spirit was love, I am sure. I used to notice too how unselfish he was and how thoughtful. He would help old Francis [the seminary janitor] shovel snow for a whole afternoon, while others of us were perhaps taking some more selfish form of exercise. If he had a good thing he liked to share it, and he often thought of ways and times that I never dreamed of. One day he and I were coming from the seminary apple-orchard with our pockets full of apples

and enjoying ourselves immensely. I had a vague sense of the approach of a young mill-hand, but aside from that I was shut up in my own little world. I came to myself, however, after the boy had passed, for I caught sight of an apple which had been quietly pressed into his hand while passing Larry. That little incident with its accompanying silent rebuke, its stimulus, its revelation of missionary Larry, will long linger in my memory. Larry's soul goes marching on."

During the year and a half at Auburn there was much to engage Lawrence's attention. He was busy in churches and young people's societies. He also spoke at Syracuse University and on two different occasions at Wells College. But he did not allow this outside work to interfere with the purposes for which he had come to the seminary. After careful consideration he declined an invitation from Secretary Baer of the Christian Endeavour Society to travel with him during the approaching summer in a visit to the Pacific Coast. The responsibility for thorough and careful training was never overshadowed. A talk with Secretary Daniels of the American Board "showed me what a standard they set and made me feel that I must work like a dog to be fit to offer myself to the Board." Soon after he wrote to a friend already on the foreign field commenting on lectures by Professor Knox of Union Seminary on Preparation for the Missionary Service:

"It has shown me that I must indeed be intellectually prepared to the highest possible extent, but more than all Christ must live in us and we must forget ourselves, yes, lose ourselves and all our selfishness in

Christ that He may be incarnate in us and that thus men may be won by that irresistible argument. As never before I realize the obstacles which you are already facing and the temptations which you are already meeting and the need that we both have of coming nearer and nearer Christ."

On New Year's night, 1901, he wrote again:

"Another thought has been running in my mind today. I wonder if it will not be my motto the coming year, yes, the coming century, as long as God lets me live in it. It is Christ's words, 'I seek not Mine own glory.' To some that would mean no aim, no ambition. But not to Christ. He sought His Father's glory. And if we in not seeking our own glory can seek instead God's glory, we shall have the highest aim, the highest ideal and the noblest ambition. It won't let us relax our efforts. But it will help us to get our thoughts off ourselves and our weaknesses and what men think of us. It will do away with this miserable self-consciousness."

A little incident which happened during Lawrence's last months at Auburn is of value in revealing his unwillingness to accept any standards in matters however small which did not seem to measure up to the standards of Christ. In it he was as uncompromising as he had been towards the smokers in the seminary who used to appear on the streets with their cigarettes, setting, as he believed, a wrong example before the schoolboys who took their cues from the college men.

"*February 5, 1901.*

"I haven't told you, I think, of my feeling about songs

and the resultant storm of ridicule. It began last year in my mildly suggesting that I did not think Kipling's 'Mandalay' was an appropriate song to sing, if we stopped to think what it meant. Every one laughed at me or kept silent and laughter wasn't all. They asked me this year if I approved of 'The Pope' and I confessed I did not, nor of any drinking songs. I was amused when in a very few days Dr. ——— came out with great emphasis in class against just such songs as inappropriate for thoughtful Christian men to use. Now this may all seem strange to you. I admit that the songs are sung thoughtlessly and only for their jingle and liveliness with no great, if any, harm to the singers. On the other hand I raise the question if they are appropriate for Christlike men to be singing. A moment's real reflection bars 'The Pope' and 'Mandalay'—however lively or pretty. Perhaps I'm all wrong, though it's a comfort to find a man like Dr. ——— who is no pietist agreeing with me. . . . What has hurt me most is that I have been ridiculed right and left by Christian men and I have seen the meanness of laughing at convictions."

"*April 16, 1901.*

"My expression of my views started very innocently, but I was so scorned for them that they were constantly asking my opinion on other songs, making it very disagreeable for me. . . . I do not mean to air my views when so contrary to public opinion unless necessary, but when I do have to I do not intend to back down. It never occurred to me that men couldn't be Christians, and devoted Christians, and sing these songs and smoke and do other things, however much I may disapprove."

It was perhaps the memory of this battle for reality against conventionality that called forth the following expression in a letter written shortly before Lawrence left Auburn for Hartford in March, 1901.

"*March 4, 1901.*

"As the days are numbered for my chances here I see how many I have lost and I see how weak has been my life here compared to what it should have been. I trust I can start in with a clean page in Hartford and live a more helpful, normal life there. Pray that I may learn not to antagonize and may be given strength for all the leadership that God shall ask of me there."

But Lawrence's estimate of himself and of the effect of his life on Auburn Seminary was a very wrong one. His fellow students were better judges of that than he.

"I remember that at first I thought of Larry as being different from the other men. In his own way he overflowed with enthusiasm for foreign missions—so much so that he sometimes felt that the rest of us were not in sympathy with him. I think of him as I saw him first—as a little active fellow with a contagious laugh and a great big enthusiasm for missions.

"And then I think of him as later I came to know him. Then I saw—and now as I look back I see—with what faithfulness, and struggle even, he sought to do the will of Christ, and how his individuality was being transformed and made beautiful by the risen Christ life. That is the way in which I think of Larry now—as one, whose own peculiar individuality with points attractive and un-

attractive, was daily being fired, enthused and transformed by the closeness with which he lived to Christ, and by the faithfulness with which he obeyed what he believed to be the will of Christ for him.

"How unselfish he was. I can't imagine his seeking a high place merely for self or his trying to push some one else aside. It was that spirit in him which made him impatient with any of us young ministers who he thought were trying to seek the best places here at home. And it was that spirit I suppose which made him willing to use up his life in service for others. As I knew him here I can understand that it would have been torture for him to live many years as an invalid—and to be served instead of serving others.

"Another characteristic of his life was purity. It showed in his face and it was the atmosphere of his conversation. He had gained his goal only through struggle but he had gained it, and we knowing him felt instinctively the spotlessness of his character. I am sure that he would be glad to have others know that there had been struggles in his life, if he could feel that the knowledge of his efforts would inspire them to press on more vigorously towards the same goal of spotlessness.

"He had something of the very tenderness of Christ towards sinners. He was the kind of a man to whom one would naturally confess his sins. I remember his telling me one day that he hoped that before Mr. Moody died, he would have some confession to make of sins he had fallen into and risen above and so be a cause of encouragement to real out-and-out sinners. However Larry had no patience with one form of sin and that was—I scarcely know what to call it—conceit, perhaps. He said one day that there was one kind of man with whom he never

could get along, and that was the man who felt himself intellectually or spiritually better than other men.

"Then too Larry had learned somewhere Christ's own 'push' to save the world. He said one day that he had no country. He belonged to the world. It was the great desire of his life to have a large part in bringing all the world to a knowledge of the One who had transformed him. How he could enthuse upon the subject of foreign missions! But only because he felt that the greatest need was in foreign lands. We visited the George Junior Republic together and he was just as enthusiastic in speaking of the work of bringing the boys of the Republic to Christ, as he was in speaking of the work in China.

"I wish I knew how to tell of his friendship—but I do not know. All that such a life could bring to another, he brought; and it is with great pleasure that one Auburn man looks back upon long tramps and longer talks with Larry after the seminary work-day was over."

"These notes will be enough to show how positive was Larry's influence upon the seminary. If I may make distinctions, it was spiritual rather than intellectual, intensely practical rather than theoretical. And the seminaries must be conscious of having felt the throbbing of the life within them in a manner that will mean a help to them long after Larry's name may be forgotten. May God send more such."

His farewell to Auburn was on March 10th, when he preached at Mr. Hubbard's church to seven or eight hundred people on missions. "I tried to show them three of the great appeals that have led so many students

to volunteer. (1) Christ's last command, or rather request; (2) fairness considering our pagan ancestry, and (3), the spiritual need of the heathen—the simple fact that they do not know Jesus Christ. Then I spoke of the three ways they could answer these appeals, by sending their children, by prayer and by sacrifice in giving, ending by an appeal for the *costly* service of Christ." At Albany he renewed the acquaintance he had made the year before during the campaign of the Yale Band and spoke to the Christian Endeavour leaders. "The meeting with the Young People was almost the most encouraging I ever held on the second round, and it showed me the possibilities in keeping the work up. There were fully 150 there from all over the city."

Soon after Lawrence had enrolled himself as a student at Hartford, he was taken into the plans of the Yale China Mission, the evolution of which and Lawrence's part in it is told in a following chapter. During the year and a half which he remained at Hartford this new enterprise necessarily occupied much of his time and thought, yet his friends stand amazed at the amount of additional work he carried to a successful completion. He planned and conducted for a year a campaign of education for missions among the Congregational churches of Connecticut. He was called to advise with Mr. Wishard in formulating plans for the Forward Movement. He taught to classes of thirty to forty members a course in Home Missions at both the seminary and at Rev. Mr. Twichell's church. He organized the Hartford Seminary delegation for the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto, and to him as its strong promoter the large representation was due. Frequent calls for service came to him which he was compelled to refuse, and it was a hard thing for him to refuse

any opportunity to do good. "As I face the next four months," he wrote on one occasion, "I am almost appalled at the work there is to do. Pray that I may be given strength for all that God wishes and for wisdom to give up the rest."

His vacations during the years at the seminary were not without their full share of responsibilities. There were religious conferences during the early part of the summer where his wide experience made his presence desirable, almost imperative. He taught his course on home missions in the church of his native town. He also preached on several occasions.

"*August 25, 1901.*

"I preached my first sermon to-day (Rockdale) [Text was Isaiah 50:4]. I don't really like to read. It is a better plan for a beginner, but I like to feel that I am talking directly to my audience. I also earned my first money."

"*September 8, 1901.*

"Back from Saundersville where I spoke on missions. We had a good service and I believe that God used the message. Two years ago I spoke there and it seems to have borne a good deal of fruit, more than is usually seen. But as I told them, the soil and the care had as much to do with the crop as the seed, and I was sure some one had been using the watering pot and the soil had been receptive. I trust that to-day's seed may receive as much care and bear even more fruit. I was rather embarrassed at their insisting on paying me, but perhaps I should not object. That makes the second five dollars I have earned this summer."

In speaking of Lawrence's mental development during the seminary years, one of his classmates at Yale and at the theological seminary writes:

"I cannot forbear speaking of one quality in him which was greatly underestimated by some. And this was his real mental power. In the routine work of college he had maintained a fair stand but nothing remarkable, but later on when he got into theological work where original thought and reasoning powers were drawn upon, his ability became more marked. His theology was not at all of the conservative type which refuses to advance, but he was willing to listen to every theory in which some spark of truth might be expected."

And during these months of ceaseless service and of deep, honest wrestling with intellectual problems, Lawrence found time to ponder deeply over many personal problems. Extracts from his meditations and from letters to friends written mainly during the year and a half at Hartford fill in many details which would otherwise be lacking in the picture of his theological and spiritual development.

"*January 17, 1901.*

"How strange this life! This constant fight with sin, the sin of our baser selves. Victory and joy some days. Defeat the very next. I wonder if all live such a life. But victory there is and will be and growth, too, even here. We need not wait for heaven for victory. But oh, the struggle! Don't we dishonour Christ when we struggle instead of letting Him do it all? I think we do. Would I might remember it more than I do."

"*January 12, 1901.*

"I am beginning to realize more and more what a small part of our life this earthly life is and how much more attractive is the next life. This supplemented with a study of 'Love not the world,' etc., has given me an insight into the great reality of our life all told. Once let heaven become real and one can see less reason for loving the externalities of life, and the inspiration begins to come to live for the next world, not this. . . . The spiritual life will be free from all this bodily load, will be as free as thought, and as now our minds can instantly travel from Auburn to Marash and vice versa, so in the spiritual life we will be as free as the bird and as quick as thought. What a realm it will open to us! And is it too speculative to be helpful? Couple with that the thought of complete freedom from sin, perfect likeness to Christ and perfect communion with Him, and the Father and the Spirit and communion also with all who have gone before and who will come after, and also the ability to serve God perfectly, and you have a conception of heaven which makes earth sink into insignificance, and we can begin to see how it would be possible only to exist till that life is realized and we are with Christ. We can see how if once such a vision possessed us, the earthly temptations and pleasures would pale and we would long only to take with us into that life as many as we could of the people about us. The whole thought has been a great inspiration to me not to live for this world."

"*January 28, 1901.*

"I don't know any greater longing . . . than that we should each learn that lesson of the constant presence of Christ in our lives."

"*February 4, 1901.*

"Our systematic theology is from a book which is rigid and uncompromising and Calvinistic, and is taught by Dr. ——— who believes most of it. I decided I was getting almost nothing and dropped it this term. . . . I guess one is never satisfied with some one else's systematic theology. You ask what I mean by doubting whether my type of mind can ever get things straightened out. I mean that I am more apt to hold everything in solution and have no definite views, than to take the trouble to argue myself into a position which may be knocked out of me the next minute. I am perfectly content with no definite theory of the Atonement, for instance, which Bob H—— used to think very strange."

"*February 26, 1901.*

"I like ———'s method of going at the subject of criticism. He asks that we first find out what the Bible really says, and often he is thus able to show us that it does not say what we thought it did. This method solves many problems at the start which have cost much ink and paper for the critics. . . .

"Your idea expresses what ——— has often impressed us with—that that which is infallible in the Bible is that which can be transmitted into life and only that. He also calls it that which can be vitally interpreted, *i. e.*, the truth which bears on life and character and conduct and which we can live—that is divine and infallible.

"You see I take the whole prophecy (Jonah) as a parable, so it does not seem wrong to wonder about the words put into the mouth of God. Perhaps I'm wrong in considering it a parable, but certainly many difficulties disappear on that basis."

"*May 8, 1901.*

"I may be peculiar in never having had any philosophical difficulties about prayer. I doubt if I would have ever thought prayer out at all if it had not been for others. The mere fact that we are bidden pray and have the example of Christ Himself praying for others, has always been enough to set my wonderings aside. I doubt if I could give a philosophical explanation of why I should pray for others. But Christ prayed for others and Paul did, and God's saints all through the ages have, and why should not I, even though I do not understand why. . . .

"But . . . only because we can say 'Thy will be done,' do we dare to pray at all. We are to pray, and if the prayer is not right, God will not answer. I should not dare to pray again if I knew that my prayer would be answered regardless of God's will. . . . For some reason or other I have always felt that I must get my time for prayer in every day either at a regular time or otherwise if necessary, but I must have it anyway. And usually I have felt as if my day was not begun until I had prayed (that is other than my brief morning, prayer). So that if I am crowded out of it in the morning, it has to come in at the first free time regardless. . . . Though having its advantages, my way tends to the mechanical and forced. Really it is a difficult question. I know I have never been able to bring myself to change despite the disadvantages, and yet I would not say you were wrong in your plan. Nor would I advise you to change. That plan which fits one's make-up and attains the end desired is the one."

"*May 22, 1901.*

"This morning I took the thought of stewardship in

all things from 1 Corinthians 4: 1, 2. Stewardship in money, time, strength, opportunities—everything with which we are entrusted. A pretty big thought for fifteen minutes. I have not been writing lately, because I was getting tired of it. In fact I have been having a peculiar time over my devotional study and have been wondering if it would be right to take a devotional book like the 'Imitation of Christ' for a change. I fear I am a restless soul in all these things and demand variety continually."

"*June 18, 1901.*

"What is common sense? I meant to look it up in the Standard Dictionary but can't now. A pretty hard term to define. It involves much—good mental balance, a sense of proportions, a sense of the eternal fitness of things, and a sense of propriety, an appreciation of the feelings of others,—in fact a knowledge of men, liberality towards their views, and a great deal more, and then it isn't defined. 'Salt is what makes potatoes taste bad if it isn't on them.' Common sense is what makes people dangerous if they haven't it. I think it is more than 'well balanced,' but it is hard to say what more."

"*July 3, 1901.*

"As I came up on the car this morning I meditated on the verse, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content.' Not that I think my state is one in which it is any virtue to be content, but the lesson was helpful, *very*. To be content is more than to be uncomplaining. Uncomplaining is negative, passive; content is positive, active. When content we are in a measure satisfied, completely peaceful with one's surroundings. I have thought of the physical conditions in which we may

often find ourselves (on the foreign field) and with which we may be content. The condition of separation from loved ones needs the same spirit. And there is a deal of plain selfish sense in such content, for the contented person is far happier under given conditions than his opposite. If these conditions can be improved, well and good. If they can't, content makes them easier to bear."

"(*At C. E. Convention, Cincinnati*), *July 7, 1901.*

"This morning I took 'I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me,' and yesterday the thought of the peace He promises us, the peace which so filled Him that He was above all His surroundings and living in a spiritual realm free from petty worries, indifferent to discomfort, a spiritual pilgrim and stranger in this physical world. Oh, that I could begin to express it as it came to me—that peace which comes from otherworldliness and a consciousness of the Father's presence and the greater reality of the spiritual over the physical."

"*August 25, 1901.*

"As to the second coming of Christ, I must confess that I am tempted to feel that it must be a spiritual coming, and yet I cannot get around some of the passages which seem to indicate that it will be a visible, physical occurrence. Therefore, as usual, I simply wait for more light. As for myself, I have no expectation that I shall be alive at His coming, if it is to be more than spiritual. And so I do not trouble about it, but look with joy to His coming to me when He calls me to Himself, and this life of struggles and falls and victories is over. When I shall be like Him, for I shall see Him as He is—that is the coming to which I look forward."

"*September 27, 1901.*

"You will be interested to hear that I am making one wild struggle to keep my desk in order, in fact my whole room, although I have not got started on all of it because I am not quite settled. But I have come to the conclusion that order is a matter of character and self-discipline, and that the struggle to keep things in order strengthens one's whole nature. It is just as easy to decide where to put a thing at first as it is later; and when once put there it is out of the way and no further trouble. I find it a constant test of will-power to do this, but I see gain and great advantage.

"Another motto I'm trying to adopt for good this year is, 'Do it now.' There can hardly be any better way of accomplishing things than to do them at once and have them off your mind. I have been wasting a deal of energy in letting things hang over me and thus doing them many times over instead of holding myself to the doing of them at once. This last is hard discipline but worth while.

"I am also wondering if I should not force myself to improve the style and diction in my letters. They must surely be an influence in my training, and if written in a slovenly way with no care as to words or form, they will surely affect my English. The mere fact that I may spend my life in a foreign country should have no influence. I may need to teach English to others. At least I shall need to write letters for publication and be able to speak to audiences in English at least once in ten years. But besides that, again, the self-discipline is needed if nothing more. All this looks as if I had entered a reform school. Whatever it may be, I trust I shall have

SCHOOL OF THEO

power to keep myself there and be what I aim to be—a more efficient workman."

"*November 23, 1901.*

"I smile at your interest in theological problems. I fear we differ there. For really I have no use for them. Most of them are mixed up with philosophy for which I have no use. The only theology for which I ever cared was Jimmy Riggs', which *lived*. He taught vital theology with all the wonderful enthusiasm of his wonderful personality and that I enjoyed. . . . I do not have to 'dismiss theological problems' from my thoughts, for they are rarely there. As a matter of fact I sometimes suspect that I have no views on many points, that I have never thought many things through. And somehow it does not trouble me."

"*December 7, 1901.*

"I wonder how it would seem to spend a year in just study without outside calls and duties. I have never known such a year since early preparatory school-days, and then I did not appreciate it. Perhaps I was not meant for a student and this activity is my calling. I am willing, but I do not like the feeling of the wretched scholarship which I have exhibited. Still I would not exchange my college course for that of a grind and a Phi Beta Kappa key. I would have liked to have been a scholar and an executive as well. Perhaps I might have been. I wonder if it is possible now. I have scholarly instincts in the embryo but am too much in a hurry to develop them. I need a little German blood."

"*December 8, 1901.*

"I do not look at heaven and long to enter in because

I'm weary of the fight. I'm perfectly willing to linger here if I can serve Him best, but oh! I would like to be like Him. I'll gladly serve long, hard years, gladly suffer, gladly die for Him, but during those years and during that service I would like to be like Him. I don't want to have men comment on *or* admire me. I don't want to be a bit better or truer or nobler than any one else or have any reason for thinking I am. But I would like to be like Him, and that would mean that I'd want every one like Him, and then there would be no chance for comparison.

"The Psalmist may not have meant it, but it is true, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.' That, with being with Him, will be the supreme joy of heaven. But He doesn't want me in heaven now. He wants me here. Am I wrong in wanting to be in His likeness right here? And must I expect only slow growth with many setbacks? I do not know. I would not complain. I would not take my eyes off the goal just because it is far off and the way is hard. But I would like to be at the goal already, to be like Him. They tell me that character counts more than words in the foreign field. All the more reason why I should be like Him."

"*December 13, 1901.*

"My mind is full of Biblical criticism and evolution and Negroes. I'd rather have it full of Negroes alone. I'd rather put it on the practical, the real and the evidently necessary. I wonder if it is wrong to be practical. These other questions are interesting and important, but I get so tired of them and they seem so little related to the great needs of the day. For so many to spend so much time on them seems almost like a waste of human energy."

"*December 29, 1901.*

"My heart is very full to-night. God is speaking to me so these days. The last three days the central thought has been that spirit can only commune perfectly with spirit, and therefore it was better that Christ go away, for thus He became spirit and could thus come into perfect contact with our spirits. As long as He was in the body He laboured under the same difficulties we do in coming in touch with souls. The body stood between. Now He, a spirit, can ignore our bodies and come into perfect communion with our spirits, and thus our life with Him can be perfect, whereas before, even though we might be the favoured ones with whom He was, it must of necessity be imperfect."

"*January 19, 1902.*

"I am not often tempted to form opinions until needed. I do not keep them in stock unless they have been used at some time. . . . I have much the same way of treating theological questions, not caring enough to have an opinion just for the sake of having one, but only when it can be made to bear on life and character. When the fellows begin to discuss the Hypostatic (?) union in Christ, I take a back seat. What is the use of wasting breath in discussing the insoluble? It may be 'intellectually suicidal' on my part, but I am much more interested in the union of Christ and man to-day, than in the union of the Divine and human in Christ when on earth."

"*February 7, 1902.*

"There is no use in discussing how busy I am and how impossible is all the work ahead of me. I am at the same

time trying to learn Christ's perfect peace and calm in the midst of thronging duties. I am becoming convinced that never till heaven opens will there be a time when there will not be more to be done than can be done, and why not take it calmly and let go undone that which the Father did not mean for us to do. . . . Oh, I'm so foolish, so foolish, as I spend time and strength in thinking how busy I am. I do it constantly and as constantly fight against it.

"I hope I do not startle you when I speak of heaven as I do. Heaven is becoming more and more near and real to me because it is there I'll see Christ. We'll see Him face to face. We'll be with Him. There'll be no more sin to fight. We'll be like Him. And as I've often said, only my love for you keeps me from being perfectly willing to go any time. . . . I do not mean that I do not love life and service here. I only mean that to be with Christ will be perfect joy. Yet I pray that if it be His will He may grant us a long life together here in His service, for only thus can we take others with us. But His will be done."

And as the years of critical study drew to an end, he came to realize intellectually and spiritually that peace which had been his quest.

"*May 6, 1902.*

"How to know God's will? . . .

"I use my reason. I think that should come first unless we are led to set it aside. And then comes prayer and then what—the simple consciousness of peace in doing God's will, in being in line with His purposes.

That peace, that assurance is to me God's voice guiding me. It sometimes goes contrary to reason, or beyond reason. It usually goes along the line of reason. But I never feel sure of myself until I have that peace, that voice of God to my soul."

VI

The Island Camp

"Oh, those mornings under that old tent, the sun shining in through the east flap, the air cool and the smell of the out-of-doors pervading everything. I guess I was meant to live on that island. But my business seems to hinder. A year ago to-day we were there . . . and what a crowd we had. We can never get them together again in the dear old place. Our furloughs will not match. But then I would rather have the men out here, than there waiting for me to come home."—*Letter from China, July 12, 1903.*

VI

THE ISLAND CAMP

THE last two weeks of July in the summer which followed the campaign of the Yale Band, Lawrence spent camping near Whitinsville with a little circle of his immediate friends. A part of July in each year had been sacred to "Camp," from the time he entered Worcester Academy. It continued to be so without a break until he sailed for China in the fall of 1902. So large a place did these days of rest come to occupy in Lawrence's own life and in that of his friends, that no sketch of him would be complete without some account of Johnny's Island.

In the southwestern corner of the town of Northbridge is the pond of the Whitin Machine Shop. Its expanse is larger than that of most mill-ponds of New England, and, because of the topography of the region, it outranks many in the beauty and naturalness of its surroundings. At a short distance above the village a sharp bend between groves of pine trees divides the stretch of water into an upper and lower reach. The latter is in sight of the village of Whitinsville; the former is beyond the range of tenement houses and shops. Once around Picnic Point, the whirling wheels of the mill town seem far away and the factory whistle gives place to the gentler note of the song-bird. Here one may find repose and enjoyment in the beauty of typical New England hillsides and woods.

In this upper portion of the pond lies Johnny's Island. Years ago, before the Whitin Machine Company built its dam and flooded the back country for miles, Johnny's Island was a small pasture knoll covered with pines; but the ponds have been in existence so long that not the slightest trace of their artificial origin remains. The ancient trees still flourish on the knoll and cover the island with a fresh carpet of pine-needles every year.

Here for twelve successive summers a small party assembled for recreation and rest. While the personnel of the gatherings changed slightly from year to year and in a marked degree between the earlier and later years, due in a large measure to various changes in the lives of the members, Larry saw the beginning and the end of the camp. Of the earlier gatherings in preparatory school-days little need be said. The experiences on the island were such as may be found in the outdoor lives of many boys. But as the years of youth passed and new faces appeared in the group that gathered around the camp-fire, something deeper and less tangible than recreation experiences must be woven into the story if the truth be fully told.

The camp was essentially of Larry's making. In its earlier years, others, no doubt, influenced the daily life on the island. Gradually the camp conformed to his idea. In the later years he was the pivotal force. Although it was intended that, in so far as it could be made so, the camp should be communistic, most of the campers were dependent on the Thurstons for special conditions of aid and comfort. The greater part of the equipment was kept during the winter in Rev. Mr. Thurston's barn, and all the campers received much in kindnesses from the family, so that no one left the island

"THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST." APPROACH TO JOHNNY'S ISLE

JOHNNY'S ISLAND. TENTS AND CANOES

without being deep in the debt that has no recompense. In the late spring season, it was from Lawrence that the statement always came that the campers might convene on an appointed day. The letter bore an enthusiasm of anticipation and it is to be doubted whether any one who had once lived on the island cast the consideration aside without regret. Then followed letter after letter of plans; and they spoke with a spirit of eagerness for the day to come, when the campers should gather again; they chronicled the acceptances and the disappointments and rarely closed without some suggestion that the life was an extremely pleasant one for him.

From the first, Larry was always among the hardest workers in getting the pump placed, the ground cleared, the proper locations marked out and the tents raised. It was Larry who invariably figured the capacity of the sleeping tent so as to accommodate just one more. It was Larry who knew the best places in the pond to catch sunfish or perch and who was most indefatigable in angling for them. Indeed in time the island itself came to be almost regarded as Larry's property.

"The camp in its completed state was the growth of years," writes one of those who enjoyed the privileges of the island, "and it may represent in a rough way by its changing aspect the evolution of a boy's mind from the thirteenth to the twenty-sixth year. It boasted no single remarkable feature. No one could quite say what were the attractions that allured a small company to encamp on an island in a pond of somewhat narrow confines, within a stone's throw of a public highway and not distant from a flourishing manufacturing village. To one who has lived in the depths of the woods, the surround-

ings were certainly prosaic. The daily walk after the milk, the call of the baker, butcher and grocer, the frequent excursions to the village, the many visits from friends, rather lavish appointments and a larder that was not essentially primitive; all these have caused many a frequenter of wilder localities to doubt whether this settlement should be called a camp or no. But a camp established for any considerable season must not neglect the social side of its life. And this being the essence the location is secondary. I have been in camps of ideal location—using the expression in the popular sense—and have never been enthusiastic about remaining; but the days I spent on Johnny's Island were days that passed all too quickly, they were restful days; helpful days; days not spent in idleness; days filled with the best things in life.

"Over my desk hang three photographs of the island home. A picture of the kitchen shows the machinery of the camp, the stove, the pump, the wood-pile and the 'grub-tent,' with five of the campers as demonstrators. Pans and dishes of many shapes and sizes hang about on the trees and suggest both quantity and variety. Larry was proud of his kitchen, and he was a master hand in the arrangement and management of this department. It is no easy task to feed fifteen people, and when the appetite is whetted by a life out of doors there is an occasion for considerable labour. Yet the cooking of the meals and the other kitchen work were never burdensome, and many found that there was, perhaps, too little to do. Others essayed to assist in the planning, but always the oversight was Larry's; and had he been a man who took responsibility ungracefully, the camp life would have been a burden to him. There are two things that the writer

CAMPERS AT WORK

prizes in his camp memories: one was fishing with Larry, and the other, the labour with him in the kitchen. The latter was a task that we both enjoyed—this experimental work in out of door cooking—and there never was so much of it that the newness was lost. Here we came very close to each other. Often in council together, as we sat side by side on the refrigerator box in the kitchen tent, the policy of the camp was discussed. And when, as frequently happened, we strayed away from our material affairs into other considerations, I always felt that here I had before me a man, cloaked by no conventionalities nor veneer of manner.

"A second picture shows the campers about the table at the end of the lunch hour. Lunch was a very informal meal, and a bowl and spoon were the usual insignia of the noonday gathering. Around this table in all sorts of summer weather, the company gathered for their meals. The satiating of fifteen hungry people was undertaken willingly, and those sincerest compliments to a cook, the eating and enjoying the food that is prepared, were habitually paid to the various chefs. And even though the campers were often designated as 'cavities' by Larry, it was the love of an unusual appellation rather than any desire to check their enjoyment that made him use the term. In this department as in all others of the camp, a gradual evolution went on during the years. At the beginning the food was often palatable only in the imaginations of healthy boys. A constant addition of conveniences led us to have, many times in the last few years, almost as elaborate a meal as one would enjoy anywhere. All this seems foreign to simplicity and does not coincide with current ideas of camp life. It may be desirable to live now and then in quite primitive surround-

ings. To be obliged to shift for food may be at times a beneficial experience. But a camp that has a record of a number of years and is situated in a country which yields little food in a wild state, must not depend too much on a twelfth hour occasion for its food supply, or its numbers will diminish and its record end. There must be a growth in this branch of the camp life as in others. And when the whole story is told it will be found that to establish a camp for the sake of camping was far from Larry's mind. He often spoke of the camp as a means of having his friends about him for a while and as an opportunity to act the host under conditions which would tend to discourage formality and in which the true man would stand revealed.

"A third picture shows the tents and in the foreground the canoes and a diving board. The tents increased in number during years from a single tent to a village of five. The old straw-filled sackings were replaced by cots. It is all very well to sleep on the ground and in full camping costume for one or two nights, simply for the sensation, but there is in it no boon of pleasure keen enough to make one choose that mode of resting for a steady thing. In other words the evolution was consistent with the whole plan of the camp, namely, comfort and simplicity. A carpet on the ground and cot-beds may not be considered by many as consistent with simplicity. We must emphasize this fact that no camp was our model. The camp was fashioned primarily under Larry's direction with able lieutenants to assist and advise. If sentiment dictated that a true camp should not have a carpet, we can only answer that the directors of the final form of camp were here serving neither popular sentiment nor commonplace ideals.

CAMPERS AT DINNER

"The canoes met many needs in the daily life. Whether it was to take the entire party on a day's outing; to go to town for one reason or another; to aid in fishing; to give exercise, or to serve as a means of isolation whereby one or two might go to a quiet retreat for study or recreation, they were indispensable for the success of the camp. It is here that the writer is reminded of his strongest bond with Larry, canoeing and fishing together. For Larry was an enthusiastic fisherman. We would not be accorded a high place, perhaps, among skillful sportsmen, but all the elements of enjoyment were experienced, and the rivalry was so spirited and at the same time so delicious that we had more fun often in losing a fish than in catching one. I can recall many and many an occasion when Larry and I spent most of a day in fishing, and the excitement only urged us on to more. Towards the end of the school year, when the open season for bass arrived, I have had an enthusiastic note from Larry asking me to join him for a day on the pond before the crowd came, and it was a source of considerable disappointment to be obliged at times to reply that the thing was impossible. I know that I shall be considered a suspicious lover of the sport when I say that I gained as much pleasure in handling the paddle and watching Larry fish as I did in casting the line myself. This would probably not be true with every person. Larry's enthusiasm was contagious, and I rarely saw him express so much of pleasure and surprise and excitement as he did when a bass startled him by rising to the frog, and when after a short struggle, the fish was safely landed in the canoe. Nor was it easy to manage the canoe, for my arms, no longer under the mastership of the mind, forgot their cunning, so intense is the feeling that hopes

for success. Here, as in the work of the camp, I felt myself in perfect tune with Larry. It was not a part of his life-work, from which I felt myself in some sense excluded. I always knew that when I could get him to go fishing with me, and he was ever eager for the sport, that I could have him to myself for a while, and that the pursuit of a common pleasure would bring us very close to each other. It was characteristic of what I saw of him that the same enthusiasm that he put into fishing was visible in his endeavours in other lines. While he was fishing, he was a fisherman. His whole attention was given to the sport, and the work that he had left was behind him. I always had the whole man at such times and I do not doubt but what that was one reason why his companionship was so desirable.

" Now and then on a summer afternoon dark thunder heads were seen in the west, and this warning to prepare for a blow and rain was always attended with considerable uncertainty. The island was exposed to the showers and the full force of the blow was often experienced. The tents must be overlooked, guy ropes made fast, the flaps closed, the materials about the island collected for protection from the wet, and the boats and canoes fastened so that they would not lash each other on the wharves. The showers were probably not unlike the showers of other localities, but as we were not protected by unyielding walls, and as we lived on rather intimate terms with them, the storms seemed to us to be unusually fierce. From his early youth Larry always recorded the occurrence of thunder-storms in his diary, and one of the most vivid pieces of writing that he did for the school paper at Worcester Academy was a description of a thunder-storm at camp. I always thought that during

the passage of these showers there was a weight of anxiety on his mind, and this seemed to be increased in the latter years when a number of his sister's friends were found among the campers. Nothing beyond the snapping of a rope, the blowing down of an awning, the temporary loss of a canoe or the leakage of a tent ever happened at these times. With the larger number of campers the chances for accident were greatly increased, however, and Larry seemed to feel that the burden of responsibility was his. I can recall no other circumstance in the camp life on the island that demanded, often, a forced cheerfulness. On the other hand, there was a sense of disappointment if, during our stay, no shower came.

"One of the great tests of a camper's devotion is a storm of two or three days' duration. Then one tends to reflect the cloudiness and lack of warmth in his own nature. A single day of rain may be enjoyable as a new feature. If a second day follows the newness is lost and the apathetic camper begins to lose his enthusiasm. If, perchance, a third day dawns with no prospect of a change, there must be many attractions of companionship and love of nature to override the tendency to depression. It is a favourable commentary on the life of the camp on Johnny's Island that during the last meeting there in the summer of 1902, ten consecutive days of rain were passed and no one deserted the island, or cared to do so.

"An island camp suggests recreation, idle hours, relief from many of the uncomfortable features of town or city life in the summer, pleasant companionship and nearness to nature. But if a chronicle of the later camps on Johnny's Island is truly written, into all the pleasant

recollections of happy hours there must be woven a strain of seriousness which was a prophecy of a work to come."

From the time of Laurie's volunteering in freshman year the camp naturally included each summer a larger number of those whose life interests were the same as his own. But in spite of the more prominent part which the subject of missions played in the lives of a majority of these men, their presence never made those of the party who were not planning to go as missionaries feel under the slightest constraint or embarrassment. The island was not a campaigning ground for student volunteers, nor was it on the other hand a place where the discussion of missions was tabooed. How naturally the deeper themes of Christian worship and sacrifice blended with the happy, unrestrained life of the camp, is very apparent from the following sketches by several of the campers:

"During the year I had been invited to spend a week at the camp on Johnny's Island and accepted. The naturalness of religion was never better illustrated than in that camp. The week was full of the ordinary delights of fishing, bathing, sitting around the camp-fire every night telling stories, singing or listening to 'Enotch.' It seemed no more out of place to have him sing, 'I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,' than 'Bright College Years,' and the other college songs which we sang together. I shall never forget the impression made upon me the first night. A—— B—— arrived just before supper and was greeted in a boisterous manner by the crowd, especially by the other members of the

Band who had not seen him for a year. There was a laugh over some reminiscences and we were called to supper by the camp call. After we were seated there was a hush and Lawrence requested A—— B—— to ask the blessing. In an instant we were conscious of the presence of an unseen guest, and to me at least there was given a glimpse of what friendships could mean that were blessed by the Master Friend."

"The days succeeded each other quickly on the island. Every morning we tumbled out of bed and splashed into the lake for a short swim. On Sundays this was called by courtesy a bath, but there was no appreciable difference in the process. Then quiet settled down on the camp, while those who so desired went off alone for a time of Bible study and reflection. In the early hours of the day this peaceful interval with Nature and the God of Nature was perhaps one of the best of the camp life.

"Undoubtedly the most enjoyable time of the entire camp were the hours after the evening meal had been cleared away. Brewer and Dana Eddy with Enoch Bell and A. B. Williams or Hi Bingham made a well balanced quartette, and while one gently paddled the canoe the old familiar college songs and plantation melodies rang out across the dark water in the white moonlight. To those about the blazing camp-fire the music and the peaceful silence were each delightful, and to those in the canoe the flickering blaze among the whispering pine trees made a setting of rare beauty, with the tiny waves lapping the shores of the island.

"And then sometimes we fell into talk of an evening —talk of our respective futures and how we should shape them. As long as I had known Larry, he had maintained that it was best for the American Board to send

him to North China. We others had many of us our own futures to work out and the talk sometimes waxed big with the theories of the rights and duties of man—college boy theories,—if you will, and not tested by experience—but none the less of absorbing interest to ourselves. But again the talk dwindled to foolish but delicious jokes or even to doggerel verse and nonsense until it was time to turn in. Then the camp-fire was extinguished and the lantern put out leaving the great moon to watch alone on the island."

It was in 1901 that a suggestion emanating from these talks about the camp-fire led to what was the distinctive feature of the last two camps on the island, and what was afterwards known to the participants as the "Johnny's Island Summer School of Theology and Missions." A good proportion of the campers were engaged in theological studies, but a majority of these were still undecided in mind regarding many points in the Christian faith. It was agreed that all who so desired should gather about the camp-fire and that each student of theology should support his own personal views or, if he had none, those taught at his particular seminary. The rest of the campers who had not had special theological training were to criticise the theories propounded from the standpoint of practical religion.

The first session in 1901 was largely informal and the participants did not arrive at any very tangible results; but the discussions had proved so helpful and stimulating that for 1902 a definite series of questions was prepared covering with remarkable thoroughness the problems of theology and life. So complete is the list that it may be of interest if recorded here.

OUTLINE OF SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY AND MISSIONS, WHITINSVILLE, MASS., 1902

1. *The proper method of formulating and verifying our theological beliefs.*
   Is it authority, faith, reason, or what is it? What is revelation?
2. *The nature and significance of religion.*
   What is religion? What is the significance of the existence and character of the various ethnic religions? Just wherein does Christianity differ from the other religions of the world? What should be the attitude of Christianity towards them?
3. *The Bible.*
   What is the Bible? What is its actual value to theology? What is its value to the practical religious life? As what shall we offer it to Chinaman, Japanese, and Hindu?
4. *God.*
   What is the exact content of the conception of God? What are our grounds for such a belief? What is its place in practical religion?
5. *Sin and salvation.*
   Just what is sin? What is man's responsibility in it? What place has it in God's universe? How is it to be overcome? Just what is salvation? How is it obtained?
6. *Jesus Christ.*
   Just how much do we actually know about the historic personage? That is, the reliability of the documents. How shall we estimate His personality, morally and otherwise? Wherein has He any finality? What speculative opinions about Him shall we hold, *e.g.*, Son of God, preëxistence, present status?

What did He do for religion and mankind? That is, His work as a revealer of God, as making an atonement for sin, as an intercessor, etc.

7. *The Holy Spirit.*
What is it that is designated by that term? What is the work of the Holy Spirit?

8. *The Trinity.*
Just what is this doctrine? What grounds are there for it? What is its value for theology and for practical, religious life?

9. *The Holy Life.*
What is the difference between a moral and religious life? What more is necessary for a holy Christian life? How is it promoted?

10. *Prayer.*
Just what is it? What does it accomplish, subjectively and objectively? How does it accomplish this?

11. *The future state.*
What grounds have we for belief in it? How are we to conceive of it? What will be the condition in it of the good and the bad and of deceased infants, of pre-Christian, non-Christian, and Christian people?

12. *Missions.*
What are the grounds of obligation for conducting missionary work? Just what is the aim of missionary work? How is it to be accomplished?

13. *Miscellanea.*
Creeds, sacraments, etc.

In the little group of disputants were men representing Auburn, Hartford, Union and Yale Theological Seminaries. One of the number was still a medical student at

Johns Hopkins; a second was fresh from a year's study at Oxford; and a third had just received his doctor's degree in philosophy at Yale. Two had had practical contact with modern missions abroad, in India and in Turkey respectively; and two had served as secretaries in practical Christian work at home, one for the Student Volunteer Movement, the other in a local Y. M. C. A.

The results of this final conference were much more permanent than those of the year before, and it was in these informal discussions that Laurie's friends saw him at his best intellectually. In the freedom of these evening talks the full man was unconsciously revealed. "All the men who used to sit around that camp-fire on the Island in Whitinsville," writes one of the campers, "will agree that in the discussion of our intellectual problems his mind was one of rare grasp and clearness. It was evidenced that he thought more profoundly and broadly than he himself claimed. His position was one of real breadth and he often surprised us by his willingness to see truth in the positions of men that might have been supposed to be out of all harmony with him." The results of the sessions, which were later written out for preservation in permanent form by the participants, owed much to Lawrence's insistence on the validity as data of many facts that could not be fully explained, and to his apparent instinct for the essential kernel in a mass of details.

Precious, indeed, to Lawrence were the memories of Johnny's Isle. The restful hours of uplifting relaxation, the stimulating search after truth with his college friends, the tender revelations of their deeper friendship to him as evinced in the sharing of secret confidences, were experiences which he could never forget. But there was yet

another reason why to him the island camp was ever associated with all that was most sacred in life. It was here in the summer of 1900 that he first became acquainted with his future wife.

At the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions in New York City, in March, 1900, Lawrence had been casually introduced to Miss Matilda Calder of Hartford, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College and a Student Volunteer. A year before he had preached in her home church when the Yale Band held its meetings in Hartford, but the two did not become acquainted at that time, although Miss Calder had already known of Lawrence through his sister Isabel, who was one of her college friends. Later in the spring of 1900 an invitation came to Miss Calder and her sister from Miss Thurston to spend a week in July at the camp on Johnny's Isle. This was accepted, but when Lawrence welcomed the two young ladies on the island, he did not know which of the two sisters he had met before, so slight an impression had the first meeting made on him.

To the majority of the campers the week on the island passed very much like any other, and on the next Monday the young ladies left camp, Miss Calder going to Boston to buy her outfit for Turkey, to which field she had been appointed some months before. On Tuesday the free outdoor life began for the boys who now had full possession, and to all outward appearances the camp settled back into its normal state.

Shortly after this Lawrence went from camp to the College Girls' Conference at Northfield to take charge of the Missionary Institute in the Alumnæ Conference. Following the conference came some weeks in Hartford, ostensibly for the purpose of working at the seminary

library upon a course of study dealing with home missions—and a good beginning was made along that line—but more truly because he wanted to settle a question of deeper personal importance for himself and one other. Miss Calder was to sail for Turkey some time in September. It was then the last of July and the shortness of the time justified expedition in the matter. Late in August Larry announced his engagement.

But close upon this new joy which had come into Lawrence's life, there followed a severer and more searching test of his devotion to the work to which he had consecrated himself than any which he had hitherto been called upon to face. Miss Calder was in honour bound to go to Marash, Turkey, to which station she had been previously appointed and where the need of a teacher was most urgent. The test was a hard one but the two met it bravely in the spirit of their common Master. As soon as he realized the situation Lawrence ceased to urge Miss Calder's staying at home, nor did she even suggest to the Board that she be released from her contract. On September 29 she sailed for Turkey.

The world may well have thought that there was risk involved in a two years' separation after a two months' acquaintance. But the love that binds those who know the will of God and do it, finds in separation and sacrifice the most convincing proof of its own reality. It is true that this separation cost Lawrence many a struggle, as every true sacrifice must. This, his letters written during the long months of the absence, reveal only too truly:

"And how the loneliness does increase. There's no let up. There's no getting used to it. I just sit and wait, busy because I can't help it, but lonely. I don't

say come home a week sooner than is right for you and fair to the work, but I'll be a different man when you are here again."

(On the anniversary of their separation.)

"Somehow I don't like to think of a year ago to-night. It brings up thoughts of separation and the cost of that separation is clearer now than it was a year ago. I am thankful it was not clear then.

"I think very few have yours and my views on the subject of marriage. Love first, call afterwards is the rule with most, with even some of the most consecrated men I know. I am relenting myself now that I realize the power of love, and yet I do not believe I could feel justified in loving you had you not been able to go."

But Lawrence came to know in the end the deeper meaning of Jesus' saying that those who renounce for His sake shall receive a hundredfold in this present world. Miss Calder returned from Turkey in time to join the campers in their last gathering on Johnny's Island in 1902, and to participate with her first-hand knowledge of the practical working of Christian missions in the final session of the summer school.

"These two years have been separation only in body," Lawrence wrote to her in his last letter before her return. "We have grown wonderfully close in spirit. I believe in some ways we know each other better than we might ever have had they not been. I wonder, without them, when we would have come to understand our love and the other's love as we do now. . . . With an intimacy which only long separation could have accomplished we begin our life together."

Again he wrote from China, on May 1, 1903:

"Any man is to be congratulated who has found the woman who can be the help to him that only a true woman can. I pity the man who has not. I used to think that the life of an engaged couple was good enough for any one. I hardly understood what Professor ——— meant when he told me that the joys of married life far surpassed anything that one knew before. But I tell you I understand now. It is all very well to be able to write and to see one another once in a while and to be able to share one's best with the one person in all the world who understands best. But it is far better to live morning and night with that one and never to have her away from you for any length of time and to be able to share your whole life and all you have with your wife."

The poet is not mistaken:

"Love is not love save it hath made us strong
To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng
For doing. Men may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible to live or die;
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong:
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,
For joys withheld and God to answer why,
To banish yearning hope if it be vain,
To say good-bye if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved then we might complain
Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, oh, my love so perfectly
We are beyond the touch of any pain."

As they lived the simple, care-free life of the island camp, little did the campers of those days realize what treasure houses they were building and storing full with

precious memories and life-long inspiration, for the years to come. Some life purposes were formed, all were strengthened by the association of strong men and women there together. "The pleasant experiences of the week past were reviewed and reënjoyed and put away in memory," the camp log for 1901 closes, "to be brought forth when dark days and lonely hours shall make us turn our thoughts to those joys of camping on Johnny's Isle." And when the days of privilege were over many were the hearts that looked back with longing for those days. From far-off India, in 1903, came this message:

"How I wish that it were possible for us to get together and have a real good time as we used to on Johnny's Island. Do you remember that last night we were on the island two years ago when we just kept on talking as we sat around the camp-fire, until it died out at about one o'clock? What times those were! In India I used often to go out just before retiring and gaze on the stars and think of those dear '98 fellows, remembering how we used to sit out around the camp-fire. What a rush of memories it did bring."

"E—— and I went up to the island this morning for a swim," wrote another who had gone back to the island as to some sacred shrine. "But it looked unnatural to see no tents there and to have no one commanding that 'wagons' be backed up—no convict calling 'Chuck.' Without these things how can we help a feeling of loneliness coming over us, as we sit on the brown pine-needles and look off across the water?

"But Larrie, we are out in the heavy seas of life now and it's a joy to be doing men's work. *You* must feel it.

You have a big proposition on and you need every resource now to keep the canoe from filling. It makes a fellow exult a little in his strength sometimes when he guides the boat through some especially threatening water, and feels the shock of the seas but keeps his cargo safe. May it always be so."

"Neither Tillie nor I find it very safe to think much about camp," Lawrence himself wrote from China to a friend the summer after he left America. "Dear old place! I hope you get some good fish. Cheer up! We may have another camp; and out here we can have them all the time for we shall at least be together."

"Another camp!" These were his parting words to us as he bade us good-bye on Johnny's Island in the summer of 1902. Down the long vista of the seven years that lay before him and his first furlough, inspiring him to perform well the work which lay ahead that he might be entitled to his rest, just as the thought of previous camps had inspired him through many a year of hard and faithful toil in his preparatory years, lay the vision of yet another camp,—a vision of friends again united after seven years of service and development—confiding to one another around the camp-fire the experiences of those years. The seven years are not yet gone and two of the campers of Johnny's Isle, one its leader and genius, have already finished their appointed tasks and quietly slipped away to make ready another camp. Somewhere in the Islands of the Blest it lies—just where we do not yet know—with the fragrance of God's love and the music of His out-of-doors pervading everything. But of one thing we are sure. In the circle

which has gathered there, as on a certain occasion in days of old when the disciples gathered about the dying coals on the shore of the Galilean Sea, there sits One whose presence Lawrence felt but whom, though he longed to do so, he never saw, during those nights when the heart of man was so near to the heart of God, around the camp-fire of Johnny's Isle.

VII

The Yale Mission to China—Lawrence's Appointment

"WANTED: A Volunteer Band to take possession of some district in China or India in the name of the Lord, just as such bands have laboured in the formation of Christian States in Illinois, Iowa, Dakota and Washington. The first members of this band should begin work under the supervision of experienced missionaries. They should be reinforced from year to year by fresh recruits. Men should be trained with reference to this special work and its needs. Men of the same institution at home should more and more assume the support of the whole field until it becomes like the Universities' Mission in Africa and India. One of the greatest secrets of success is thorough compatibility and hearty friendship among coworkers. A large degree of this might be expected in such a mission."—*Dr. Lawrence*, "*Modern Missions in the East*," *p. 253*.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

VII

THE YALE MISSION TO CHINA—LAWRENCE'S APPOINTMENT

FOR reasons which have been already stated Lawrence had decided to take the final part of his theological course at Hartford Seminary. This decision was hastened and confirmed in part by the urgent letter from one of his old '98 classmates then at Hartford, who wrote early in 1901 that he had something to tell him which might alter his whole future plan of life-work, especially as to field. How prophetic the next few months proved this to be!

About the middle of the Easter vacation, therefore, Lawrence came to Hartford, his curiosity naturally piqued to the full. When the plans for a proposed Yale Mission to China were unfolded to him, the possibilities in the project either for good or for harm to the mission cause naturally made him at first conservative, especially as to his own relations thereto. When, however, after not a little thought and prayer he did decide to cast in his lot with the rest, he threw himself into the further developments with characteristic enthusiasm.

But we must turn aside for a brief glance at the genesis of the Yale Mission idea, an outline of the inception and early development of which has been kindly furnished by one of Lawrence's intimate friends.

"Under the ministrations of Messrs. John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, the winter of 1899–1900 at Yale, wit-

nessed one of the most far-reaching religious awakenings ever known in the history of the University. A natural result of this deepening of spiritual life was a more vital interest in active Christian work of all forms, especially missions. Many of the strongest men seriously faced the question of personal service on the foreign field. Through the decisions resulting therefrom the Volunteer Band, which had been greatly depleted after the graduation of the '98 group, was increased during the year from five to over twenty members,—the largest number reached at Yale since Pitkin's original band in the early nineties.

"The great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions held in New York that spring was not without its inspiration for the little group of Yale seniors who attended its sessions. On the train the old wish that some of them might work together under a common board was now revived. The idea was strengthened at the Northfield College Students' Conference in June. The Boxer outbreak was then in full blast, and with such notable speakers as Dr. John G. Paton of the New Hebrides, Dr. Chamberlain, of India, and Dr. Ashmore, of China, missionary interest was at white heat. Before the end of the conference several Yale men who could not themselves go to the field, came to one or another of their classmates in the Band and spontaneously offered to stand back of them later financially.

"If anything further were needed to inspire the little knot of Yale graduates who were providentially led to take their theological training at Hartford Seminary that fall, it was furnished in the heroic death of Horace Tracy Pitkin, '92, Yale's first missionary martyr in Pao-Ting-Fu at the hands of the Boxers. At least one of the group had reached the determination that Pitkin's life should

not have been spent in vain, and that Yale must see to it that something be done worthy of the situation. After the men returned from Christmas recess, therefore, at the very opening of the new century, is it any wonder that when the suggestion was made that now at last some practical plan should be worked out whereby they might be together on the field, the rest gave their hearty approval and set to with a will? While recently reading 'Pilkington of Uganda,' one of the number had asked himself why a band of Yale graduates should not open up a like work, possibly under the American Board, in another section of Africa as yet untouched.

"On further consultation, however, and after much prayer it seemed that China as a field would offer the largest opportunity and would appeal most strongly to Yale men. Two basal principles appeared pretty clearly established,—first, that such a group of close personal friends could do their best work together; and second that their classmates could probably be depended upon to stand for their financial support. The difficulties in the way were not ignored, and it was decided to consult such missionary specialists as Mr. Harlan P. Beach, Mr. John R. Mott and Mr. Robert E. Speer before trying to proceed further.

"Their first opportunity was fortunately not long delayed. On February 10, 1901, two of the group presented the plan in rough to Mr. Robert E. Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, while he was stopping at Yale as the college preacher. The result of this first interview was highly encouraging. Mr. Speer expressed his great interest in the plan, but because of historic associations, he advised them to consult the American Board first. And in case that organization

did not care to consider it, he told them to come to the Presbyterian Board. Two weeks later Rev. Harlan P. Beach, educational secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, himself a Yale man as well as a corporate member of the American Board, was interviewed during his lectures at Hartford Seminary. He also heartily approved the enterprise and assured the young men that if they could establish the permanency of Yale's financial backing, no board could afford to refuse the plans. Dr. James L. Barton, foreign secretary of the American Board, who was next consulted, wrote as follows:

"'The more I have thought over the plan which you have briefly outlined to me on Friday morning, the more it seems to me to be feasible and practicable, providing the backing at Yale is sufficient. Also it seems to me that the suggestion of China is one that will command the hearty coöperation of all the officers of the American Board, its committees and the wide public.'

"Four days later he wrote again:

"'It is important that so far as you go you carry everything before you. . . . Your plan is very attractive and is worthy of every effort to make it a success.'

"Furthermore, Dr. Barton kindly offered to arrange for an interview with President Capen, of the American Board, for the Easter vacation. Much encouraged, therefore, by the success thus far attained, the group at Hartford now applied themselves with redoubled energy to the working out of their plans more fully and carefully. At this stage the illness of one of their number, which seemed at first a most unfortunate event, soon proved, on

the contrary, to be another providential happening, in that it gave time which could not otherwise have been spared from regular work, to think out the development of the whole plan to its logical conclusions from various standpoints. The literature of the subject was gone over carefully under Mr. Beach's direction. It was found that for such a venture there was no lack of precedent. Movements by individual colleges in England like the Universities' Mission to Africa, the Oxford and Cambridge Missions to Calcutta and Delhi, the Mission of the Cambridge Band to China; and in America, that of the Oberlin Band, to Shansi, China, showed both the possibilities and dangers of such a plan. Dr. Lawrence's authoritative book, 'Modern Missions in the East,' was found most valuable and suggestive; and, as being the best scientific treatment of the assured results of missionary practice, it was thereafter frequently consulted with a view to making this new enterprise come as near to the ideal in principle as possible. It was realized, furthermore, that great as was the direct opportunity of such an undertaking, no less valuable would be its reflex influences. In fact, one of the ultimate purposes of the Mission was thus early stated by one of its projectors:

"'Its object is to arouse to a burning point a vital interest in missions, and to sustain that interest not only at Yale but in other colleges and churches and young people's organizations. This is the whole or chief "raison d'être" and in its far reaching results it should outweigh all possible objections.'

"The whole plan as thus far developed was then reduced to concrete form in writing, which notes formed the basis for further developments. The next step was the Easter

interview with President Capen. How heartily he welcomed the whole proposition, is shown from the following extract from his letter written soon afterwards :

"'I was greatly pleased at the thoroughness with which you have laid out your plan. If you succeed in getting the college authorities interested in this along the plan proposed, it will be one of the best things ever done by any group of young men. It will be an object-lesson for student bodies the world over. I shall pray that you may have great success.'

"The thorough feasibility of the plan from the missionary standpoint having been satisfactorily established, it remained now to approach the Yale authorities as to what share the University would have in the matter. It was at this point that Lawrence Thurston joined the group at Hartford, and the whole matter was gone over fully with him. The change of plans involved for his own future was so radical that he naturally hesitated and held back at first. But when he fully made up his mind to it, he entered in with heart and soul. He sometimes remarked afterwards that he used the pronoun 'we' just as if he had been in it from the start; but he was, nevertheless, a great help in carrying through the plans the rest of the way, especially at the Yale end; though, of course, his greatest contribution came later as pioneer missionary in China.

"It remains only to be said that the whole matter from the outset to its present-day developments has been so clearly under God's guidance, that all the men connected therewith feel simply that they have been but instruments in His hands."

The projectors of the Yale Mission had thus already been assured of the soundness of their plan by eminent missionary specialists, when Lawrence arrived from Auburn. Reinforced by him they now took up the Yale side of the problem. On April 10th, Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Secretary of the Yale University Corporation, was interviewed at his home in New Haven and his hearty approval was secured. Dean Sanders of the Yale Divinity School, Dean Wright, Dr. Cooper of the Corporation, and Prof. T. Wells Williams, son of the gifted Chinese specialist, and himself an authority on Modern Asiatic History, were seen and also gave general sanction to the scheme as outlined. When President Hadley was consulted, he not only approved, but also laid down certain fundamental principles to be followed from the Yale standpoint, especially with reference to the older Yale missionary to lead the enterprise and to its financial backing and organization in America. Lawrence wrote of the plans to his father and received his enthusiastic approval.

In the midst of the favourable reception of the idea on all sides, which had been even greater than had been anticipated, came a cablegram from Rev. Robert A. Hume, D. D., Yale '68, in India, inviting the proposed Yale Mission to locate there. It read as follows:

"*Mahableshwar, June 15, 1901.*
"*Marathi Mission invites Yale Band.*"

This invitation, reinforced by letters which followed, was carefully considered, but finally declined chiefly because of the exceptionally strong claims of China's great awakening, the blood of Horace Pitkin crying out with

a mighty appeal to Yale men. There was a feeling, too, that England was peculiarly responsible for India, but it must be said that President Hadley personally favoured starting the mission in India under Dr. Hume's supervision, unless Mr. Beach could be secured to oversee the work in China. During commencement week of 1901, several conferences were held of those interested in the Mission, and a provisional committee, consisting of Dean Wright, chairman; Dean Sanders, Professor Williams, Dr. Cooper, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Beach, A. C. Williams, and Lawrence as secretary, was appointed to control the work of the next year. The unanimity of these first meetings was remarkable; Lawrence wrote on June 26th:

"Mr. Beach said to them [the preliminary committee], 'Why, Oxford professors don't care anything about the Oxford Mission, but here are some of the leading men in the University back of this heart and soul.' Really it does promise wonderfully and it would seem to be one of the most striking missionary advances in years. I feel like a perfect child before it all and cannot see why I am in it."

At Northfield, during the Students' Conference, Mr. John R. Mott and Dr. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission were consulted, and back of Betsy Moody's cottage under the little plum tree which Mr. Beach declared would some day be famous, the initial draft of the constitution was drawn up.

There were serious problems confronting the founders of the Mission which for some time remained unsolved. Several arose at once from its undenominational character. This latter was regarded as essential in view of the

nature of the organization at the home end. Closely allied to this was the problem of the relation of the new organization to the American Board. To remain independent and at the same time avoid all semblance of rivalry, to appeal for support to Yale alumni and at the same time to divert no gifts which would otherwise have gone to the Board, required careful immediate plans as well as clear vision of possible future complications.

Lawrence's letters during the late spring and early summer of 1901 furnish an interesting commentary on the growth of the Yale Mission idea and disclose the way in which it had taken hold of him.

"*April 17, 1901.*

"Really I have not the remotest idea whether the plan will go through or not. It is so immense that I can't seem to see my way through to the end and feel that it can and therefore must be done. Once I feel that way and my whole soul is in it."

"*April 28, 1901.*

"I am going to write of the Yale Mission plan to papa to-day and see how it strikes him. I am coming to the conclusion that we must push it now for all it is worth and see what can be done. There are very serious obstacles in the way and I am apt to be able to see as many as most; and yet obstacles are not necessarily meant to stop us but to test us. If it can be carried through, it will certainly be one of the finest things for missions ever accomplished. But the task is so great that I shrink instinctively from it. I know you are praying for it and we here must begin to meet to pray over the matter. Nothing is impossible with God and if it is His will it will be accomplished in some way."

"*May 22. 1901,*

"I do want to go where I can be of the most use, and the more I think of it the more it seems as if I were built for organization and management and not for education. But wherever I am they will probably use me where I fit best."

"*June 14, 1901.*

"Oh, I do hope that you and I can go and be in it at the start. If I'm not the man, I'm willing to stay out, but I would not be human if I did not long to go."

"*June 16, 1901.*

May God guide us in every step, for I feel as if we were building for the century and for His kingdom. Oh, I feel so insignificant before it all, so helpless, and sometimes as if I were being swept along in a mighty current. Of course, Roger is the main wheel among us boys and I am really only an addendum."

"*August 14, 1901.*

"I only pray that we may not depend upon human power and influence, tempted as we shall be by Yale and Yale power."

It was first planned to launch the new movement at the bicentennial celebration of the founding of the college in October, 1901, but some complications with reference to the relationship of the new mission to the American Board and the growing conviction that men's minds would be too much distracted at such a time to admit of the proper consideration, influenced the committee to defer the public announcement until the fol-

lowing commencement. A conference with Secretary Smith and President Capen, at the meeting of the American Board at Hartford in the fall of 1901, followed by a meeting of the Board's committee with the Yale committee in New Haven, resulted in a satisfactory adjustment of the relationship between the two bodies. As there contracted, the Yale Mission "affirms its earnest desire to labour in harmony with the Board," elects the president and two members of the Board as members of its council, and sends to it a copy of its yearly report. On its part the American Board:

"1. Gives its hearty support to the Yale Mission, recognizing it as an undenominational missionary movement, independent of any existing Board, but acknowledging a connection with the American Board as provided above.

"2. Places at the disposal of the Yale Mission its agencies for the purchase and distribution of missionary supplies and the forwarding of funds.

"3. Will give to the Yale Mission, in case of an important difficulty arising with native governments or people, the same moral support and good offices with the home government, if necessary, as would be brought to bear in the case of one of its own missions under similar circumstances."

Before the Society had become definitely organized or its exact location in China decided upon, it became apparent that Lawrence Thurston would in all probability be one of the pioneers of the new organization. Of the men then under consideration he alone could complete his preparation by the time it would be necessary to send out the first missionaries. In the face of this responsi-

bility which was apparently soon to be his, he often questioned his own fitness to so great an undertaking.

"September 22, 1901.

"I wonder often if they are not mistaken in thinking me of any use, for I see so many places where I need discipline; where I must improve or I'll not be efficient. A life time isn't enough. Oh, that Christ might fill me and really make me my best in everything. He can have all the glory. I do not seek that but only to be an efficient workman."

The bicentennial came and went with no public notice of the new movement, but to Lawrence the gathering was a mighty stimulus in what it revealed to him of the deep and hidden spiritual forces in Yale life and of the earnest purpose of its teachers and graduates. As he passed the hours of the celebration, he must often have thrilled with the thought that he was soon to represent this powerful assemblage in a mighty continent and that in their support he could completely trust. "Never did I realize what Yale was and meant as I did this week," he wrote on his return. Again he says, "But all the way through, even in fun, there was a great undercurrent of soberness and reverence. The spiritual predominated and one went away with the feeling that there is in all men an essential spirit of reverence for God and acknowledgment of His right over our lives. It was all one great sermon."

The thought of the danger which the pioneer service might bring, above all to Miss Calder, accentuated somewhat by the disquieting news from Turkey of Miss Stone's capture, was often in his mind during the fall and

winter, as will appear from the following extracts from his correspondence.

"June 30, 1901.

"For myself, though not naturally brave, I do not think I fear death. I know I do not. It is those I love alone that make it hard to face danger. Especially do I shrink from bringing you into personal danger and of risking my own life knowing how you love me. To die is as nothing, but to endanger you or to leave you, that is what would cost. . . . And yet not even our love for each other would for a moment hinder us from going where Christ calls us. We are His in a far higher sense than we are each other's. And if He calls us to lay down our lives for Him before we have served Him many years, we are ready."

"December 2, 1901.

"We cannot know what the next months will bring forth, and our dreams of home life may be only for the distant future. From being missionaries of the third generation, we have suddenly become pioneers, but what a privilege we have! It will be much harder at first but in the end we will thank God for the privilege (of being in the Yale Mission)."

"December 4, 1901.

"I love to think that He is guiding even our little lives, that there is a reason for your experience in Turkey and that, if He sends us to China in the Yale Mission, it is His plan and His way and that, even if He should take us to Himself early in our work there, that still His would be the plan and we should be doing His will. When we yield ourselves to Him thus, we do not mind

whether His plan be called predestination or not, for it is the plan of a loving Father whom we would rather trust than try to guide our own way. That is my theology or an illustration of it."

"*December 19, 1901.*

"There is but one more step I must take. I have mentioned it before. It is to be ready as before to face danger and death, knowing that He leads and protects just as much now as ever and that, if He takes me, He does it in love and will care for you and keep you until He brings you to me. But this lesson I have not yet learned and I do not face dangerous service with the abandon of old, for I think of you. Again, I am a coward, when I think of your being taken before me. The thought flashed over me to-day and it was like a horror of great darkness. . . . I only pray that He will spare us both to each other for many years of service together."

Late in December, Lawrence underwent the usual physical examination for missionary service. The doctor found him sound in every way except for his nerves. He advised seriously a less exhilarating climate than China and gave his hearty approval of Turkey, where Miss Calder was at the time located.

To a man made of different stuff than Lawrence, this opinion of the examining physician would have served as an excellent excuse to escape, at the eleventh hour, the responsibility of the unknown pioneer work in which he was about to embark. Miss Calder was already settled in her work and had made good progress with the language. With the utmost frankness he placed the proposition before her.

"*December 21, 1901.*

"My physicial exam. passed. Sound save for nerves. Those are the only things to be guarded. That passes me and settles the question humanly speaking. I think we may be profoundly thankful. Dr. Berry, formerly of Japan, examined me. He is one of the regular Board examiners, and so knows his business. He said my chest expansion was tremendous for a man of my size—four inches. My heart and lungs are both sound. His only fear is my nerves. He says I must cultivate calmness, even indifference, and avoid the superlative in everything. Of course, I have known this, but I must now do as a business what I have done spasmodically.

"I told him about the Yale Mission. He sees the fascination in it and seems to believe in it. But he says I would probably last longer in Turkey, in a less responsible work. I spoke of ——— and he said it would be the best kind of a place for me. . . . I have realized all along that this Yale Mission was the most expensive place where I could put my life. He says the climate of North China is bracing and nerves you constantly to your best—a poor climate for me. But, dearest, it is you who must pay the price of my going to China. For it would be you who would be left, if the Yale Mission cost me ten years of life. Apart from you, I'd have no question, I think, as to my decision for North China. But as I wrote the other day, leaving you alone was harder than mere death, many, many times harder. I wish you would be very, very frank and tell me if you would rather have me go to Turkey. I know just what you'll say, though! All this question is not new to me. I have known it all along. If the Yale Mission does not need

me, perhaps it is my duty to go to Turkey. At present it would look as if it did need me.

"But there is another side to this question. We reckon without God when we talk about nerves and forget the peace. Where does that peace promised by Christ come in? Where does God's power come in? If I do all in my power to conquer my nerves and am called to a hard field and work, may I not look to God to do the rest and enable me to stand the strain involved? . . . I see no reason why we may not win out in this matter. I am going to begin systematically on it both in prayer and in pains."

A month later, before he had received her reply, he wrote again:

"*January 30, 1902.*

"I hope you realize fully what the Yale Mission promises to cost us. I would not for the world have you blind to all that it may mean. What hurts most is that the cost threatens to come largely on you. Life seems so different with you in the reckoning. It is harder to think of sacrifice, for even my own personal sacrifice costs you."

From Miss Calder in reply came the following letter:

"But even if it did mean that going to China meant a shorter time of work for you and separation from you for me, I could not say stay. If it is God's will that we work in Turkey, then we will: but not just for my sake. I would not, could not, ask you to give up China, where God seems to be calling you.

"I thought of a bit of Marcus Dod's on Christ's words, 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' I

was very much impressed with the thought when I read it, and it is apropos of the question we are discussing. 'A man's knowledge of a duty, or God's will, is the only true light he has to guide him in his life; that duty God has already measured, to each man his twelve hours; and only by following duty into all hazards and confusion can you live out your full term; if, on the other hand, you try to extend your term, you find that the sun of duty has set for you, and you have no power to bring light on your path. A man may preserve his life on earth for a year or two more by declining dangerous duty, but his *day* is done, he is henceforth only stumbling about in the outer cold and darkness, and had far better gone home to God and been quietly asleep, far better have acknowledged that his day was done and his night come, and not have striven to wake and work on.' The quotation came to my mind when I realized I might be a temptation to you in just such a way. I pray God I may never let myself be, that I may be strong when you need me to be strong."

Lawrence's part as one of the pioneer missionaries was thus definitely settled by his appointment on June 6, 1902. With the first member of the staff thus secured and with $17,000 raised for the inception of the undertaking, public announcement was made by President Hadley in his annual report at commencement, 1902, as follows:

"An example of organized outside influence, not officially connected with the University, but bearing its name and stimulated by its spirit, is the Yale Mission which is soon to begin work in China. Independent in its man-

agement and undenominational in its work, it aims to furnish a center of Christian education in the interior of the Chinese Empire, and to use all the various means available for that end. We have reason to hope that we can make use of the experience gained by the Oxford and Cambridge University Missions to come in contact with the intellectual life of the Chinese people more fully than has hitherto been possible, and thus give to the Chinese workers at Yale the inspiration which comes from the opening of a new and wide field of successful effort."

The sane and thoroughly practical plans received the hearty approval of both the Yale community and of many who were outside. The scheme of organization at the home end, with an executive committee not officially related to the University but composed of its most representative leaders among the faculty, corporation and graduates, eliminated the danger of the selection of unfit men for the Society's representatives on the field. Candidates could be carefully watched and tested both during their undergraduate years and later on in their advanced study in the graduate schools;—for it was required that each missionary of the Society must have received two degrees. Furthermore, the certainty of receiving the active assistance and counsel of Rev. Harlan P. Beach, M. A., Yale '78, and one of the foremost specialists on missions in the world, greatly decreased the danger of mistakes in policy. Two editorial comments will suffice to show how enthusiastic was the reception of the new idea.

"The establishment by Yale men of a mission in North China whose work shall be according to the broadest

spirit of modern missions and entirely undenominational, is a very unusual development of the year. Such a work, undertaken voluntarily by Yale men, shows the real strength of the religious life at Yale. That life is indeed so strong that it is considered subject to criticism only in the evidence of its power. The only reason any people ever sneer and talk with a sagacious cynicism about religious activities of Yale is because those activities are conducted by the really best men in college, and because the best and strongest men, being constantly in the public eye, are subject to criticism; and because further, they are now and then weakly imitated by some insincere person whose hypocrisy is charged against the whole organization.

"But it would take a long stretch of the most bitter antagonism to religious influence to find any ulterior motive in the establishment of a mission in North China. That would be impossible were the men of Yale, who are most identified with its religious life, not actuated by a spirit not only genuine but often heroically strong. Pitkin was an unusually noble example but he was at the same time a fair type of a class of Yale men of considerable numbers.

"As to what effect this establishment of this undenominational mission will have in developing the nonsectarian spirit in all mission work, is a subject which would carry one a little too far in the future. . . .

"The standard of the Society will be of the highest. It is the emphatic determination of the council to take no left-overs for its service and to accept only those with a professional training. No mere A. B. degree will satisfy the requirements of the Yale Missionary Society. Some Yale history is to be made by these men. It

will be of a kind to make Yale men prouder than ever of their brotherhood."—Editorial comment of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*.

"This is the Yale way, and is full of the Yale spirit. It is practice first, to find out what can be done with the material to be treated; and then it is theory, as derived from the actual knowledge gained by experience. It has a big ideal ahead, but it takes good care to keep on the ground while moving towards the ideal. It is as the unknown writer in the *Yale Weekly* says:—

"'When we of modern Yale sing "For God, for country and for Yale," we put God first.'

"Yes, and that is right, but the country and Yale and in this case the Chinese, stand close by the side of God. The true Yale man never forgets that he must work towards the invisible through the visible; and that is the way the work of these Yale men promises to make the Chinese better and happier. The little but select Yale crowd in China will be like an intellectual and evangelical football team, always playing fair but bound to win the great game."—Editorial comment of the *Hartford Daily Courant*.

By the middle of August it became apparent that no properly qualified associate could be found to accompany Lawrence and his wife and that to these two alone would be largely entrusted the policy of the Yale Mission on the field during its first year. Yet the two did not falter. A little booklet, Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," had fallen into Lawrence's hands some time before and had greatly impressed him. In the spirit of its hero he now prepared to take his commission and go quietly when the time should come.

On September 10th he married Miss Calder at the latter's home in Hartford. Two weeks later (September 25th) he was ordained to the gospel ministry, at his father's church in Whitinsville, Rev. Judson Smith, of the American Board, delivering the sermon, Rev. John R. Thurston, the ordaining prayer, Rev. H. P. Beach, the charge, and Rev. Enoch F. Bell, his classmate at Yale and at Auburn, giving the right hand of fellowship.

It had been planned that Lawrence and his wife should sail for China in October and this gave an opportunity for a farewell address at Yale, inasmuch as college was just opening. On the first Sunday afternoon of the term, friends both of the Mission and of its first pioneer missionaries filled to its utmost capacity the old '98 room in Dwight Hall to listen to Lawrence's parting words. After a simple service of Scripture and prayer he spoke as follows:

"We can perhaps do no better this afternoon than to consider briefly two things; what you may expect of the Yale Mission in China, and what it expects from you here in America.

"Although there is a possibility, and even a probability, of more than one missionary being sent this fall, we will assume for the sake of definiteness that but one goes, to be followed next fall by two or three others, and in two years by Mr. Beach, who will lead the Mission.

"Starting to-morrow and reaching Peking in about six weeks, we shall spend the first winter in the study of the language and of the people. For if we are to help China we must do so by becoming Chinese to the Chinese, learning their language, their customs, their ways of thinking, even though this may take years of patient

study. Much time must also be spent in the investigation of missionary methods. The Yale Mission does not go to teach the older missionaries how to do their work. It goes to sit at their feet and learn from them the methods developed by years of experience. Should it modify or improve them, it will be only because comparison of the work of many suggests the change. We go to establish a Mission on scientific lines, the science developed by a century of missionary activity.

"This coming winter we must also study the question of the permanent location of the Mission. Three places are now under consideration. The one chosen may be none of these; but of this we can be sure that the central station will be in a provincial capital which is a student center, and that capital will be in such a locality as to make it a strategic center of Christian influence in the new China.

"Next fall we look for two or three additional men, one of whom shall be a physician, and the fall following for Mr. Beach. As soon as advisable after his arrival steps will be taken towards the foundation of our permanent central station. From this we shall work out into surrounding cities and towns, establishing sub-stations. In this group of stations our aim will be to found a fully equipped Christian Mission. It will include secondary schools, a college and a theological seminary. From these students will come the native teachers, to whom we shall look for the greater part of preaching the gospel to their own people. Medical work will also have a prominent place in the Mission, and hospitals—perhaps even a medical school—will be established. Another department to be developed according to future needs and opportunities will be work for the literati, the educated men of

China, who are the real rulers of the nation. This line of effort will be carried on in entire sympathy with the needs of new China, and will occupy the best part of a man's time, with a possibility of its so developing as to call for more than one man's energies.

"To summarize: Yale's representatives in China will endeavour to establish a fully equipped mission of such strength and upon such scientific principles that it shall have its part in the uplift of the Chinese race and in the bringing in of the kingdom of God in China.

"To Yale men we look for support in this work—a support which will mean, first of all, the sending to us of the men we need for the development of the Mission to its highest efficiency—men thoroughly trained in their professions. When we ask for teachers we want men trained to teach, and when we ask for physicians or ministers we want the very best obtainable. And yet we do not ask you to send us men, however proficient, who do not go to China from the highest missionary motives. We do not want men who come merely because of the great opportunity for surgery, but men who yet seek to heal for the love of Jesus Christ. We want the highest efficiency, but it must be coupled with the missionary spirit.

"We look to you also, for a support which will mean the supply of all the funds necessary for the proper development of the work. The world has yet to see what God can do with a mission properly supplied with men and money. Why should not the Yale Mission furnish the illustration? We do not ask for that which will tempt us to extravagance; we do ask for that which will help us to do the best possible work.

"And we ask for a support that will mean a keen,

abiding interest; not an interest that is sustained only by great success and wonderful stories, but an interest that will stand the strain of slow development in the field. We who go do not expect immediate results. We go for a long pull and a strong pull. We are willing to begin a work of generations and spend our lives in laying the foundations upon which others may build. But in it all we look to the Yale men at home for an interest that will not flag. When the work is discouraging and the results small we want to know that you do not desert us and that we can depend upon you for the truest and surest sympathy.

"And finally we look to you for prayer. Educated men though we may be, we believe in the power of prayer. We look to you, in college and out, faculty and students, for daily and nightly prayer for the blessing of God upon the Mission. And we look with confidence.

"This is what we expect of Yale and the best that in us lies Yale may expect of us. We have set before us an ideal, too lofty to be attained with human power. We look to God in humble dependence for the strength we need. With this help we go to establish a Mission that shall be an honour to Yale, living out in China the highest type of college Christianity; that shall be an honour to the Church of God, standing for all that is best in her life in the world; and an honour to Jesus Christ whom we love and serve, and in whose name we establish this Mission, that His kingdom may be hastened on earth."

And then in the gathering twilight he bade us all good-bye one by one, his face radiant with the inspiration of a great purpose, and with a confidence in our support which

would have compelled it had we been faltering. In a few hours he had left us and in some of our hearts there was a great loneliness which we had not anticipated, as we saw him start out to carry his " Message to Garcia."

VIII

The Pioneer Missionary

"How I do long that ——— will accept, if it be God's will; yet already we have seen how God has hindered some and later sent us better men. I am prepared for anything, but you can well imagine that it will be a blow to me if at least one other does not go this fall. Yet I would not say 'blow,' for I trust God's will will never be a blow. But to us at least another man seems peculiarly essential this fall."—*Letter from Whitinsville, July 4, 1902.*

VIII

THE PIONEER MISSIONARY

THE breaking of the home-ties and the enforced exile in a foreign land are the essential hardships involved in the missionary life to-day, and for those who do not know the motive power of the love of Christ in their own lives it is incomprehensible that these things should be voluntarily accepted. Men and women, for whom love is so poor a thing that it cannot survive even the thought of separation, try to explain it by assuming that these home-ties are less precious and the love of home less strong in the missionary. For Lawrence it cost much because friends and kindred were so large a part of his life, and his home was one of the homes it is hard to leave. He did not fail to realize that the ones who stay behind suffer in the separation even more than those who go. He writes:

"*September 28, 1902.*

"To-morrow we start. I do not dare to think too much of my good-bye yesterday. The only way I can keep a brave front is by doing what may seem cold, not thinking much about the past but only of the present and future. The pictures which I wanted yesterday I have not had the courage to look at. And yet it is easier for me than for you. You are left with nothing new to occupy your mind. With me all is new, and I am busy every minute. But I do not want to talk about it now. I

gladly go and you gladly let me go, not because we would not prefer to be together for always, but because the love of Christ constraineth us. I had rather be in China with Christ than at home without Him, and that would be the alternative with me, for He has called me there."

There are many who accept without a question the reasonableness of going abroad for business or government service who seem unable to comprehend the missionary motive. One of the passengers on the steamer *Empress of India* was an English merchant who had been in business in Japan for nineteen years, "his wife, a poor sailor, travelling back and forth between England and Japan, between her children and her husband. The more I see of it all the more I fail to understand how any one can exile himself in the East for the mere making of money. How can any one care enough for money to spend an entire life in a foreign land. Give me a small salary in my home land rather than five times the amount to spend out here. For the love of country, of fellow men, of Jesus Christ, one need not shrink from going anywhere, but for business—deliver me!" A letter from Tientsin refers again to the cost of the separation made necessary for Christ's sake and the doing of His work.

"*November 9, 1902.*

"How easy it would be for me to border on homesickness. I still find I must touch the subject carefully in my thoughts and dreams. Not that I am not very happy, not that I have not home right here, but the home in Whitinsville is so very dear and everything about it so familiar that, did I let myself, I would want to fly to it this minute. And when I come to think of you, my

LAWRENCE AS PIONEER MISSIONARY

MRS. THURSTON

dear ones—well, I do not dare, in one sense. But it is only what must come to many, these separations. They hurt, but the hurt is only the price of love and a happy home—a paltry price, too. I pity those to whom going is easy. What memories have they to help them?"

Leaving New Haven Monday morning, September 29th, the Thurstons went on to Hartford, whence the final departure was to be made. Lawrence had left the home in Whitinsville the Saturday before, sacrificing the precious last moments with father and mother, in order to give his parting message in New Haven. There was a brief meeting in the morning with the Student Volunteers at the Hartford Seminary, and the early afternoon was filled with the last preparations for a long journey. The overland train left Springfield about four, and an hour earlier a goodly group of Yale and Hartford friends were on hand to say good-bye. Promises to "see you in China" from three or four, and references to the good old days at camp to be renewed when home on furlough, covered up the sense of loss which each one felt in the farewell.

"We left the Rockies yesterday afternoon, but it was a most glorious day we spent among them," Lawrence wrote from Vancouver. "During the night we went through the Selkirks and in the morning through the Cascades, along the banks of the Frazer River. The scenery this morning was some of the most beautiful we have seen. The mountains were low enough for hard wood trees, and these gave us autumn foliage. The mountains were all flecked with patches of brilliant red and yellow, and patches of soft greens covered the foothills. The river itself was beautiful, but the glimpses of the rapids and eddies were finest." The steamer sailed on Monday,

and the Thurstons reached Vancouver Saturday noon, leaving time for some shopping on Saturday and Monday before sailing. The most important purchase was a Ralston still. "It will run on top of our stoves and supply us with all the distilled and aerated water we need, so that it seems hardly necessary to fear bad drinking water."

The last hours on shore were spent in writing a series of letters to the family to be mailed from Vancouver at intervals of a few days, and to bridge the gap in correspondence necessary in a long voyage away from home. A friendly hotel clerk agreed to mail them at the proper times. These letters are full of bright comments on the experiences of the trip and reminiscences of the home and the life left behind. There is a description of Vancouver, of the hotel servants—Lawrence's first glimpse of Asiatics, excepting the Chinese laundryman at home, a very full description of the steamer, and this amusing comment on a piece of news in a home letter which has in it the forward as well as the backward look.

"The cow is gone. How strange it must seem! I trust the glass cow will prove as satisfactory. I know it will be better than our tin cows in China. But I tell you I have enjoyed that cream, and it seems hardly possible that we should have as much without the cow. The driving of the beasts in my boyhood also meant a great deal. I should recommend that occupation as well calculated to give a boy a good start in life. For the haying I never cared so much, and as for milking I never learned, nor did I care to. Fortunately my cows in China will only need a right-handed can opener, so that my lack of training will not be a disadvantage."

THE ROAD TO THE PASTURE

A letter mailed at Victoria contains the final good-bye.

"When we leave Victoria we leave all familiar sights, and land only in strange lands. So far it has not seemed as if we were very far from home. Now we are to be cut off by many weeks. But we do not fear. The love is the same no matter how great the separation, and we are just as safe here as at home, as long as we do God's will. I have not written much by way of love-letters, nor have you. Perhaps both have worked on the principle that it is safest and easiest not to talk too much about such things at first. I have at last had the courage to take out the pictures of you, but I fear I am still a little sandless on meditating very much on the subject. I have busied myself rather with the present. Good-night and good-bye, my dear ones. We cable from Shanghai in about three weeks. With a great deal of love,

"LAWRENCE."

The passage from Vancouver to Japan was very rough, and Lawrence soon discovered that he was not a good sailor. But he was one of the cheeriest passengers, and made friends who were attracted to him in their misery by his brave way of making the best of it. Two of them, four years after, speak of the impression he made on them. His description of the storm on the twelfth day out is very vivid.

"Yesterday capped the climax, and now that it is over was worth while, I guess. Even during the show I enjoyed it. We were struck by a hurricane, and in the ship's log, where the weather is marked on a scale of twelve, this was marked twelve—as bad as they make.

The wind blew seventy-five miles an hour by measurement, and a ship captain [one of the passengers] said the waves were easily forty feet high. They finally had to head the boat into the wind and just hold their own by running the engines slowly. For five hours we did not gain at all but only stood the gale, which the boat did beautifully. I suppose we were never in any real danger, although the waves did break one of the rails right down, and might easily have carried away some of the upper deck had they not headed up into the wind.

"Fortunately we both felt well in the morning and I was out on deck almost before I knew it. Every chair was lashed to the deck on the leeward side—the windward side was swept with waves. I possessed myself of two chairs and waited for Tillie. The boat was keeled over so that the deck was badly inclined and almost impossible to walk on. Tillie finally appeared and trying properly to receive her I arose—and then slid gracefully down to the rail into the water which was pouring along there and sat down. I arose immediately, if not sooner, and managed to return to my post to find that Tillie had come only to bring her things and was going to breakfast. She made her way back by clinging to the chairs and to the arm of a man who was a better navigator than I. Meanwhile we watched the scenery, and it was scenery I tell you. Mountains of waves rose above us. It really looked very much like mountain scenery—like the Rockies as we saw them from the distance. The wind was so strong that the waves could not form crests but were blown into spray at their tops. All the water was so lashed into foam that instead of being blue it was a beautiful light green mixed with white. I hope never to see its equal again, but it certainly was magnificent.

But the spray blew so furiously that we had to have the awning down in front of us, which cut off the view. Once the scenery was cut off we amused ourselves with the scenes inside, which were well worth seeing. Every few minutes the water would come pouring in from the other side of the ship, making a perfect river in front of us which, as the ship rolled, washed beneath us, leaving us sitting in the midst of a lake. But each was provided with two chairs, so that we were well out of the way of a wetting. To see people navigate that deck was a show. I may never forget seeing our English missionary friend, Mr. J——, a tall, dignified man of fifty, perched on a heap of chairs by the rail, whither he had climbed in his extremity to escape the flood. He remained some time, for what could he do? Six inches of water under him and the boat refused to roll the other way. One woman had to climb the rail to escape a worse fate. One would think they would have stayed below—most did; but enough wanted to see the fun to make it interesting for us who were safely seated in our reserved seats taken before matters had become desperate. The sailors shared the same fate as the passengers, and many a man was forced to rush wildly to the rail and cling there to save being thrown headlong against it. Tillie finally returned, by good luck escaping both a ducking and a fall. By the time my breakfast came I was desperate with hunger, but my poor waiter was more so. He brought it in a napkin, the plates tied up tight. Not feeling very steady inside, I had ordered more by what I wanted than by what was seasonable for such a time and place. It was soft boiled eggs which, à la English, must be eaten from the shell. Imagine my troubles! Any minute likely to slide bodily into the rail and

my eggs and dishes all dancing gaily in my lap. But the eggs were very soft, and by stirring them up thoroughly in the shell, I managed to drink them from it with great relish. The excitement continued in every form—now a river of water, now a spill of poor souls at the rail, now a life-boat must be more securely lashed at the risk seemingly of the crew's life, now an awning was carried away and had to be rescued—so it went until it was decided that the boat must be headed into the wind. Down came our protecting awnings and we had to flee. But that was now no easy matter. To navigate twenty people over that sloping, soaking, slippery deck was serious. One crowd landed in the gutter before they reached safety, and even the method of clinging to something at every step wasn't sure, as your feet might go out from under you. But at last we got in, and for me at least all the fun was over. My lunch was too late to save me, and I was sick the rest of the day. We pitched and tossed all night, but this morning came out as fair as any dream, and they hope for good weather for a while. So evidently we have had a rare trip—a rarity to which any one is welcome, excuse me!

"One great miserable weary way of rough weather and air below which would stand alone and make you sick to think of it."

The days ashore at Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagasaki were welcome breaks in the monotony of existence. A hurried visit to the Imperial University at Tokyo was made from Yokohama.

"*October 22, 1902.*

"The University is in the midst of a large campus—

twenty-five acres. Some of the buildings are very good —none equal to our best American college buildings, but very good nevertheless. By very good fortune we fell into the hands of the head of the science department who spoke English, and he showed us the science building."

At Kobe the day ashore was spent with friends at the Kobe College for Girls. "We took supper with the family there. It was so good to get into a home again and have a simple American supper. I haven't enjoyed a meal so much since I left home. After supper we went to the station prayer-meeting, and as usual I was forced to tell about the Yale Mission."

"You should have seen the baseball game we saw yesterday in Kobe. There was a little open space such as we have in our cities at home, and there were gathered a crowd of little Japs, playing baseball for all the world as you would see it in America. It was but another illustration of the strange combination we see in Japan. Another we heard of but did not see—a Buddhist idol in the city, the third eye of which was an electric light. What a combination—electric lighted idolatry!"

"*October 23, 1902.*

"This morning we are sailing through the Inland Sea, on both sides of us the beautiful shores of Japan—very hilly and rocky and often barren, but usually covered with green. Here and there the hillsides are terraced—for fear, undoubtedly, that the farmers would otherwise fall out of their cornfields."

At Nagasaki a jinrikisha ride to Mo Gi, with a lunch in

a fascinating little Japanese inn, gave an opportunity to see a little of the real Japan, the country and the people at their work. On board the ship again the Westerner had his first experience in barter in trying to buy some Japanese curios, and saw for the first time a ship provided with her coal, not by a steam derrick, but by baskets passed along from one dirty little Japanese girl to another, until finally emptied into the hold. The family letters are full of descriptions of these new experiences.

The journey seemed at an end when Shanghai was reached on the twenty-sixth day, and China and the Chinese became a reality. Several days were spent in Shanghai waiting for the steamer for Tientsin. These days gave opportunity to see something of missionary work in a visit to St. John's College, attendance at a meeting of the Shanghai Missionary Association and conference with missionaries who were consulted about the Yale Mission.

"Being a missionary is like belonging to a great fraternity. You meet all on common terms and each is ready to help the other in every way possible. It is a great privilege to meet in this way some of the men whom one has heard of so much. Last night I met Dr. Timothy Richard and Mr. Gilbert Reid. We spent the afternoon with Lyon, and this morning had a good talk with Lewis, who is secretary of the foreign Y. M. C. A. here. He is intensely interested in the Mission and gave us some very good advice. I tell them all they need not apologize for offering suggestions. I am here to get them.

"This interview with Lewis was one of the most sig-

nificant events of the year. He had spent the summer with Lobenstine (Yale '95), and Dr. Evans (Yale '95), and other young college men who were interested in this college Mission. Mr. Lewis had visited the schools of China and Japan and studied the educational situation generally for his book—'The Educational Conquest of the Far East.' What he said had even more weight than at first appeared, though at the time it was evident that he had been giving the problem serious thought. His advice was to do just what the Yale Mission finally did do—go into special educational work and locate at Chang-sha. The policy at this time, as far as the Yale Mission could be said to have had a policy for the work in China, was to engage in general work in some unoccupied field along all the lines of regular missionary work. This suggestion of Mr. Lewis called for a radical change of plan and made the necessity of complete investigation of the situation more imperative than before."

Lawrence gave up his berth on the coast-steamer, sleeping in the cabin, in order that Mrs. Crawford, a missionary who had been a fellow passenger on the *Empress*, might get to Chefoo on time to transact some business connected with the settlement of her husband's estate. A very severe cold resulted and necessitated a few days' delay in Tientsin before going on to Peking. The house which had been built in the American Board Compound was not quite finished, but very nearly so, and on the seventh of December the Thurstons settled down in their own home. The missionaries gave a hearty welcome to the newcomers, even though they were representatives of a movement not fully understood.

The first work of the new missionary after setting his

house in order is language study. These things were the subject of the first report letter, sent to the six men of the class of '98, who were supporting this Yale missionary. It meant much to Lawrence to feel himself so closely in touch with the men whom he called his "backers." He liked to feel that every '98 man stood behind him in the work he was doing "for God, for China and for Yale."

"*Peking, China, January, 6, 1903.*

"DEAR FELLOWS:

"Typewritten letters may not seem so personal, and if you really object I will gladly change, but I suspect that were one letter to reach you in my own fair hand you would join the number of those who thank the man who gave me a typewriter.

"I hardly know where to begin or what you will care most to hear about. Of course I am at present a 'new missionary' and am therefore barred from saying much about missionary work even if I cared to air my views. As a matter of fact, I do not feel as if I would know enough for some time to come, to pass on to you any information which would be of real value about the work which others are doing out here. I feel like being reticent for months, if not years, about what will take so much study to really know. I might write with enthusiasm of relatives of the Emperor who come to the morning services, of the number who are joining the church after practically a year's probation, and of the interest shown in many other ways. But all the while I might be giving you a false impression because of not knowing these things in all their bearings and what weight should be given to each one. Or I might give you the other

side and tell of the rumours of uprisings and of the confidence of one Englishman whom we met and who lives in China, that there would be more trouble soon and that it might be lively again in Peking this very winter. But this also would probably convey a false impression. Instead it is best to be silent and do nothing but study a most intensely interesting situation, waiting for the future for the expression of views.

"Yet there is a deal that can be talked about and if there are any subjects that are left out which you would especially like to hear about, I wish you would say so and I will do my best. If the globe-trotter should drop into our home now I wonder if he would go home and say that these missionaries live in luxury. Perhaps he would. Here we are in a foreign built house with three servants and as comfortable as you please. Why, we even put in electric bells this afternoon, and I really think we ought to be ashamed of our luxurious living. But lest some of those aforesaid individuals should attack us in your hearing and you not know how to reply because he had really 'seen,' let me tell you the facts. We could have lived in a native house. Everybody used to in Peking. Board floors and a few foreign windows make them quite comfortable, that is if you like to live with your bedroom, study, and dining-room all separated by an open court, and no floors more than a few inches above the ground. It is probable that we shall have to live in just such houses for many years after we go to our permanent station, because Chinese prejudice forbids either a second story or a cellar, but while we are in Peking, where this prejudice is overcome, and where all the foreigners are building comfortable houses as far as they can, it would be folly to take the risks a native house involves even

though our present quarters do look 'too good for missionaries.' We are not sent here to suffer hardships which are not necessary. But I wish our globe-trotter would try to rent this house in America, and I fear he would discover that its 'elegance' did not attract compared with the simple American cottage. What would not be endured at home satisfies and even delights out here because it is so much better than we had dreamed of, and because of the contrast between this and what is about us.

"But what about these servants? The idea of having a cook, a laundryman and a house boy! I confess that at first we thought so too, and meekly suggested that we would like to try getting along with two. We were told we might try, but before we went to housekeeping it became quite clear that the older missionaries as usual knew best, and we engaged three. They cost about ten cents a day apiece, and sometimes it seems as if they were not worth much more. One Irish girl at home could do most of the work that it takes all three of them to do. But that is not the great reason why every one keeps and should keep enough servants to do all the work. It would be possible for one's wife to do as much of the work as the country minister's wife does at home, and I would be just as capable or incapable of managing the fires and carrying water. But the point is that time is too valuable. With labour at ten cents a day, a man who is being paid even three or four dollars a day cannot afford to economize on servants. In fact everything that he can possibly afford to hire done he ought to, for there are endless important things to be done, some of which must go undone, no matter how many servants there are to do the things that anybody can do. Just as it is the best of economy in an office to have as many clerks as are nec-

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLO

essary to do the drudgery in order to leave the managers free to do what no one else can do, so it is out here. And I for one hope to be able to have enough servants to take everything off my hands that they possibly can. That is the reason why we have put in electric bells. They save time and time means letters written or business done or unbroken study during study hours. So you can just tell the critic to give up his clerks and write his own letters, or else give a good reason why it is worth while to keep an American in China to run errands and carry out ashes.

"Our time at present is largely taken with the study of the language. I will not try in this letter to describe what that means, but this much can be said that Chinese is pretty bad. We expect to learn it and we hope to learn it well, but wait till I tell you what that means before you try to guess how big a job it is. The only real missionary work that I am doing is being depositary for the North China Tract Society. Some one has to do it and one can feel that he is helping the other missionaries in their work even when he cannot speak himself, and he knows he is distributing good literature although he has to depend on others for the assurance that it is. There is another point in favour of the job, and that is that it forces me to talk with the Chinese just as housekeeping helps Mrs. Thurston in the same way.

"This letter may serve to give you an idea of where we are and what we are up to. In my next I'll try to throw more light on the subject of China, perhaps. I will be more than delighted to hear from you fellows, and a letter from you now and then will help a great deal in keeping us in touch.

"Very sincerely,

"J. Lawrence Thurston."

There is very little in the way of opinions regarding the work or conditions to be found even in the family letters of this wise young missionary who knows what is expected of him but fails to stumble in this point at least.

"*November 9th.*

"I am shy of talking much about my first impressions. But I will say this—I can say it more emphatically when I have seen the higher class to know them—that to judge China by the Chinese laundry men is as fair as to judge America by her city street cleaners. We have not seen much of China, but we have seen even now some fine specimens of men and some very interesting faces."

"*December 20th.*

"It is evening and we are both settling down for a talk with our dear ones in the home land. For it will always be the home land no matter how happy we may be here and how much this may seem like home to us. Of course I am young yet in the business, and I am not coming in contact with the people as much as I shall later on, but the more I see of them the more I like them and the gladder I am of having the privilege of coming to China. Even the servants, who certainly do not always do what they ought to do, are attractive, and when one sees a really fine Chinese he is decidedly an inspiration."

Further comments on the difficulties of language study appear in letters to the family and to Mr. Beach.

"*April 19th.*

"You often ask about our language study. The truth is that I do not talk about it any more than I used to

about my studies at home, because it is not the most interesting subject of conversation, and in fact I am not unready to let it drop for a time. The first few months of Chinese are a dead grind, especially to one not interested in language study, and all you can do is to hang on like a puppy to a root with the fond hope that some time you may be able to pull it up. It is a case of memorizing the most unheard of idioms with few or no rules to suggest what should be said. The characters are not so hopeless as they look, for you soon begin to see what they are made of. . . . As to writing the characters, very few even of the best scholars do it. One is supposed to learn a few, and if one can write a character he is almost sure of knowing it for good, but it is extremely difficult and is hardly worth while unless you are fortunate enough to have a gift in that direction. The romanization is also a most exasperating thing, and for this the Chinese are not responsible. It is such a system that unless one had learned the new meanings of the English letters he would not be at all sure of the pronunciation. Yesterday we heard that a reform had been started and that a sensible system had been worked out and would soon be made public. But the trouble is that all the dictionaries, etc., which represent great investments, are in the old spelling, and even this has two or three systems in it varying slightly so that we are actually using three systems in the books we use. For a poor speller like this individual the situation is most trying, and I am in the wildest confusion."

"*January 26th.*

"To Mr. Beach:

"You will think I am blue to-night if I go on to

speak of our language study. But for slow progress I think we are making the record. It seems as if there were the most interminable number of distractions. Peking is certainly not an ideal place for study, and I fear I have often sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness. Mrs. Thurston is not as disturbed as I am, and Mrs. Ament, much to my amusement, boasts of our progress. I know that we manage to keep house and that we are ready to practice our Chinese upon any unwary victim, and that by signs and noises we do seem to make our wants known. But when I think that we have not got beyond the twelfth lesson in the primary book I feel as if we must be doing something out of the way. And when I realize that if I do not know Chinese well it will always be a temptation to the younger men to be lax, I feel perfectly helpless. I have always known that I was neither a scholar nor a student, and that my strength lay in other directions, if it existed, but that does not make it any easier to deal with officials and to impart new ideas to the people. I try to console myself with the thought that even as it is I am probably of more value to the Mission than no one."

The holidays which are celebrated by family reunions are apt to be times when absent dear ones are remembered with longings that the impossible spaces might be annihilated and all might meet again around the family table. In Peking it is the custom for all the Americans to meet together in one large family, guests of the American minister for the Thanksgiving feast. "After the service in Mr. Conger's parlours came the dinner about six. It was exceedingly good, though lacking some of the things we are so fond of at home. After that there

was singing and a very good time all round. It was one of the pleasantest Thanksgivings I ever spent away from home."

On Christmas day the Thurstons entertained the other missionaries in the compound at dinner. The Sunday before Lawrence had preached his first sermon in the Union Church, a Christmas sermon, the theme of which was the joy which is in our lives because Christ came on the first Christmas day.

"*December 28th.*

"Christmas day was great fun although we could hardly have a real tree. Although there was a solid agreement on the compound that no presents were to be sent, still some Christmas cards appeared and two very pretty bits of china. These came at the breakfast table. This inspired me to plan a joke tree for the dinner party at night. We had some little potted trees that would pass, and if I could only get some little jokes by way of presents I was all right. How I longed for a ten-cent store! But I went bravely over to Te Ch'ang's, the foreign store near by, and there right at my hand was just what I wanted, and at prices that were ridiculous—little German toys that cost nothing. For fifty cents gold I had bought all I needed, and yet nearly all will prove a help to the people here in entertaining their children guests. But what I wanted was to have a game, and we had it. . . . Dr. A—— was given a set of lead soldiers, Mrs. A—— a tiny clock, Miss C——, gray haired, a charming toy which kept a little ball in the air by blowing, Miss S—— a tiny harmonica, and so on through the list; and then to each a box of beautiful fire-work matches. But the dinner itself was also a suc-

cess, if I do say it as shouldn't, only the cook did not understand and so the salad came on without its dressing. Mrs. Ament helped us out by going over and getting some of hers while we waited and laughed. Then the turkeys appeared with the most remarkable costume on, stockings I called them, the little fringes you know, only in this case they were made of newspaper. Imagine it! But to the Pekingese anything foreign is the proper thing, and are not newspapers foreign? We had consommé, turkey, cranberry sauce, all sorts of vegetables, salad, apricot sherbet, cakes, coffee and candy. Then after supper we read Dooley, popped corn and sang hymns.

"And so my first Christmas away from home is passed. How I would have liked to have been there, and as a child had a Christmas tree. Tillie calls me an unusual home lover, and I guess I am. And Christmas was one of the times which meant most to me. Somehow the getting up in the morning and dressing under the greatest excitement by the firelight in mamma's room and then going down to the tree with all its candles and its presents, will always be one of the dearest memories of my childhood. Fourth of July—no, nothing can equal it.

"If you could not place us exactly on Thanksgiving day you surely would have exhausted your powers of guessing when it came to New Year's eve. We were guests of Lady Susan Townley at the rink, where we skated the old year out. More exactly, we were guests of Lieutenant Cowie, a young English officer here. I am glad we went because it was good fun and an experience worth having. The club is an international affair and the party was too. Lady Susan simply invited everybody and then the members of the club brought whom

they chose. It was a rare opportunity to come into touch with so many different nationalities. The acting Russian minister was the best skater there. There were French, Germans, Italians, Russians, English, Americans, and others very likely. The Japanese evidently do not skate. Why the Dutch were not there I do not know. The rink was in very good condition, and until it was all cut up by the skates we had some very good skating. It was lighted by a myriad of coloured Chinese lanterns, red and white. Just before twelve we all took red lanterns on little sticks, and sleigh-bells and, as the clock struck, the procession around the circle must have looked very pretty. Then we all sat down to a very nice supper, which by that time we were decidedly ready for. For that we were separated into groups, and we, as Lieutenant Cowie's guests, had a nice quiet time by ourselves, a few English and Americans together. We were in bed by two, so that it was not a great dissipation.

"Such a letter as this I should think might make you think that we were having a gay old time this winter and make you wonder when we had time to be missionaries. Well, it is just as it used to be in school. The interesting things are not how many Chinese words we can mispronounce, but the variety that comes into our life and makes it interesting both for us and for you. Then again it is very true that there is really no missionary work in our life at present. We are perfectly helpless, and when we succeed in boarding ourselves for two days without calling on Mrs. Ament's help as interpreter, we are thought to be doing quite well. I took the laundryman's account last night all by myself, and Tillie has been proud all day about it. But it only had four items and involved little Chinese, I assure you. I have stumped

Tillie to take the cook's account to-morrow and she is going to try.

"Now before I forget it I must tell papa what our daily schedule is, for he has asked many times. We have breakfast at seven-thirty, that is, the cook does. Following that is prayers. Then Tillie interviews the cook for the three meals to come, while I do anything that must be done before study. The rest of the morning comes study, closing at about twelve, when the teacher gets hungry and I get tired. Dinner at twelve-thirty. After dinner all sorts of things till two, when study comes and lasts till five. Then tennis and supper at six-thirty. The evening is full of letters and work and bed comes at ten. That is more or less of an ideal schedule and is oftener broken than carried out. All manner of interruptions come in, and one often sighs for a vast wilderness. Tillie says I am going back on her in the matter of reading. I guess I am, but that pile of letters haunts me unless I make some impression on it constantly."

No one but Mrs. Thurston realized how much work was involved in the correspondence made necessary because of the developments in the investigations regarding location and character of work to be done by the Yale Mission. The burden of responsibility, too, was very heavy, as important decisions had to be made without waiting for advice from New Haven. All these things interfered with language study, the prime importance of which was urged by the older missionaries. Only one, Mr. Walter Lowrie, seemed to realize that the investigation of these problems was of first importance to the Mission and must take precedence even of language study. One sees now that the struggle to do

both was too plainly the cause of the early breakdown, and yet no one advised leaving the study out except Mrs. Thurston, and her advice was lovingly laughed aside because she was supposed to be "prejudiced."

"*January 26th.*

"I am beginning to realize as never before my need of a colleague. There is no older missionary who fully understands the situation. Mrs. Thurston and I discuss every question and her ideas and advice are for all the world as good as a man's. But I must take the responsibility. I do not complain. We all did the best we could to avoid the situation. But it makes me realize the importance of our having among the men next year at least one who can share responsibility."

Early in February the proposition of the Yale Mission taking the Shansi field of the American Board was suggested. A visit to Pao-ting-fu to talk over the matter with Dr. Atwood, resulted in the plan to visit the field and investigate its possibilities.

Rumours in American papers of an uprising in China were being reported in Peking about this time and persisted for several months, giving some friends at home needless anxiety. Shansi had been the most disturbed province at the time of the Boxer outbreak, and the Thurstons feared that these rumours would cause their friends weeks of uncertainty regarding their safety. The knowledge that the officials in Shansi insisted upon providing all foreigners with a guard of soldiers made them feel that there might be some cause for this anxiety, so they arranged a cable code by which news of a safe return could be sent, reaching America almost as soon

as the news by letter of the departure for Shansi. The second report letter tells the story of the trip.

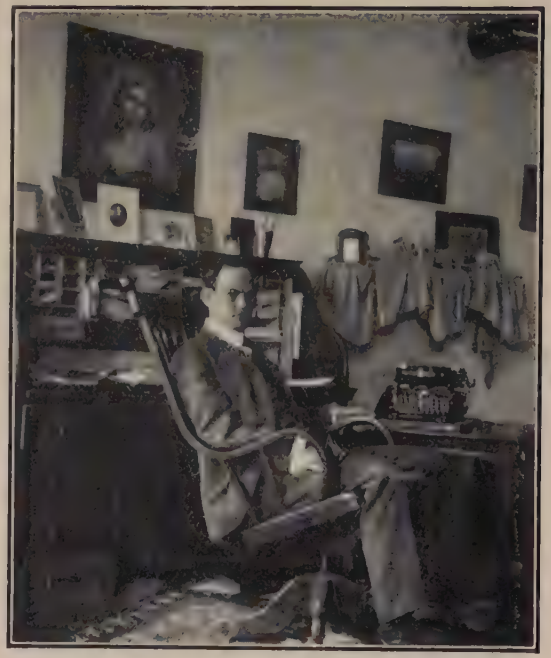
"*Peking, China, April 30, 1903.*

"DEAR FELLOWS:

"While our Shansi trip is fresh in mind I must tell you the story of it. We went at the suggestion of the missionaries here to investigate the Shansi field of the American Board with the thought that perhaps the Yale Mission might find there just the location it is seeking. As all the Board missionaries in Shansi at the time of the troubles were killed, the entire force must be replaced, with the exception of Dr. Atwood, who was in America. As it is not easy to find so many workers it was thought here that the Board might be very ready to give up the field if the Yale Mission desired it. The members of the Mission voted unanimously to send two delegates, and Mrs. Thurston and I were chosen—also unanimously.

"There was one doubt about the wisdom of the trip. Would the investigations of people who had been here so few months be of any value? We knew they would be considered of the *greatest* value by the American public who prefer fancy to facts and the observations of a traveller to the knowledge of a resident, provided the traveller is a graphic writer. (I will try to discuss some time some of the recent books and articles on China, so that you can see what they are valued at out here.) But we were not going to investigate for the press, but for a Mission which desired the truth. Still we were urged to go and go we did. I wish you could have been with us. As Dr. Atwood was going, the fact that we were not glib with the language did not matter. Besides we had our cook and boy who understand our pidgin Chinese.

LAWRENCE IN FURS IN NORTH CHINA



LAWRENCE AT HIS DESK ON THE FIELD

Thanks to the railroad, our first two hundred miles were very comfortable and quick; but from there on our troubles began. We had gone the first half of the way in ten hours. It took seven days of ten hours each to go the last half. If you could have seen the roads and the method of travel, this would not surprise you. The first twenty miles was in a 'long cart.' Said cart is built like a two wheeled lumber wagon, only much more heavily and strongly. On to this went all our stuff—foods, boxes, trunks, bed sacks, rugs, etc.,—and we on top of all. Mrs. Thurston rode horseback. Carts are not meant for women. As we saw the roads that afternoon we thought that surely nothing could be worse. Later we learned to consider such roads good. But in one particular they surpassed anything we saw afterwards. In some places they were so narrow that our load touched both sides of the wall of loess which rose twenty feet above us. I shall never forget that evening as we crawled slowly along that narrow pass in the darkness, the whole made more weird and wild by the cries of the soldiers to warn any one coming the other way that we were in the pass. Later we had roads cut thirty and even forty feet deep through that loess soil. In the rainy season they must be indescribable. Now they were merely deep with an impalpable dust, bad enough in the calm but terrible when the wind filled the air with it. The mountain roads, on the other hand, were not loess but rocky, covered either with loose stones or the wrecks of pavement which the Ming dynasty put in hundreds of years ago. The Chinese do not seem to care to keep such works of engineering in repair. All along those mountain passes are scattered the ruins of a former greatness; great stone bridges spanning the rivers but broken down so as to be

entirely useless, once wide roads along the mountainside, now hardly a cart path, and oh, what wrecks of pavements! When one saw the Chinese in their carts jolting, pounding over that worse than stone corduroy, he realized how nerveless the Celestial really is.

"We went in mule litters which are not half bad, that is if you can get used to ten hours a day of incessant motion, rolling, pitching, tumbling, now on this side, now on that, now trying to keep from sliding onto the mule's back, and then as you went up a steep place standing on your head. You could ride a horse or donkey if you preferred, but when the roads were especially bad I preferred not to see precisely what I was going over. But perhaps you would like to know what a litter looks like. I enclose some pictures which will illustrate them better than any description. They are of two kinds. One is a box with a seat inside, supported by two poles which rest on the two mules carrying it. In the other the box is replaced by ropes beneath, which support you, and a straw matting above for a roof. You fill them with your bedding and rugs, and pad things as thoroughly as possible for reasons which can be easily guessed from the above. When you feel like it you walk unless the roads are muddy, as they were coming down, when you have to ride—or slide. New Haven never furnished such mud. Illinois gives you a fairly good sample.

"The scenery was interesting and often beautiful, even though the country was bare and brown, because of the grandeur of those mountains. And when not beautiful there was much that was intensely interesting. We were far enough from the influence of the foreigner to see the Chinese much as they are and have been for centuries. Only in a country where human labour is pitiably cheap

could such an amount of work be put upon the land. Every inch available was used, and sometimes the mountains were terraced to their very tops. Where the crops needed irrigation the fields were laid out in little plots separated by banks and all connecting with the main ditches which ran from the well. It all seemed like a picture of children at play until one realized that instead it was real men struggling for the barest necessities of life. Draught animals were common but often it was the men that carried the loads and once or twice I even saw men drawing the plow.

" At night we stopped in inns. These are sometimes very good. At other times they were merely cave houses, and damp and dismal, I assure you. A good Chinese inn is not to be despised. The buildings are arranged in a square around a courtyard. The kitchen and gate house are at the street end and the guest-rooms at the opposite side. To the right and left are the shelters for the mules and horses. The rooms are furnished with a bed (that is a k'ang, consisting of a brick platform with a fire under it), a table, and possibly a chair or two. In summer they are furnished with other things. That is the reason why we were glad our trip was in the winter. If the k'ang fire was burning, the room was fairly warm, and if it had burned long enough it was free from gas. As we had army cots we were not uncomfortable, and once in bed we were warm. The rest of the time we dressed in furs.

" They say you can live on Chinese food and I guess it is true. But as nature agrees to furnish but one stomach, we thought it best to live on foreign food during our first trip. Even as it was we lived on the country as much as possible, and canned stuff was rarely used

with the exception of the faithful tin cow which we milked three times a day. On the return trip we practiced more on Chinese food and found some of it very good. We ordered it every time it promised to be palatable, and I tell you if you want to live cheaply just eat as the Chinese do. One lunch cost me two cents, and consisted of five hard boiled eggs and a couple of biscuit. The way we ate eggs reminded me of college commons when George Langford would calmly dispose of thirteen and Harry Hincks of seven.

"I spoke of soldiers above. They were always with us. Of little use I fear, but they looked well and were good company. The officials seemed extremely anxious that nothing should happen to foreigners. That trouble in Hunan last year which cost three of them their heads has had a salutary effect in many places. They handle us with care. In Tai Yuen Dr. Atwood was quite bothered by their insisting on guarding the place where he stayed with soldiers. In Tai Ku not only were soldiers furnished but we received other attentions including an invitation from the magistrate to a feast. As we were to start home the next day we could not accept. So he sent the same evening to me (the feast was in my honour as I was the new foreigner in town) two bottles of German beer. The wine has always been considered the most important part of the feast and now that beer has taken its place with the officials, it is always sent to the guest if he cannot accept the invitation. We had a good laugh over it, and I knew you would all enjoy the joke. I said at once that I must write the fellows about that.

"It took us seven days from Cheng Ting Fu, this side of the mountains in Chili, to Tai Yuen, the capital of Shansi. There we stayed three days as the guests of Mr.

Moir Duncan, principal of the Imperial University of Shansi. He was formerly working under the English Baptist Board in Shansi, but when the government began to organize these universities after the troubles in 1900, he accepted the position in order to reach, if possible, the official classes and help lift them out of their dense ignorance. Those three days were especially profitable to us because of the interest he took in the Yale Mission. In some ways he gave us a new conception of the possibilities before the Mission. I wish you could have heard him talk. In fact I wish you could hear several of the missionaries we have met talk of the Mission. For myself I have to keep cool in order not to appear like an enthusiast, but if I can get the other man to show the enthusiasm of his own accord it is a point gained. There was little to see in Tai Yuen and we saw less. It is a small broken down city even if it is the capital.

" From there we went to Tai Ku, one of the centers of the American Board's work. All but the weakest members of the church there had been killed by the Boxers and it must be reorganized from foundation up. Still the work of the twenty years has not been lost, for the confidence of the people has been gained, and the missionaries have won a position for themselves such as only time could secure. This may sound strange considering the reputation of the province ; but we should remember that the officials who stirred up the people, and led the attack upon the foreigners, were from other provinces. Some do not feel that the friendliness is more than skin deep, but certainly in all the places we passed through there was not a sign of hostility. The people were merely curious. Both in Tai Ku and Fen Cho Fu the services Dr. Atwood held on Sunday were well attended and in

Fen Cho Fu by many well-to-do people. In Fen Cho Fu none of the church-members were killed, although they suffered terrible persecutions. The church there has not yet been reorganized but is in good condition, and through a young people's society is doing aggressive work against opium smoking, foot-binding, gambling, and is carrying on preaching in the region near by. Both churches are without any foreign help save what Dr. Atwood can give on his visits, and I tell you the appeal was strong as you saw how eager they were for missionaries to come to them.

"It is one of the things that astonishes me most to see how the people here are willing to associate with the foreigner and are willing and eager to join the church, although they have seen so recently what a terrible price many paid who had been connected either with the foreigner or the Christian Church. This is true in Shansi as it is in Chili. While we were in Tai Ku three substantial merchants in town applied to be put on probation for church-membership.

"We were given two feasts which were a good illustration of friendliness. It will be enough to describe one of them, but here again I just wish you could have been with us. The feast was at noon and we very properly came on time. But the feast did not, and before it was served we had developed appetites equal to any emergency of Chinese food. Much to Mrs. Thurston's chagrin the women had to eat in a separate room, the result being that for four hours she had to be shut up with Chinese women whose faces suggested few powers of conversation, and her Chinese was equal to less. We men on the other hand had a good time, although I smiled and laughed more than I talked. The party consisted of a

banker, a merchant, a freighter, a scholar, a teacher, and the doctor and myself. They were an interesting group. Our host was Dr. Atwood's medical assistant, a fine Christian man. At the other feast we were guests of the scholar I spoke of, a direct descendant of Confucius. But his guests were not as representative a group as the other's. It was an interesting thing that at both feasts they asked Dr. Atwood to ask the blessing. It was a sign of respect which was well worth remembering. But back to the feast.

"We were seated around a great lacquered table. I was glad there was no cloth before we were through. At the second feast the table had to be cleared before we could finish. I do not mean that we threw the food around; but the plates were merely very small saucers, and chopsticks are not adapted to really dainty work. Fortunately the doctor and I had forks. The food was brought on in little bowls which were set in the middle of the table, and from them every one helped—not himself but every one else. I was soon on to that bit of etiquette and with my fork I became a formidable rival to the rest in their attempts to be the first to help the others. As each course appeared every one would reach for all he could spear and deposit it upon his neighbour's plate. This would go on until each had as much as he wanted and often more. The food at both feasts was probably unusually well adapted to foreigners. At least we managed to dispose of it and I confess it had its attractions. It would be impossible to describe it in detail, but you must at least know the general bill of fare. The first course was sweetmeats and cold dishes—dried cherries, sugared citron, small raisins, watermelon seeds, sliced tripe, pressed meat, cold ham, ducks' eggs, eggs

pickled in lime until the yolks are green and the whites amber, seaweeds, Irish moss, and lichens. The other courses came on in hopeless variety and we did not try to distinguish them. But we had to eat pickled jelly-fish, lily root, clams, fried chicken breast, fried ducks' eggs, fried lean pork, roast and fried mutton, yam cakes, cuttle-fish, mussels, sea-slugs, sharks' fins, and a number of elaborate Chinese combinations. Some of the above sound quite homelike but I assure you, you would not recognize them, and unless we had been told we might never have known what we were eating. The Chinese fondness for sea food is seen in the number of sea products they have at their feasts even in Shansi, so many days from the coast.

"One of the things which makes this Shansi field so attractive is that not only are foundations already laid in the confidence of the people, but also that a very fine property stands ready for use with but comparatively few repairs. There are buildings for missionary houses, for chapels, schools, hospitals, and land for further additions when needed. In Tai Ku the government gave to the Mission a beautiful park as a burying ground for the martyrs. The graves have been placed in one corner and the rest is available for either a hospital or a college. The park is filled with great trees and in its prime was ideally beautiful from the Chinese standpoint and even from ours.

"There is no question to my mind that this field offers a most attractive opening for a mission of six or eight men. Everything stands ready for advance and results seem assured in the immediate future. I came away from Shansi very much in love with the province and the work there. You may ask me why we therefore

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

advised that the Yale Mission wait at least until it had investigated other fields. Simply because I believe the Yale Mission has greater things before it than it could possibly find room for in Shansi. Furthermore Shansi is not as strategic a field as some others, and it stands to reason that it is our duty to enter the most strategic field available. Everything seems to indicate that we shall find a greater opening elsewhere. We next turn to the Yangtse Valley, and by spending the summer in Kuling in the mountains near Kiu Kiang we hope to get light upon all that region from the missionaries we shall meet there. Of that I will tell you later.

"Our return trip was largely interesting because the doctor did not come with us, and for six days we did not see a foreign face or hear a word of English excepting from each other. It was good fun and we were delighted to see how our Chinese tongues were loosed by the necessities of the case. We also had the joy of both snow and rain which turned the dust into terrible mud and made the roads like toboggan slides. The mules had to be held up and even then fell many times. As we were pushing to get home we did not allow them to stop except when there was real reason, although the muleteers seemed possessed to go as slowly as they could. The last morning we capped the climax by starting at half-past four when it was still dark. The cook was excited and wanted my rifle, but we were really well protected, for the magistrate had sent us four mounted soldiers. There was no danger anyway, except from robbers and, being foreigners, we were probably safe from them. We travelled armed only because it was more sensible in a wild country. Thanks to our early start we made our train and soon were in civilization

again. Oh, how glad we were to get back home! We had had a most delightful and profitable trip, but we found the comforts of home very welcome nevertheless.

"As this letter is already longer than many of you may wish it were, I will not try to bring the news up to date. "Very sincerely,

"J. Lawrence Thurston."

Just before starting out on the Shansi trip a letter was received from Lobenstine, Yale '95, in answer to one written soon after the Thurstons' arrival in Peking asking for any suggestions. "In it he urges very strongly that we confine ourselves to educational work on the broadest scale. It is the position which Lewis took in Shanghai. As this would make Shansi possibly unwise it comes as rather a wet blanket on the day before we start. Still it is one of the many pieces of advice that I am so eager to get no matter how confusing and disconcerting they may be. His arguments appeal to me strongly and I send them on because I am anxious that all such things should reach the committee in the best possible form."

The report on the Shansi proposition was a work of weeks and a remarkably comprehensive statement. The province, its resources, its people, its future; the work already done by the American Board, possibilities of expansion, size of mission involved, possibilities for educational work; with reasons for and against Shansi as a field for the Yale Mission: all these were included with authorities given for all important facts and opinions. The Counter Proposition is worth quoting in full:

Counter Proposition

"Nothing to my mind counterbalances this opportunity but a greater possibility which lies in another

direction both as to field and work. China to-day needs Christian Universities of such equipment and standard that they will be able to more than rival the Imperial Universities. She needs them because —

" 1. Without them a higher education can be obtained only in anti-Christian institutions.

" 2. Without them the Church will be unable to keep pace with the thinking men of the empire; her pastors will be unable to meet the best minds in their congregation on an equal footing.

" It is quite fair to say that the regular mission boards will be unable to establish these. They have neither the men nor the money to spare. What they do establish are institutions of comparatively low grade and denominational in character, and coöperation seems still far off. If this be true independent enterprise must meet the emergency.

" The Yale Mission is just such an enterprise.

" 1. It is able to man and equip such a university.

" 2. It is free to choose its field and work.

" 3. It is undenominational and therefore able to work for all.

" 4. A negative reason is that being undenominational the question as to what native church should be established, if regular mission work should be undertaken, is very difficult of solution. Mr. Lowrie has up to the present seen no way out of this difficulty, and considers it the most serious which the Mission has to face—a strong reason for confining the work to education.

" If it undertook such a work —

" 1. It would supply for a large territory the much needed Christian university.

"2. It would relieve the boards in that territory from attempting such work.

"3. It would be welcomed as a blessing and not received as another questionable enterprise, an 'independent mission.'

"4. It would have an opportunity than which it could find no greater, and serve China as it could in no other way.

"5. With the help of its large hospital it would be able to do a work in medical education which has not been done in China and is greatly needed.

"The enterprise to succeed would require —

"1. The choice of one of the most strategic centers in the empire.

"2. A Christian constituency and nucleus without which it would be heathen in reality though not in name, or at best a most difficult field for work. This nucleus could only be supplied by —

"3. The hearty coöperation of the missions in as large a surrounding field as could be reached —

"(*a*) In sending to it their students.

"(*b*) In giving it moral support.

"(*c*) In treating it as the educational mission center for the region.

"4. A corps of teachers fitted to teach their subjects with honour to the university, but also of such a type that the prime object of their work would *never* be forgotten—to carry on a Christian university with a Christian influence in the empire, graduating students who had had every noble influence brought to bear on them to lead them to Christ. (This cannot be overemphasized for it would be the great struggle throughout the history of the institution.)

"5. An equipment equal to the best in China.

"With such a possibility before the Mission I believe we would not be justified in taking the most attractive opportunity in Shansi until we had seriously considered the educational plan and investigated other centers. It may be that no better center can be found than in southern Shansi, *e. g.*, Chang Cho or Ping Yang. If this should prove to be the case it would be quite worth considering whether it would not be wise to have a general mission work connected with the educational as a balance to it. In this event the Shansi work of the American Board might still be undertaken.

"There is at least one other center which I feel should be investigated before any decision is made, and that is Chang-Sha, or, better, the Province of Hunan. Everything I have heard of Hunan suggests that in the future it will be a most important province. (Mr. Lutley, leader of the China Inland Mission work in Shansi, and who has given his life to that province, admitted frankly that Hunan had a greater future than Shansi.) I have learned nothing to the contrary. All that is said against it is that it is still opposed to foreigners and may at any time drive them out; and that its climate is not as good as North China. If Hunan were chosen it is quite possible that the Mission would have uphill work for some years especially if it undertook a general missionary work. The contrast between the start in Hunan and in Shansi is of course striking. But this should not affect the decision. The Mission seeks the field of the greatest future importance."

Study was resumed at once after the return to Peking,

in spite of the work of these reports. Letters written about this time give some idea of the work which filled these days to the full:

"*April 4th.*

"Beach finds that he cannot come this fall. I am glad of this for many reasons, but especially because it gives us his time later when we need it most. But I am sorry because it throws the responsibility for the investigation of fields largely on me unless the decision is to be delayed longer than it at present seems wise. I do not like this responsibility, and am hoping I see a way out of some of it by enlisting the help of one or two experienced missionaries to go with me to investigate the fields. The possibility of this was one of the reasons which decided us not to start at once to investigate Hunan. We had been advised to go this spring and had about decided to start at once when this new suggestion came and that, coupled with the fact that we could perfect plans for the trip if we waited till fall, made us decide against it. One morning I was on the point of cabling Beach for orders. It is no fun to have to decide these things entirely upon your own responsibility. I do not know at all what the committee would wish if they had all the facts before them as we have. This decision is a great relief to us because we wanted to stay at home for a while and have a chance to study. Our progress with the language has been very slow, and although good reports have reached the outside I do not quite see the basis in fact, except in our very real desire to have a chance to study. Sometimes it seems as if there was no hope."

"*April 7th.*

"To Mr. Beach:

"As to study and outside work, you already know that I have resigned from several of the positions of which I wrote. This has reduced matters largely to a question of study, correspondence and the incessant and varying calls upon one's time in Peking. As to the last point, Peking is not a good place to study but a fine place to begin your missionary life in other ways. For instance, last week all but one evening was taken and this week all but three. With six hours a day for study, and that is what I mean to put in, one's devotions, exercise and the inevitable interruptions, nothing but the evenings remain for anything else. If those are taken your correspondence is out. As correspondence is part of my business it has to come in. Till I clear the decks of these reports, outfit lists, letters to my supporters on Shansi, letters to missionaries in China on the location question, etc., I have made up my mind to study four hours and write the other two and evenings. I am trying not to overwork, but my days are full to the last notch, morning, noon and night."

"*May 1, 1903.*

"To Henry Wright:

"I never knew what it was to be busy till I came out here. To illustrate, it has sometimes taken me a week to finish an important letter to Mr. Beach. Mrs. Thurston thinks I work too hard, too incessantly. Perhaps I do, but I try to keep well and exercise. My correspondence, that is very important correspondence, is simply hopelessly behind. Next year, I trust, there will be others here to share the Mission business. . . .

"I was touched by the fact that we were remembered on the day of prayer by the college. I can tell you we need it, Henry. I suppose there lies a greater opportunity before the Yale Mission than ever lay before any similar group of Missionaries. To find just the work which we should do and the place to do it in means a great deal of careful investigation. My whole conception of the work and the possibilities has changed and grown since coming to China and before the future I feel like a child."

Very early in the year Lawrence began to feel the inspiration of the vision of opportunity which came from a closer acquaintance with the situation in which he found himself. In a letter to the Committee at Yale, he writes:

"*December 26, 1902.*

"It is agreed by all that such an opportunity never offered for uplifting a people, and I believe Yale is to be congratulated on being ready to begin her work at the very opening of this new era in China. If Yale can establish a strong educational work, supplemented by medical and kept true to its purpose by the inspiration received from vigorous evangelistic effort she will be doing a service to China which even China herself will not finally fail to recognize. Yet we cannot expect immediate results. As I find myself in the midst of this ancient and supremely conservative civilization it seems to me unreasonable to look for far-reaching results short of perhaps generations. But our immediate work is clear, to select the most strategic field available and to train men for it as rapidly as possible. To this we should bend every effort and we look to all Yale men for the heartiest support in the enterprise."

The Shansi trip gave a clear understanding of the need for workers if Christian work was to keep pace with the development of events in the new China. Although attention was necessarily focussed on the special problem of the Yale Mission, Lawrence never lost sight of the great whole of which the Mission in which he was working was only a part. He was not and never could have been a special pleader for his own work. Even the great need in the foreign field and its wonderful opportunities did not blind him to the needs and opportunities at home. He wrote to his classmates at Hartford Seminary:

"But fellows, those of you whom God has called to work in America have a great work too. As one reads of what is going on there and of the forces that make for wickedness as well as for righteousness, he is tempted to long for a dozen lives, at least one of which might be put in to help save America. You have a great work ahead of you in facing and solving all the questions that are coming up these days and in bringing Christ to men who know of Him but do not know Him."

Commenting later on the general need of workers in China, he says:

"*April 26th.*

"Oh, I don't see how men can stay in ordinary work if they can possibly get into a mission field either at home or abroad. When they cannot I am just sorry for them. But even if they cannot their part is desperately important for they can help train the Church to send its children and its money to such work as this. But the trouble is they do not. If a man leaves the seminary

without fairly facing the question of a call to the foreign field he cannot get his church to do anything. He probably would be unwilling to let his children go. And as many seminary men go out without any idea of giving generously from their own salaries, no wonder the churches of which they have charge do not give. Unfortunately in saying this I speak of that which I do know. The need in the North China Mission of the Board for men is simply appalling. If the need in other countries is as bad, I do not see what can be done."

Again to a group of Hartford Seminary classmates Lawrence writes:

"There are some inconveniences in life here. I may tell you of them some time just for the fun of it, but oh, fellows, these things amount to nothing. The joy of the work is far greater than any of these little things. You know you are keeping no one out of a job by being here. You know that no one is waiting for something to happen to you before they can get a chance. There is work for every one and places for three times as many as are here. In most cases the Chinese do not exactly want you. Neither did the world welcome Christ, nor has it welcomed His representatives in all the centuries. But you know they need you. It does not take an average intelligence to see that, unless one believes that Christ has nothing to offer. There is deep-dyed corruption in America and I am very fond of reminding those who despise the Chinese of that fact. But in America there is a great body of men and women who hate that corruption and are working for its overthrow. Here there is no such sentiment save among the Christians and a few reformers. . . .

"The missionaries of China are asking for a doubling of their number in the next three years. Every one of the number is needed and can be used. The statement to be sent home is not yet out but when you see it read it carefully and if any of you are looking for a larger field where you can wield a greater influence—and where perhaps the sacrifice is greater—think the proposition over."

Perhaps because he realized this greater need he was the more eager to have the Yale Mission do its work in the largest way and count for the very most in the regeneration of China. Up to the end of April no word of any decision regarding the change from a general to a specific work along educational lines had come from America. His own conception of the work was growing by leaps and bounds, aided by the suggestions of friends who saw the possibilities in the Yale Mission. This conception of the work is stated in a group of letters written in the spring of 1903.

"*May 1st.*

"My own ambition for the Mission is that it seek to serve China by coöperating with the existing missionary work and by doing a work which the existing societies cannot do but which will be an aid to all. This is not my own idea but one given me by some with whom I have talked. And even in this I am ready to change. My one desire is that we do what God has planned for us. Even yet I have no preconceived notions. But, H——, in undertaking such a work we must have men of the greatest ability and spiritual power."

This need for men called forth the following letters, one setting forth the Yale Mission as an opportunity for a physician and the other its opportunity in teaching.

"A few of the missionaries here have been the ones to arouse my high hopes and ideals for the Mission. I came to China with much simpler ideas. Even yet they are but ideals and I realize fully the difficulties. Although I have received no word from the committee favouring the broad educational plan, it is the one that so strongly appeals to me that I will outline it first. I very much doubt if we carry out any other, although my summer in the Yangtse Valley will throw much light on that subject.

"The plan suggested is this. Choose the most strategic center in China, presumably a city in the Yangtse Valley. Establish there an educational center which will aim at supplementing the work of the boards in as large a region as is accessible. The government universities will in the end be stronger than the missionaries' colleges and yet the boards can hardly afford to compete with them. Yale can. She can establish an institution that will rival any in the land. In this she will need the hearty coöperation of all the societies in our immediate field at least. But this can probably be secured if we can show them that we do not plan to rival existing schools but go beyond them and also furnish the educational center for such missions as have no educational work. Such an institution will in the end require a college department, a medical, law, and if possible a theological department. It will have an opportunity through its hospital not only of relieving suffering but of studying Oriental diseases, and training the Chinese medical

students to meet them. Through university extension it will be able to reach large numbers of the literati in its own and surrounding cities. It will also be able through evangelistic work carried on systematically in the region around to supplement the same kind of work in other missions and to keep its own evangelistic spirit bright. This last point I feel is absolutely essential. We do not come to China to civilize merely, and woe be to our Mission if our prime purpose, the salvation of China, is forgotten. An educational work always runs that risk. Ours must not and must be so founded that the danger will be minimized. Other departments also, too numerous to mention, can be added and will be needed. One of the most important of these I trust will be a literary department which will furnish in the finest Chinese the literature on all sorts of subjects which will be needed more and more in the years to come. One of the wisest missionaries in North China made this suggestion, feeling that the call would be loud for men to be able to grasp China's problems and through their pens show her the way out. One might go on almost indefinitely. But instead I want to quote what Mr. Moir Duncan, principal of Shansi Imperial University and a man of wide experience as a missionary, wrote about his ideal for the Mission after he had considered the subject for weeks. 'I trust that the Yale Mission will inaugurate a new era in the work for Christ and China. The old ruts have been travelled in long enough. While respecting and learning from all former men and methods, I hope you will establish a mission that knows no denomination and that will achieve a work that no mission has ever attempted. I would say—and pardon the seeming presumption—let no initial difficulties deter your plans and

in no case lower the ideal of a mission for the *whole* of the Chinese Empire. Do not localize or limit yourself or your work. I still think the plan of securing the co-operation of all the missions in a scheme for the whole land better than settling down in definite and local work. The bigger your plans the longer the time for their execution. To attack a single town is easy, to conquer a nation a more gigantic affair.'

"There are but two questions which arise in regard to such a program. (I take it for granted that you understand that I do not think this program can be carried out in anything short of decades.) First, shall we be able to secure the coöperation of the missionaries? Our summer in Kuling will answer that question better than anything I know of, but I must believe that we shall be able to gain the support of every broad-minded missionary. In the Shansi and Shensi field I think we have already secured hearty support for such work. The second question is will Yale support such a plan so fully that we shall be able to carry it out on the broadest lines? I do not mean by money merely; but far more, will the men we need consecrate themselves to such a work? I cannot bring myself to believe that she will fail, although the present difficulty of securing men does not encourage one's faith. We want men of great ability and yet with entire devotion to a spiritual work. Will Yale men see the opportunity and accept it?

"If one has faith to answer these questions in the affirmative, and I for one am willing to do so, does any work offer such a marvellous opportunity as that of the Yale Mission? To have a part in laying the foundations for such an enterprise and in guiding its policy, that is the privilege that will come to the first men that come out.

"As to your own work and the opportunity for investigation and teaching, I believe that the Mission will be able to offer unrivalled opportunities because of its financial support. Few if any boards can possibly afford what I believe the Yale Alumni will make possible for those in whom they have confidence. I am tempted to wonder if you can find such an opportunity anywhere else on the mission field."

"*May 13, 1903.*

"We want very badly some experienced teachers. . . . Teaching in every line would at first be very rudimentary. It is so in the so-called Imperial Universities. It might seem as if you were wasting your special training to come. You would not use it but you would not waste it either in many ways. But apart from that we need just such men as you, consecrated, enthusiastic, level-headed, and trained to teach. I challenge you in twenty years to equal the opportunity for influence that the Yale Mission offers you here. I by no means despise the opportunity before the missionary in ordinary work, but in this new era in China and in the Yale Mission, the opportunity is unparallelled. . . . Although I try to take a conservative view of the future, I cannot but believe that we have before us a chance to influence an empire. Personally I would not exchange the privilege of being a member of the Yale Mission for any opening in America."

(To Mr. Beach.)

"You speak of men thinking themselves too big for the work. I trust such men will stay where their great powers may find their widest field of service.

If a man has really been shown the opportunity here, and then thinks in his heart that he is too big, he is really too something else to be used to the best out here. I hope he will not come. But as for the opportunity before a member of the Yale Mission, I challenge comparison if the man is fitted for the work. But just now we need men of vision, of faith, of common sense, and of devotion to Christ."

"*April 24, 1903.*

"We are very much disturbed over the reports that some very unprincipled people have spread in America in regard to the situation here. The papers have it to-day that we are besieged and in great straits. Now it just happens despite that report that I am sitting here in my study as calm as if I were in America, and there is no sign of the siege or of danger. Of course no one is willing to stake his reputation as a prophet on the future of China. No one knows (except the newspapers). Most admit that the future is very uncertain. Some think that we are living on a volcano which may or may not have an eruption. Others that there is no likelihood of trouble for some time, and the hope is that it may be put off long enough to be averted by the enlightenment of the people. That is what we are here for. That is one of the duties of the Yale Mission to do all in its power at once to save China from self-destruction through her ignorance and corruption. And as far as danger is concerned, we are not in any more danger than these hundreds of men who are here to make money. If they will run risks for their own gain, I guess we will not refuse to for China's gain. In the eyes of some only that man is a fool who takes risks for the kingdom of God and the uplift of his fellow

men. He can do anything he pleases for great financial returns and nothing is said. The future may be uncertain, but you need not worry about us. We did not come here for an easy and safe job. We came for the sake of Christ and of China. Send on the men who come for the same reason and they will find the greatest opportunity before them that they ever dreamed of."

About the middle of April the Thurstons went down to Tientsin for over Sunday, partly to see Mr. Brockman and partly to complete arrangements for the summer.

"*April 21, 1903.*

"As a result of our talk with Brockman in Tientsin, we have planned a rather radical step for the summer. I wrote you last week that it seemed best to delay any trip to Hunan till fall. You may have noticed in Lobenstine's letter that he suggested that I come to Kuling for August in order to meet the Central China missionaries. To travel in that region in the summer seemed an unnecessary risk, and, although we thought of the possibility of spending the summer there, we gave it up. Brockman made the suggestion that we do that very thing, and urged it so strongly that we reconsidered our decision. Apart from expense, there seemed no reason against it save that we should be in the region of another dialect. This was serious, even with our Pekingese teacher and boy to help us out. On the other hand the reasons for going were many. Just as an hour's conversation is worth more than a letter by many times, so free intercourse for a week or two is worth more than an hour's call. For me at least it is of little importance whether I see a city or a region provided I can talk with the workers in that

region. To look up a number of missionaries in their homes is a difficult and almost impossible task. To lie in wait for them as they gather where you are is easy. Some men, such as Griffith John, are almost impossible to reach at home. In their summer home they will spend evenings with you. (This from Brockman.) Further as I conceive our desire, it is not only that we want to know where we shall work, but what we shall do, and this can only be learned as we give our advisers a chance to meditate on the subject and get into a position to understand the possibilities before the Mission. I might go on, but this is enough. Despite these reasons for going, the matter of the language seemed so serious that the decision was the hardest that we have had to make this year. We decided in favour of Kuling, and gave up our room in Pei Tai Ho."

"Before leaving North China, on Sunday, May 10th, Lawrence spoke on the Yale Mission at the Union Church service in Peking. He writes of this to Mr. Beach:

"*May 12, 1903.*

"Ever since we came to Peking we have been wishing they would give me a chance to tell them what the Yale Mission really was and what it desired. But because the papers had given them no adequate conception of it, and they had been sure in their own minds that they knew all there was to be known, not one person in Peking has asked, even in private conversation, that I tell him what the Yale Mission was. But Sunday the feeling that North China might fail to present her proper claims came so strongly to me that I gave up the sermon I had prepared

and made a most daring attempt to give to the missionaries who came to the Union service some conception of the Mission. It was such an embarrassing position that I was literally scared, and I realized how a slip might cost. I can tell you it was an awakening to them. They complained that I had not done it months before. But I simply said that I had had no opportunity. Many thanked me, and said they had had no idea of the Mission before, and did not realize the backing it had. I told them that we not only wanted to know where to work, but what to do, and we looked to the missionaries for their advice. We had not come here as an independent mission representing a peculiar theology or peculiar methods or peculiar anything. We had not come to show them how. But we came with a big investment of men, money and interest, to place in China where it would do the most good in the best way. Although we did not believe in independent missions in general, independence for us was essential for existence, and for the bringing to bear upon missionary work of a new and powerful element in American life. But we were willing to atone for our unorthodox position by doing all in our power to help the existing work in China. We were ready to do a work either parallel or supplementary to theirs. Was there a place and a work for us in North China? From the results so far I am exceedingly glad I took my life in my hands and said what I did to them."

The next week letters similar to the following were sent to the four missions working in Peking. The purpose both of the talk and these letters was that North China might present its claims upon the Yale Mission. No definite invitation resulted and before the replies were

received the invitation had come which settled the whole problem.

"*Peking, May 15, 1903.*

"DEAR MR. WHERRY:

"I enclose a copy of the constitution of the Yale Missionary Society. It will hardly give you more than an idea of its formal organization, but it is the only printed matter I have on the subject. As I outlined Sunday, it is the plan of the society to establish in China a mission which will do its part towards the regeneration of this empire. Although we are starting quietly and slowly, our backing is such that there is every reason to believe that in the end there will be a large corps of workers on the field. How large, will depend mainly on the needs. Although independent, we do not come with any preconceived ideas as to our work. Our one desire is to find the work in which we are most needed and the field that offers the largest opportunity for that work. If this be regular missionary work, such as is carried on by other missions in North China, we are ready. But if there is a special work which is more needed from us and which will supplement and aid the other missionary operations, we are ready for that. We have already been urged to devote ourselves to educational work.

"If you should care to speak of this problem, which we are asking the older missionaries to help us solve, to the missionaries assembled at your annual meeting, we should be very glad of any suggestions which might result. You need not fear in making those suggestions that we are anxious for a work that will yield quick results, or that is easy, or that requires but a small expenditure of men and money. What we want is all the

advice we can get and then with God's help we will try to carry out the wisest plan in the most efficient way.

"Everything at present points to a work in the Yangtse Valley. If North China should be our field we sincerely hope its claims may be strongly presented to us soon."

"*Peking, September 7, 1903.*

"In answer to the letter of the Rev. J. L. Thurston in regard to the Yale Mission, our mission desires to express its pleasure at the interest taken in the evangelization of China by one of the great universities of America, and our desire for its abundant success. We would suggest that, independently, in the establishment at a convenient center of a large, well-equipped educational plant for the benefit of all who might desire to patronize it, or in more directly evangelistic work, in alliance perhaps with one of the older societies, preferably on account of its New England origin, the American Board, it will have a very wide field for labour, with every prospect of success.

"Although it was not convenient to put it in the resolution, we all thought you should await the arrival of Mr. Beach before deciding your permanent field and the special character of your work. We will be glad to welcome him back to China, and to assist him in establishing his mission as far as we can.

"(Signed) JOHN WHERRY."

"*P'ang Chuang, Te Chou, July 22, 1903.*

"DEAR MR. THURSTON:

"I hope very much that Mr. Beach may be able to come out for a short time (only) that his work may not be unduly interrupted. Your Mission, like all young

persons, will have to grow up with the country, and sooner or later will have to walk alone. Guidance in the earlier stages is all that you will really need, I think, and if more is really required you will somehow get it. I hope you are putting in all available strength in getting a good grip on this distracted language. If this is not done in the earlier months the freshest time has gone by, and can never be overtaken. In some ways it may be a help to have nibbled at a variety of dialects—in others not so. I trust you find your summer resort what its name ought to imply!

"I remain very sincerely yours,

"(Signed) ARTHUR H. SMITH."

"*Peking, June 3, 1903.*

"DEAR MR. THURSTON:

"Many societies are already at work and many institutions of learning already founded, and it is no easy matter to determine the location and define the work of the new Mission. A new mission does not wish to tread in the footsteps of those who have gone before. The Yale Mission has promise of large things in the future. It is the concensus of the committee that it is best for the Yale Mission to plan to do an all-round work in both evangelistic and educational lines. The time does not seem to have arrived to specialize in methods of work. Work in evangelistic lines keeps the heart fresh and warm and seems to be necessary for the spiritual growth of even those engaged in other forms of work, however important they may be.

"(Signed) W. S. AMENT."

IX

The Chang-Sha Invitation

"Now comes our problem. We have the opportunity to establish a great institution in one of the most strategic provinces in China. We have the cordial support of all the missionaries there. They are ready to give over to us the higher educational work of the entire province. They are ready to coöperate with us in every way. They express their confidence in us.

"The only question that arises is—can we accept, and do the work as it must be done? I believe we can and I believe we must. Ever since the invitation came we have both felt more and more strongly that this was God's call to the Yale Mission. I have always had an assurance that there was a field and a work for the Yale Mission somewhere in China. We have searched for it with the greatest care. I believe we have found it. And found, it proves to be, not a small work but one of the greatest opportunities that ever came to a group of men and to the Alumni of a university, one that will demand our very best and will put us to a supreme test."—*Letter from China, June 30, 1903.*

IX

THE CHANG-SHA INVITATION

KULING is the one place in the Yangste Valley where the foreigner can escape from the steaming heat for the few weeks of rest and recreation which he needs if he is to go on with his work. Very few missionaries spend the whole summer in this delightful place—only when health requires it. One man from a station comes to bring the women and children and has a few weeks of vacation before returning to his work. Another member of the station is the escort for the return trip. Probably as many as one thousand foreigners are in Kuling from the first of June to the end of October. The largest number at any one time is about six hundred. This includes a number who are not missionaries, but in China in government service or business. The British citizens lead in numbers, closely followed by Americans; German and Scandinavian and a few other nationalities are also represented.

"*Kuling, June 7th.*

"Here at last, and I tell you we are glad indeed. The place is a dream and we are most fortunate to spend the summer in such surroundings. We reached Kiu Kiang at three yesterday afternoon. There we were met by Chang, who has charge of the arrangements for Kuling people at that end. Our stuff was taken to the Rest House, and as we insisted on trying to reach the top of

the mountain that night (Saturday), he turned us off. People are so queer. They first have to understand that Tillie can stand journeys. Then they have to realize that we have travelled and are not afraid to be alone in China on a well travelled route with trusty men. We finally made these two points and pressed on, although one older missionary went along at about the same time. Three men took the necessary light luggage on carrying poles; and the teacher, Wang Hsien, and we two followed in mountain sedan chairs. These are merely a very simple chair attached to two poles. Four men carry them. The first part of the way was through rice fields and the narrow winding paths we followed suggested the ducking we would get if we were plunged into that water and mud. And it was astonishing how the coolies loved to change shoulders when it was hanging in a most critical place. The country was beautiful. Each farmhouse, though made of mud bricks, was surrounded by most beautiful trees and often one could almost imagine himself in New England. Many of the flowers were the same. It seemed so strange to find them here.

"We rose steadily but slowly on this part of the trip and at the foot of the mountain we stopped at the Rest House where we were to change chairs and coolies. The path, there was no road, led right up the mountain. Often it was as steep as a flight of stairs and all too often steeper. We walked part of the way but as there seemed to be no such thing as reaching the top we gave up and let them carry us. As always in mountain travel there was a deal of going down hill also and there they ran with us. You can imagine being carried down hill on the run, bracing yourself for fear of sliding out. It was worse than going up except that it was not so hard for

the men. We went over two distinct mountain ridges and then in the valley of the third we found Kuling. It was a moonlight night and although we had to pass through a cloud, once we were above that, the sky was clear. Below us was the cloud and above the moon and all around the green mountains and the sound of rushing water. These mountains are all green but have no trees, only grass and bushes. They had told us it would be cold and we prepared for it. But instead it was very warm and we could ride along bareheaded even and without a thought of discomfort. Once in a while we felt a little queer as we realized how in the very wilderness we were; not even knowing when the end of our journey would come. But we reached here finally about ten P. M. Our house is almost at the further end of the settlement and so we rode through the town the very first night.

"Kuling is a little foreign village nestled in a valley on the very top of the mountain range, with the houses running up into the gorges all around. The houses are very simple. Some business men have quite large ones, but most of the missionary houses are small. Some look more like stone chicken coops than houses."

The climate of Kuling makes a roof over one's head a necessity and pretty little bungalows built of the lime stone quarried on the ground shelter the inhabitants from the mountain storms that sweep down the valleys, sometimes with the force of a cloudburst; or from the mists that wrap them about like a blanket.

But the sun does shine and then long walks, or picnics to nearer places, or tennis fill the recreation hours of the day. It means a great deal to the missionaries who

spend ten months of the year in some inland station where the little group of ten, it may be, are the only foreigners, to get out into this larger circle and enjoy social and intellectual as well as physical recreation. There is international as well as interdenominational fellowship. All unite in celebrating the birthday of the youngest nation on July 4th, and in August when the largest number are present a conference of several days gives opportunity for the exchange of ideas and discussion of the problems in missionary work.

Although it anticipates somewhat the later developments in the solution of the Yale Mission problem, the third report letter can best tell the story at this point.

"*Kuling, China, August 13, 1903.*

"DEAR FELLOWS:

"I promised to tell you about Kuling and the Yangtse in this third letter, but something of more importance and interest has come up. We came to this region for the summer, in order, as you know, to investigate this valley. The results have been most satisfactory. But in preparation for the story I want to tell you of the whole problem as we have faced it here this year. The original plan of the Mission as I understood it was to establish in some important center a regular work such as is usually carried on by the boards working in China. We were to find a city not already too much occupied, and located in a region which needed our help. We were to establish churches, schools, hospitals, and do any other work that the needs of the field demanded.

"We had hardly landed in Shanghai when Mr. Lewis of the Y. M. C. A. laid before us what amounted to an entirely different plan. He first explained the need of high

grade educational institutions. Most missions had established schools and many were doing a fine work. But no mission had ever concentrated on education, very few of the schools were properly manned and supported, and being denominational were limited in their field of work. He urged that we try to find a field where education had not gone far, and there, with the coöperation of the missionaries, establish an institution which would supply for at least a province (something under twenty million people) what was needed in the way of a higher educational institution. As a negative argument he urged that we would thus avoid establishing a new denomination, which of all things should be avoided in China. He then went on to urge the claims of the Yangtse Valley, especially of Hunan and of Chang-Sha, its capital. In talking with some of the leading missionaries of Shanghai I found that they agreed heartily with Lewis in both propositions.

"Naturally we left Shanghai for the North with a good deal to think about; a field and a work had been suggested that had hardly been considered. Besides, these conversations had opened our eyes to certain conditions in China,—the many missions already here, the completeness with which they had spread themselves over the field, and the justifiable objection of many to another Mission and another church. More men but not more missions were what they longed for. Our plans and tactics were at once changed. To win the missionaries and gain a welcome for the Mission we must ask not merely, 'Where is there a vacant field?' We must ask, 'What do you as missionaries of experience want of the Yale Mission? Here is a force ready to help save China. We are ready to put in men and money. We hope to make what we

undertake a success. Shall we take some unoccupied field and do work such as you are all doing or shall we specialize and seek to help you all in a line which you cannot perhaps undertake? What do you want of us? We are at your service.' The plan has worked and I believe has gone far to win our way. But it is fortunate for us that we were ignorant of what many thought and felt, for we might have lost heart. There were as many conceptions of what the Mission was and what its purposes were as there were missionaries. We were in the midst of misunderstanding, and misconception and in some cases criticism. But we did not know it. Instead was a royal welcome to new workers whoever they might be from those who were themselves burdened with crushing responsibility. They welcomed us in Peking as only missionaries can welcome and despite the misunderstandings we spent a very happy winter.

"Apart from a few conversations nothing of importance happened till the Shansi trip was proposed and carried out. We made this trip to investigate a field which would be suitable for the regular work such as was first proposed. I have already told you of that in detail. We came back feeling more strongly than ever that the Mission's work should instead be a specialty, and that a greater work lay before Yale in another direction.

"On our return we were urged by one of our best advisers to go at once to Hunan and look that field over. After careful consideration we gave up that plan and decided to settle down till fall. Then came the suggestion that we spend the summer in Kuling from one who knew the place. From the first it seemed the wisest plan and we engaged rooms here at once. Our trip down was a strange experience. The time required should not have

been more than ten days. It took us three weeks owing to a series of unavoidable delays. As we waited for a boat in Tientsin, and as we lay at anchor in a fog off the coast, it was a little hard to see just the reason for the loss of time. But we had not reached Kuling before we had discovered the reason. Practically the success of the summer depended on those delays, for on the boat up the river we met the man who told us of the Chang-Sha conference and suggested that we either go or write them our plans. The conference was to be held in about two weeks and was to be attended by the missionaries of the entire province of Hunan. Although they had no legislative power they were to discuss and practically decide on the division of the field and on such matters as coöperation in education. We saw at once that after such a conference had been held it would be far harder for a new Mission to enter the province, for although new workers under the old societies would be welcomed and sorely needed, a new society would be a questionable blessing. Yet Hunan was the first field that we had in mind in this region. If the Yale Mission was to enter it in any line of work we must act at once. There was no time to ask advice from New Haven; I must either go or write and that without delay. The doctors would not encourage my going into such heat my first year in China, so I was shut up to a letter, which on general principles was a risk when so much was at stake. Fortunately, Dr. F. A. Keller, Yale '92, was in Chang-Sha under the China Inland Mission, and I knew he was interested in the Mission. I entrusted the whole thing to him. The letter laid special emphasis on the educational plan, outlining what such an institution might develop into. I asked the conference if they would welcome such a work

as perhaps providing the union educational institution for the entire province; but the question was also asked if they would prefer a modification of the plan or an entirely different one, and they were assured that the committee in New Haven would consider their suggestions most seriously. We merely wished to know if they would like the help of the Yale Mission in saving Hunan. We followed the letter with much prayer, realizing that the result might settle the work of the Mission and that a mistake would be a serious blow.

"In the midst of the conference Dr. Keller sent in brief the reply. It read as follows:

"'Hunan conference *with great enthusiasm* passed resolution inviting the Yale Mission to Chang-Sha and approves heartily of proposed educational scheme, University Extension, and Literati work.' From what I have gathered since, I should judge that the resolution was passed amid cheers which explains the underlining. In a few days came the resolution and I give it in full.

"'*Resolved* that the conference extend a cordial invitation to the Yale University Mission to establish an educational center in Chang-Sha. It recommends the societies working in Hunan to entrust the higher education in the province in science, arts and medicine to this Mission, and also to work as far as possible in primary education on lines that conform to the plan of higher education that might be adopted by the Yale University Mission. The conference would also recommend the Missions to consider the question of entrusting theological education to the Yale University Mission, but does not feel able to give any indication of what the result of such consideration will be. The conference heartily welcomes the

prospect of having University Extension and special work for the Literati carried on in Hunan.'

"Ever since, I have been learning from those in attendance of the genuine enthusiasm with which the invitation was given. Of course I wrote in detail of all my movements to the New Haven committee and have sent them the invitation and reports of all that has been said in regard to it here. The Mission is receiving congratulations on every hand and every one is urging that we accept.

"To appreciate the full significance of this opportunity it is necessary to understand all that is involved. In the first place we are entrusted with the higher education (Christian) of an entire province of supposedly 21,000,000 people where no such work has previously been done. All the work in Hunan is new. Till very recently the hostility of the people has made missions impossible. Therefore at the very beginning of the work in the province the missionaries unite in asking the Yale Mission to found the union missionary college, and offer their heartiest coöperation. But this would in itself amount to little were the province far in the interior and of little or no importance. Instead Hunan is one of the most important provinces of the empire and Chang-Sha one of the leading cities. Every one speaks well of the Hunanese despite their previous hostility. It is not necessarily a disgrace to have been hostile to foreigners when they have misunderstood them or suffered at their hands. The Hunanese are born fighters, brave and fearless. They are leaders by instinct, and when won to Christ will supply many of the leaders of which the Church is so sorely in need. Their very nature makes them out and out Christians or else the opposite. They

do not vacillate. They are eager for education. As to the province it is rich and prosperous, with great undeveloped resources. Its dialects are the great drawback. Being mountainous, intercommunication has been difficult and so the clans have varied in their speech. Chang-Sha is described as one of the best cities in China—clean, prosperous and well built. But what is more important for us, it is centrally located. Even at present it is but two days from the Yangtse by boat, which puts it in touch with this entire valley. The Peking-Hankow-Canton railroad will go through it, and therefore in a few years it will be accessible to north and south by rail, and east and west by river. With the exception of Hankow and Wu Chang I doubt if there is a more central and accessible city in the empire. We would therefore be located in a city where, if we proved able, we could carry out the far-reaching plans of our most sanguine friends in China. Could we ask for more? A city, a province, a people of wonderful promise and besides, the coöperation and welcome of the missionaries.

"Of course there are difficulties. Those relating to the field I will not take your time to discuss. But the question has come, 'Will the Yale Alumni respond to this invitation in the spirit in which it is given, and will they be ready to give the Mission all needed funds, and what is more come themselves in sufficient numbers to properly man the institution so that its work shall never fall behind, but always be on the aggressive?' We had far better not accept the opportunity than accept and then fail. The missionaries expect only the reasonable. If Yale does not go far beyond their mild expectations I think she will be failing of her opportunity. But personally I believe she will respond and that the Yale of

China will only be an honour to her mother and a mighty blessing to this empire.

"So the matter stands and the year's investigations must speak for themselves. Shansi gives us a small field, good but not important. There are other small fields open but very little encouragement to enter them from the older societies who do not want another denomination. Hunan gives us the field where we are needed and the work to which we are welcomed. Until we know the decision of the society we are powerless to investigate further, for every one expects us to go to Hunan, and one can hardly wonder. I only trust that we may do God's will and find the work He has for us to do.

"The above gives you the situation as it stands, though I fear not in brief. I will shorten my letters if you say so. There is a deal to talk about and sometimes my machine runs away with me. Do let me hear from you if I am ever going to be able to give you just what you want most.

"Very sincerely,

"J. L. THURSTON."

The letter to Dr. Keller which resulted in the invitation was felt to be a most momentous action and was written after much prayer and most careful thought. During the days of the conference which closed June 21st, prayer was made continually that the members of the conference might be guided and that their decision might be of God. A letter from Mr. Beach received June 12, 1903, was the first official word from New Haven that special educational work, rather than general was approved by the committee. The difficulties in the

way were many. No one saw them more clearly than Lawrence himself, but his attitude towards difficulties in general was taken towards these particular ones. Difficulties were never regarded by him as indications that a project was to be given up. He merely set himself to overcome them, strong in his faith that what ought to be can be, and that God's power can be counted on for the doing of God's will. When the invitation to Chang-Sha came, he was certain that it was " a call of God," and he set himself to meet all the possible objections that might be brought against undertaking so large a work at a time when neither men nor money for the Mission were in sight. The mere possibility of the invitation being refused was so terrible that he felt as never before the barrier of distance and time that separated him from the committee and longed to be able to go in person to present his case. There is a note of pleading for the acceptance of the opportunity which is partially explained by this sense of separation from his hearers.

" We are waiting with great interest to see what you will finally decide as to the educational proposition. Of course, unless we can get trained men to come out to teach we are powerless to do more than establish a third rate college, and this would never do. What we do we must do well. But can it be that the men who go into teaching from Yale so lack the missionary spirit that we cannot look to them to supply our need? I for one do not give up hope till we have tested the case thoroughly. Still I am not as yet willing to say that the educational plan is necessarily the one we should adopt." (This before the invitation to Chang-Sha was received.)

Two days later the invitation came, June 25th.

"*June 30, 1903.*

"DEAR REED:

"Although the formal invitation from the Hunan Conference has not yet come, I have all the facts that are necessary, and so am going to write you. The matter is of such importance that we must act promptly, although not with haste. Dr. Griffith John has just arrived and I went to see him yesterday. At the last minute he was unable to attend the conference and so referred me to another member of his Mission who had just come from the conference. I therefore went at once to see Mr. Greig. It seems that Dr. Keller's letter practically embodied the invitation, and that the secretary's formal notice will contain nothing new save on one point, that they were in doubt as to whether they could turn over to us the theological department. We then went over the entire subject. . . .

"The very name Yale stands for a great deal here, and regardless of what I have said the name itself has implied great things. It is not the name to be under unless one means business. And I very much doubt if within twenty-five years the Chang-Sha institution will not have done much to honour the name which it represents. One thing should be remembered when we hear missionaries talk of large plants, etc. What is large here is very small at home. Great things are expected of us, but those things will be compared with and judged by what is here and not by what is at home. We need not fear that we cannot do the work if we take hold of it, for we are not being asked to do the impossible.

"In regard to Hunan there is not a dissenting voice.

As I have written before every one has been pointing us to Hunan. Here people are just as enthusiastic over the province. Dr. John believes that the people are the most attractive in the empire. All say that they are the most satisfactory to work for. We would be congratulated by any missionary for having the opportunity to work in the province. At present the province is perfectly open and the people are ready for education and the success in evangelistic work is marked.

"Now comes our problem. We have the opportunity to establish a great institution in one of the most strategic provinces in China. We have the cordial support of all the missionaries there. They are ready to give over to us the higher educational work of the entire province. They are ready to coöperate with us in every way. They express their confidence in us. They look to us to give an example of true missionary union and coöperation in education, something not illustrated perfectly anywhere in China.[1] We are furthermore in a center to which all admit we can attract by a strong institution the best minds in the empire. We thus cannot only supply a great province with education, but can in the end fulfill the ambitions for us of some of our best advisers in reaching the empire.

"The only question that arises is can we accept and do the work as it must be done? *I believe we can and I believe we must.* Ever since the invitation came we have both felt more and more strongly that this was God's call to the Yale Mission. I have always had an assurance that there was a field and a work for the Yale

[1] Since this was written union schools have been organized in Peking, Nanking, Canton, Hankow and other large cities. The Canton Christian College was the only institution of its kind at this date.

Mission somewhere in China. We have searched for it with the greatest care. I believe we have found it. And found, it proves to be not a small work but one of the greatest opportunities that ever came to a group of men and to the alumni of a university, one that will demand our very best and will put us to a supreme test. And not the least striking feature about it is that we are brought to the opportunity at just the critical moment, the field, the work, and the workers fitting exactly. If we take it, a great work lies before us. If we do not, we settle down to a little work in a little field. I do not believe that any other opportunity even in educational lines can compare with this. Every one with whom I have talked urges us to take the chance. If we do not, therefore, I fear that the missionaries will feel that it is hardly worth while advising us. No, we must take it, or turn from God's call to an insignificant work. It will take a deal of faith, especially in these times when we are having such a hard time to get the men, but the men will come. They must, and I believe that such a chance will appeal very strongly to the alumni, and as the work develops we shall find them more and more heartily behind us with men, and money and a devoted interest.

"A word as to plans for the future if it is decided to accept this invitation. We shall not be ready to begin active work for at least three or four years. We had then probably better plan to occupy native buildings until we are able to secure just the site that we wish to occupy permanently. It will be foolish to put the school where the health of the students is always going to hamper work, or where we would not be able to have a campus worthy of the name. There are hills around Chang-Sha which will probably furnish just the place we

need. But often it is impossible to secure such sites without greatly offending the Chinese because of their superstitions. To offend them is foolish where it can possibly be avoided. When we are ready to choose our location we may find nothing in the way. But I do not want our constituency to be disappointed if we are delayed in securing the land we want, and therefore delayed in putting up buildings worthy of the institution. We may have to be content with very simple things for some years to come. But in the end I trust we shall have a campus and a group of buildings that will be in every way attractive, and that without losing the friendship of the Chinese. Another reason for delay is that we should make a careful study of architecture before we settle on the style of our buildings.

"We can but pray that the committee and the council will be guided in all their deliberations, and that this opportunity may be accepted and the great responsibility assumed 'for God, for China, and for Yale.' I very much fear that anything but an acceptance will be to me personally a very great discouragement, for we seem shut up to it, and yet in so being we are shut up to a most wonderful opportunity. 'Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'

"I must at least plead that the plan be not rejected till I have had more chance to plead. But I would not plead as I have even now if I were with you, for I am confident that the invitation will really appeal to you as strongly as it does to us."

(To Mr. Beach.)

"As to the call itself, although I have spoken quite strongly in the letter to Reed because of the distance

and the time required to add more, I cannot but feel that it was unnecessary, for it does seem as if this would surely appeal to the committee as strongly as it does to us. I can hardly see where we will receive any other call equal to this or find a greater opportunity. But it surely is going to demand our very best. The missionaries will expect great things of us and rightly. But we can do it and we must. How I wish I could say all I feel without seeming to say too much, but I must leave the invitation in your hands now, and I cannot but believe that we shall receive word that it is accepted."

(To Family.)

"I have been keeping the typewriter hot with letters to the committee, leaving no stone unturned to secure the acceptance of what seems to me the clear call of God and a most marvellous opportunity. There is not another such opportunity possible in China. Chang-Sha is the last great center, accessible to all provinces that is without an educational institution. The work there is new, and no plans are formed which need hinder our uniting all such work under one head. And as Dr. John says, we are in the nick of time. A year later would not have done. The conference itself was the one place to present the subject. The clock struck, and in God's providence we were on time.

"I can hardly believe that the decision will be other than favourable. If it is not I shall be in an embarrassing position. The invitation received goes so far beyond my wildest dreams that I was greatly surprised. The fact that we have been invited is becoming known to all the missionaries, and through the papers and the missionaries will reach the boards and a wide circle. As I

said to Tillie, if I am not supported this ministry will have to retire and there will be a new election. The conference utterly ignored my explicit statements that I was acting on my own responsibility. They even referred to my letter as a communication from the Yale Mission. So you can see if the committee does not accept the invitation I am discredited. But cheer up! They cannot well refuse."

A letter received about the end of July speaks of difficulties in finding men, especially a physician, to go out in the fall of 1903. Lawrence replies:

"But we need not worry. All through our difficulties when the time came for it I have seen God's hand. And the difficulty about getting men as fast as we want them may be because He has planned otherwise. My faith is growing steadily that He is guiding this Mission, and with that faith comes a rest from all anxiety in regard to the difficulties."

Many times that faith had been tested by the difficulties encountered along the way, but the supreme test was still to come. It is much easier to have faith when one is able to put all his powers into a work and see that he is in a sense controlling the situation, even though he has fully consecrated those powers to God and is asking for guidance at every step. It is much harder when we are obliged to stand by, helpless, to believe that God still guides and that His work must go on.

The last important interview was over, the last letters to New Haven were written, every plan was made for the fall and winter on the basis of the accepted invitation, for

no other thought could be entertained,—everything was done that could be done until the decision of the committee was known—when Lawrence was laid low by an attack of what appeared to be malaria, but refused to yield to the treatment. He expressed at the time a sense of extreme weariness, saying to Mrs. Thurston, "I feel as if I had gone all to pieces." And yet he could not think it anything serious, and none of the doctors called it anything but malaria or ptomaine poisoning. All through August and September he was up and down, but although the doctors began to suspect some more serious trouble, they had no proof, or gave no indications that they had discovered the real cause of the sickness. It is hard to realize from the letters of this period that anything serious was wrong. Even in the midst of an attack, when letters were dictated to Mrs. Thurston, there is the bright, cheerful view of things.

"*Kuling, China, August 9, 1903.*

"My Dear Ones:

"I have spent the week since last Monday morning in bed enjoying an attack of malaria. You do not get it up here, but you bring it. I think I am now through with the malaria, but not with the weakening effect of it. I can hardly punch this machine, and shall not try to long. The week is a blank as far as interest is concerned, and as yet no home mail has come to answer. We had planned to do great things these last few days. We were going to try to see if we could get estimates on the house. [A lot had been purchased and plans drawn for a house in Kuling.] There were several important conversations to be held. There was at least one picnic. There was the language on which I hate to lose an entire

week. We were going to have a birthday picnic also, but August 4th found me on my back and almost helpless. Perhaps I needed the rest, although I do not like this method of taking rest when it only adds to all the weariness to be overcome. I have learned to pity the man who comes here unmarried. With Tillie around it was all right, but without her I should have been homesick to desperation."

(To Dr. Reed.)

"*August 15, 1903.*

"You see that I am again able to write. I have been up all this week, but the doctor forbade my studying, or working too hard at anything. I have tried to be good, but it is very hard for me not to work. I have taken no real vacation this summer, as I have felt that travelling so much this year was about all the vacation I deserved. I trust I have not been unwise. The language almost haunts me and takes away the pleasure of the thought of a vacation from it."

(*Dictated*) "*Kuling, China, August 25, 1903.*

"My Dear Ones:

"I am sorry to say that I am at present busily engaged in holding down beds and couches and living on most uninteresting liquid food. The doctors do not know what is the matter with me, and I certainly don't, for my spirits are not curbed a mite. But cheer up! The symptoms are fast disappearing, what few there were, and I shall in a few days probably be making up for lost time.

"I began the week feeling fit for fight, and I studied all Monday and in the evening went to dinner at Bishop

Ingle's. The dinner was to be followed by a discussion of the so-called worship of ancestors and of Confucius. We were much disgusted because no women were invited, for Tillie was as much interested in the subject as I was. It is admitted by all that by showing Confucius a true and deserved reverence, and by the use of many apt quotations from his writings, we secure a foothold in the Chinese mind which enables us more easily to point them to Christ as higher than Confucius, of whom Confucius was but the forerunner. The evening was distinctly worth while.

"The next day came another dose of study and an informal supper at Miss Lobenstine's. Wednesday I started off bravely, but by noon found myself on my back where I have remained since, and I assure you it's getting tired.

"As for myself, I really have nothing to complain of. I admit that liquid animal food but tantalizes a lusty appetite, but for comfort and companionship I am not kicking. But pity the man who comes out here unmarried. Tillie is actually succeeding in reading to me. All the winter she has complained that these evenings of reading were a delusion—that my typewriter received altogether too much attention. But now the typewriter is neglected and we read. I should advise every missionary to come armed with light literature. Theology and criticism may be all very well, but when you're half starved and lying on your back at the same time you want something that will more readily 'keep you from brooding on being a dog.'"

"*Kuling, China, September 2, 1903.*

"My dear Ones:

"I do not know how long Tillie will let me keep this up, so we must hurry along. I am very much better.

The doctors finally decided that my trouble was indigestion ('ptomaine poisoning'). Of course here in China they are always afraid of typhoid. It seems so strange to realize that I must be careful of my digestion, of all things. But it is the price that perhaps is allotted to me to pay for living in China. Nothing I have eaten would have troubled me at home. I am now back on practically a normal diet with strength returning slowly. I try to get out every day, as that is the best way to gain. I have stopped work and shall not try any more till we leave here, which we are hoping to do about the twentieth.

"I have begun to go into society again. Saturday night the Brockmans had a camp-fire and we went. There was a roaring fire of brush and we all sat out in the moonlight around it and did stunts much as we would in camp. From the candy and refreshments I had to abstain, much to my sorrow. Monday night we went on a picnic with the Lobenstines. Ed arrived last week and has been on the go ever since. I fear I do not enjoy picnics when I have to take special food for fear I will starve otherwise. Last night came the long-prepared-for show. It was a surprise to Ed, but we had a great time keeping it so, as it was at his house. It was a mock trial, the charge being that a certain Mrs. Woods had poisoned a Mr. Goddard's lamb out of revenge for her husband being beaten by Mr. Goddard in tennis, and further that this lamb was no ordinary beast, but the veritable Mary's lamb of fame. Mr. Brockman was the judge and the attorneys were Mr. Roots, of the Episcopal Mission, for the state, and Tillie for the defendant. I was a witness for the defendant. The opposite side was very witty, but we saved our reputation through the testimony of an old

negro mammy who was simply irresistible. We capped the climax by proving our contention that the lamb was not Mary's by producing a real live lamb (or rather sheep) in the court-room. This brought down the house and almost broke up proceedings. The case was decided in our favour, which was a disappointment to the judge, for, as he said, it spoiled all his thunder in pronouncing sentence. It was a gay evening, livelier even than Saturday night. So you see missionaries are not all sedate. Why even the English seemed to appreciate the trial.

"As a week from to-day is our wedding anniversary, we have invited a few of our most intimate friends to supper. It looks as if we should have our hands full and that we would not only need to borrow dishes but servants. There are a lot of other friends we would like to invite some time, but people are beginning to go down now and we are hardly likely to catch them."

(*Dictated*) "*Kuling, China, September 3, 1903.*

"DEAR ED:

"By the handwriting you can judge that I am laid up again. I went to work too soon and was on my back in three days. There is no question but that the year has been harder on me than I realized, and the doctor has advised me to take a vacation. I am at present convalescent and at no time have I been seriously ill, but I shall need to go slowly now if I am to go at all later."

(*Dictated*) "*Kuling, China, September 9, 1903.*

"MY DEAR ONES:

"My fever is a very deceitful thing, but unfortunately it is no delusion. It's come back again, this time

quite mildly, but fever nevertheless. If the doctor knew what a fellow had it would seem more satisfactory. In America you wouldn't catch me messing with a little thing like this, but here if your toe aches they keep you in bed for fear it might develop into spinal meningitis."

"*September 12th.*

"I began to fear that I would not pan out for our anniversary supper, but by staying in bed all the morning I was all right. We had a very pleasant time. We had for dinner creamed oysters on toast, roast young goose, stuffed potatoes, peas, giblet gravy, currant jelly, olives, tomato salad, apricot ice cream, macaroons, chocolate creams, and maple sugar candy. It was really delicious, and one of the best meals I have had in China, if I do say it. We haven't solved the mystery of how it was done, for the cook was a blacksmith. But Tillie had a hand in it. Then the geese were perfection and the ice cream never was surpassed.

"As the crowning delight of our anniversary we got our cable from New Haven. We had given it up this week, but as we were beginning dinner at noon it came —14—which means, 'The society accepts the Hunan invitation, if the missionaries advise it.' You can hardly realize what a delight and comfort and relief it was. All summer we had walked by faith, had laid plans, ordered goods, bought land because we believed this news would come. Now we can walk by sight a little way. We do not have to change a plan. All we have done fits right in and is ready to run smoothly. Any other news would have made us no end of trouble. I wrote at once to Stelle that the house in Peking was theirs. Then I wrote to the various interested missionaries and yesterday called

on a few and all are delighted. I announced it at the supper table that very night, as Loby and Brock had both had much to do with our coming here. I wrote Mr. Roots that we would take his house in Kuling next summer, of which I had the refusal till October 15th, and wrote Dr. Keller, of Chang-Sha, to engage a house whenever he saw fit."

"*Kuling, China, September 12, 1903.*

"DEAR REED:

"Your cable came day before yesterday. You can have little idea of the joy and satisfaction and comfort it brought to us. We felt that the society had accepted the greatest opportunity and privilege that any missionary organization could ask for. We felt that now there opened before the Mission an ever expanding field of influence bounded only by our fitness and resources. We thanked God and took courage. We had expected that this would be the result. Of course it would. But the assurance was a comfort nevertheless. Personally we felt that the first stage of our work was done and that now we could settle down to preparation for the work unhampered by constant inquiries and investigations. Every plan is laid to carry out just the program authorized by the cablegram. Nothing will have to be changed.

"I am now at liberty to tell you of another move we made this summer without appearing to be previous. Kuling is the only summer resort for this entire region. Land is becoming very scarce in the present concession. They have tried to get a new concession but have so far failed. Some good authorities believe it will soon be obtained. More seem to be despondent. At any rate the buyers were running no risks. We saw that unless we

bought at least one lot at once the Mission would run the risk of being without houses and be forced to rent for years, which is both expensive and unsatisfactory. There was but one lot left that we considered well located. It had been held by a speculator and no one seemed to realize that it was on the market, as so many had tried to get it for years. We took it in less than forty-eight hours. Ten hours later we could not have had it. We were buying on faith that the Chang-Sha invitation would be accepted. But we had no right to use Mission money for the purpose, even if such a sum was in China to the credit of the Mission. So we paid binding money and sent home for some we had laid up in the bank."

(Family.) "*September 20th.*

"The doctors have finally decided that I have malaria and at present I am rejoicing in taking liquid quinine which is by far the finest drink I have ever known. My fever is going down and I am feeling much stronger."

(*Dictated*) "*Peking, China, October 6, 1903.*

"DEAR REED:

"I might as well tell you at the start that my fever which began about the first of August, is still with me. The doctors are completely at a loss to explain it. As a last resort I was sent to Dr. McLeod of Shanghai who is supposed to be the best physician in China. He can throw no light on it, and ordered me to drop all medicine and do as little as possible in the way of work. My letters therefore must be few and brief. I suppose I am getting acclimated and too much work and responsibility have made the process more trying than usual. I have certainly reached the end of my rope for the present,

and yet none of the doctors advised me to stay in Peking for the winter. I do not think you need be worried about me, although I fear I shall not be in working trim for some time to come. Gage's coming will be a great comfort."

X

"Ordered Home"

"There are two ways in which a workman regards his work—as his own or as his master's. If it is his own, then to leave it in his prime is a catastrophe, if not a cruel and unfathomable wrong. But if it is his master's, one looks not backwards, but before, putting by the well-worn tools without a sigh, and expecting elsewhere better work to do."—*Henry Drummond*, "*John Ewing*."

X

"ORDERED HOME"

THE Thurstons had been back in Peking eighteen days, and the work of breaking up the home there preparatory to moving to Chang-Sha was nearly completed. Every arrangement had been made to leave the city about the first of November, when, on October 23d, a letter came, like a bolt out of a clear sky, which changed all their plans. It was from Dr. Cochran, who after consultation with Dr. McLeod of Shanghai, pronounced Lawrence's illness to be tuberculosis. Both physicians agreed in urging that he return to America without delay.

The blow to long-cherished plans was a stunning one; but it was true of Lawrence and of his wife, as it is true of all brave souls, that in the crisis which they were now called upon to face, their thoughts turned immediately from themselves to the homes and the cause which they represented. To break the news gently to the loved ones in America; to inspire them with whatever hope could honestly be held out; to fire those who were entrusted with the management of the Mission that they should send forth successors over the beaten path to the spot where the pioneer had fallen, thence to strike a new trail on into the unknown,—these were the tasks to which they now applied themselves.

(From Lawrence to his Family.)

"*October 25, 1903.*

"My dear Ones:

"We both of us feel as if we were in dreamland, and as if soon we must wake up and find it all a mistake. But no, the cloud has gathered, and will not go at present, one of the darkest clouds that could have come over our sky. Can you believe it? I am ordered home for my health. I might have believed it for some reasons, nervousness for instance. But not for tuberculosis of the lungs. The news came last Friday, and we were struck dumb. Dr. McLeod said he would send me the results of his tests, and as they did not come, we naturally felt confident that that was not the trouble. But instead he sent them to the doctor who last had me in Kuling, and he could not reach me till he did. He orders me home at once. Yesterday I was examined by one of the best men here, Dr. Griggs, and he gave the same orders.

"Now, first, it is a pure case of infection. Dr. Berry's examinations in America showed not the least tendency towards it. They did show that I had an unusually fine pair of lungs. My lungs were the last place I expected to have trouble with. But North China dust is full of all uncleanness. Instead of something else this found lodging. Had I been only loafing and exercising I probably would have escaped. I was working hard, though not consciously too hard, and being careful about exercise and all, but my system wasn't as if it was not being made use of.

"Secondly, there is every reason to expect cure. I do not believe that is a doctor's lie. My case at present is nothing compared to many who are cured. The upper joint of the left lung very close to the shoulder is affected

over a small area. There is some chance of my returning to China. Mr. Walter Lowrie, one of the greatest missionaries in North China, went home in a bad way. In three years he was cured, and back at his work, where he is doing a great service. But returning to China we need not discuss now.

"Dr. Cochran supposed of course I would go East. Dr. Griggs, who practised in Pittsburg for four years, and with great success, and who knows more of America, says do not go East unless there is a marked improvement on the voyage. Stay in California or Colorado.

"We leave here as soon as possible, and go by the southern route to San Francisco. I trust it will be one of their far-famed voyages. In San Francisco we consult physicians, and follow their advice. I fear we may spend the winter West.

"You may well think from the above that my feelings are boxed for shipment and I have settled down to my new business without any. But I cannot enlarge on what this means to you, to the Mission, to us. To you it means that your ambition for my life in China is probably shattered. It means that a son is sick. To the Mission—I cannot tell all it means, and I do not see my way there. God must raise up a better man. My work seems to be done there. If I can only get all the strings which are in my hands safely into another's! God is not dependent on any one of us to do this work.

"To us it means shattered hopes and plans. But who told us those plans and hopes were surely God's for us? Why may it not be that our work here according to God's plan is done, and that now He has another work elsewhere which He has all along planned for us after this, and we must do? I did not give myself to God on

condition that He send me to China, or to the Yale Mission, or that He give me so many years of service anywhere. I gave myself to Him for Him to use me—where He pleased. He has greatly blessed us this year, and I have often said to Tillie that, if I had to give up at the end of it, I would feel that I had been enabled to do at least something for China. Very few new missionaries are ever given the opportunity. That God gave it to me is a great joy.

"What the next active work is we cannot tell. Our present duty is to get me well, and I have much in my favour. My lungs do not expand four and a half inches for nothing. To stay in California for perhaps two or three years seems hard when we want to see you so much. We may not have to. But one cannot start into an Adirondack winter in December. Next summer we may be able to come East. But we shall only be five days apart instead of five weeks, even in California. . . .

"There is one to whom the blow is perhaps severest of all—Tillie. But I will not discuss that.

"And now good-bye. Do not worry. God is Father and still guides even our little lives. We do not need to fear. If He does not want our active service, our passive service in our characters may be what He sees is best for us. But He knows, and we need not ask to know now or even later.

"With a deal of love,

"LAWRENCE."

(From Mrs. Thurston to the Family.)

"It does not mean necessarily that we must never return to China, but of course that must remain behind the curtain yet awhile. The future looks now like a great

wall across our path, but I am sure God has some work for us yet. The year has been a year of work and we have been able to accomplish much. I think I am not speaking with a wife's prejudice, when I say that I do not believe any man connected at present with the Yale Mission could have done what Lawrence has done this year in investigating and practically settling the question of place and work for the Yale Mission, to say nothing of making friends for it all up and down China. It is mighty hard on the Mission to lose him now for the next two years, but we shall be able to give Brownell much, if we can see him for a week or two before he sails, and Lawrence will be at hand, to consult with, even if he cannot be in New Haven. I *know* God has more work for us to do for Him, and we are content to wait until He shows us what it is. Our hearts will be in China, and if God gives us the strength we will be so glad if we can come back to the Yale Mission.

"All the above sounds rather unfeeling, but you must know without my going into details how it hurts. It is the first sorrow that has ever come to either of us, but God gives strength and courage and we can even be joyful. Oh, how my heart has gone out these last two days to the great world of people who must meet all the hard things of life without knowing that they are in a Father's keeping—a Father who will make it all work for good to the children that love Him. I have always felt that I could meet trouble this way, but now I *know*. Most people will be sorriest for me. I feel that it is hardest for Lawrence. It is such a disappointment to have to give up now even with the hope of coming back, and he has to bear the burden of the struggle for health. And then he feels that it is hard on me. But I don't want you to

waste any sympathy on me. I have my 'dearest' yet, and please God I shall have him for a long life together, and there will be joy in being able to do so much to help Lawrence get well. It is only joy to do for those we love.

"It's mighty hard on the Mission, but Yale doesn't give up easily, and God does not depend upon any one of us to get His work done. There will be men raised up and the work will go on. I am sure God has been in the plan and still is."

(From Lawrence to Dr. Reed.)

"*October 26, 1903.*

"I hardly know where to begin or what to say. A blow has struck that dazes us both, and it takes the heart out of me to tell the committee. I am ordered to America at once because of tuberculosis of the lungs. According to the doctors it is a pure case of infection and is only at its very beginning. They give me every reason to expect complete recovery in two or three years. There would be a bare chance of recovery if I stayed in China, but every doctor says leave immediately and get into the best conditions there are in America. There is a fair hope of my being able to return to China. . . .

"I do not wish the committee to blame themselves in the slightest way for the situation. If I have had more responsibility to bear than was safe for me and therefore reduced my strength, till I was more easily subject to infection, it is no one's fault. Nor can I say that I blame myself for the work that I have done. It had to be done, and it had to be done this year, as results show. I never consciously overworked, perhaps because of the exhilaration of the North China climate. Some may

write that I foolishly overworked. But certainly no one suggested it to me during the months that I was so busy.

"It is hardly necessary to say that the blow is a terrible one to us. To be forced to leave the Mission at a time when we seem to be most needed is very hard. We have the entire China end clearly in our minds. Friends are made throughout the country. We know with just whom to consult, and just where we may expect the most help. There are difficulties of which we know that are hard to explain. Poor Gage will have to begin his life without us, and we have already learned what it means to be the only representative of the Mission. But it is clearly God's will, and we may look for the reason to be made clear some time. If we have finished our work in China it must have been God's plan, and He knows where His next work for us lies. But we hope and pray that we may be able to do what others have done, return. The fact that I came to China without the least tendency, hereditary or constitutional, towards the trouble; and the fact that the examining physicians both for the Mission and the insurance company should think that my lungs were one of my strongholds increases the hope of complete recovery very greatly."

Scarcely more than a week after the receipt of Dr. Cochran's letter the Thurstons left Peking, and on November 7th sailed from Tientsin for Kobe, Japan. Arriving here they spent two days at the Girls' College, where friends showed them every kindness. On November 14th they sailed from Kobe on the steamship *China*, and shortly after Lawrence received the first message of cheer from one of his old friends. It was a letter from Enoch Bell, Lawrence's classmate at Yale and at Auburn,

who was now located at Sapporo, Japan, as a missionary of the American Board.

"What's this I have just heard, you dear old man? Have you really been ordered home to recuperate? . . . If you are on the *China* when this letter reaches you, as the Irishman would say, just think of these two friends in Sapporo as praying that you may soon return to the East. We can hardly spare you. But cheer up, old man. I'll bet you are cheerful anyhow. I never yet saw you 'down in the dumps.' You'll be able to do a good work at home.

"'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.'"

Two days were spent ashore with friends at Yokohama while the steamship was coaling, and then the long voyage across the Pacific began, with a break on Thanksgiving day, which the Thurstons spent at Honolulu at the home of Hiram Bingham. On December 4th the boat arrived at San Francisco.

The doctors were at once consulted. It was finally decided that the Thurstons should go to San Bernardino. After a few days of prospecting in the town itself Lawrence and his wife settled down in a shack on the mountainside ten miles from the center of the city.

And then it was that Lawrence first came to know how large a place he held in the affections and regard of his friends. "We received a big mail to-day," he wrote a few days after his arrival, "many from America and a lot from China forwarded. . . . The letters from the committee are fine. We certainly are much blessed in having such backers. We indeed thank God for such

friends and such appreciation of what God has enabled us to do. . . . I was thinking to-day that there is not another occupation that I know of, where one is cared for as he is as a missionary under a good board. Mr. Beach writes from the standpoint of a somewhat similar experience. He says he thinks the blow has already been a blessing to all the committee. We have prayed for this, and especially that it might stir up Yale men to realize the cost of missions."

From the committee in New Haven came the following messages:

(From Professor Williams.)

"In plain every-day language we who have the Mission at heart are dreadfully cut up at the news of your illness, and first and foremost concerned about you personally. . . . And let me say in a word that your work and the impression you have made are splendid. It has all been of the best type and we are proud of you. Don't worry over your enforced idleness now, but remember that you've already made a record to be proud of, and that your one business at present is to get well while we try our best to take care of the Mission and of you."

(From Mr. Stokes.)

"And remember that we all feel that you have done a *very, very* important year's work. In fact, I can say truthfully that I don't know of any man of your years who has done a more valuable piece of work this past year. You have made the right impression at home and abroad and have got the site and stamp of your work decided upon."

(From Professor Reed.)

"The committee feels that you have done wonders. You have given us our field and our opportunity, and that is worth three years' good work, so that if you have to take two years' rest, it will even up. We are all very hopeful for the future and wish you and your wife to feel that we thoroughly appreciate all you have done. Don't get blue. It's all right, and you'll come out of this stronger than ever."

No less genuine were the expressions of sympathy and regard from Lawrence's associates and fellow-workers in the cause of missions. Secretary Barton of the American Board wrote:

"You have already made an aggressive beginning. Many a man has been half a lifetime in the mission field without laying foundations for so much permanent work as you have laid already."

From Shanghai came the following messages:

"There are many things you would have liked to have done in the years before you here, but there is one thing you have done which perhaps few others could have done, or done so well, and that is, you have *made a place for the Yale Mission*, and you have made friends for it in so rare and tactful a way that, whoever comes now, he will be coming to warm friends and a sure welcome."

"I assure you that it makes a big hole in China for the Thurstons to leave it. We had begun to feel already that you were an inseparable part of the country. We

shall, of course, hope that you may speedily get back to us; but whether you get back or not, we shall know that America has a big influence for the good of this country which it has never had before. Your prayers and your continued influence we shall count upon largely.

"You have done a great work already in determining as you have done the plans, and in fixing upon the field of the Yale Mission. You have accomplished more, in my opinion, than some missionaries do in a whole lifetime of work in China. In the thoroughness with which you have studied the situation, and the wisdom in which you have dealt with it, you have certainly justified many times your coming out."

But most precious of all were the messages which came from the home and the college circle, from his most intimate friends in a common faith who would some day go out as he had to a foreign land; and from those whom he loved to call his "backers," who, though busy in other walks of life, were not too busy to open their hearts at such a time as this. And we all felt that we knew instinctively just what Lawrence could do in the face of his disappointed hopes and delayed plans. We were sure that with a quiet smile he would strengthen his hold on the realities of life and turn to get whatever elements of joy and usefulness the enforced vacation could bring. And that was precisely what he did.

How full of hope and cheer and fun the letters were that came from California during those winter months. On the night before Christmas he wrote home:

"First I want to tell you how much your letters this past week have meant to us. Or rather I cannot tell

you. In fact we have received letters from everywhere that have meant a great deal. Few if any spoke as if we were sitting with a pail to catch our tears. We are certainly far from that, for we are laughing and jollying as if on a picnic. But nevertheless it does us a deal of good to know that our loved ones sympathize so deeply with us, and to have them say so. A fellow hardly knows how much others love him till he strikes a snag like this. . . .

"The letters from New Haven too have been wonders. Oh, they are bricks down there. . . .

"To-morrow is Christmas. Who would think it, and I fear we will have a hard time thinking it here. The doctor couldn't get anything that went on two legs in all San Bernardino. This morning the nearest we will come to a turkey will be boiled mutton. We cannot roast it. But we have your turkey [a papier-maché affair filled with small joke presents from Whitinsville] which we hope to carve to-morrow, and what more do we want? Also Aunt L——'s two books have come. The rest will come straggling in in a few months. We shall think of you if we dare to. I find it easier not to dream in certain directions."

A few weeks later he wrote describing the life in the canyon.

"All this reminds me to speak of the joys of sleeping under the open sky. One's sensations are various, pleasant, strange, and disagreeable. If there is a heavy fall of dew your top covering is covered with diamonds, only they are very wet ones if you have to draw up another rug on top of them. You also find that you have

but one dry spot to put your head on, and that the very one where it has just been. Around your neck is a dry circle of clothing provided you do not move. Otherwise you spend considerable time trying to find the old warm spot in exchange for the new and very damp one. I just dote on it when the dew falls. It must be still more glorious when it rains. Another interesting feature is that you are never in the dark. About half the time there is a moon, and then you are sleeping in practically daylight. The rest of the time the stars furnish more light than is welcome. Unless it happens to be cloudy, which it almost never is here, you can see about you with comparative ease, very nice if you wish to study night landscapes, but not as good for sleeping as a little of Egypt's darkness. I never saw so much of the moon in my life. . . . Perhaps you think I spend considerable time investigating my surroundings, but I must confess that there are at least moments when I do not sleep. For sleeping purposes I prefer a little less naked nature and a little more protection from the elements. But never mind. All these things combined are certainly making a new man of me. Tillie informed me to-night that she had never seen me looking so well. And what encourages us both very much is that I am regaining my recuperative powers. In 'Frisco I did a little too much one day and the next I spent practically on my back. Now I do more at times and do not find myself more than normally tired and am rested in a night. Of course I can do ridiculously little even now, and always try to do less than I can. My great danger is that I will mistake nerves for new strength. But as I realize this I guard against it. I suppose I ought not to be thinking so much about myself. I try not to, but I do like to be able to report what

there is to encourage you. I can honestly say that there is nothing adverse to report."

A week later he wrote:

"Phillips Brooks preached to-day, and I guess there were not many in the region that had a better sermon. Last Sunday Spurgeon preached but we were much disappointed in the sermon. The school-teacher now comes to the services and enjoys them. The three of us constitute all the audience we can muster.

"Talk about New England weather as variable. It can't touch South California, in the rainy season. Not that it is raining, but you are supposed always to expect it, and when it catches you off your guard it does come. I have brought in wood for a three days' ducking twice this week and all we got out of it was a clear sky. When it does come we shall probably get soaked. I may anyway. For when you are sleeping under the vault of heaven you can't be sure of waking up the moment the plumbing bursts. Cloudy nights (the nights we have found it doesn't rain) I have shrunk from risking it, although advocates of outdoor sleeping make no exceptions. I wish they would try it some rainy night. Of course I agree with them, as my actions prove. Now I have invented a scheme which promises to work especially when that myth of a tent fly comes. I run the head of my bed out about three feet. I do not understand that one's feet must be out-of-doors also. I can turn round some night if they do. Then if it rains Tillie can easily pull me in out of harm's way. If we both had to get up and get out in the rain and turn the bed around and poke it in, I suspect we would need treatment for

other maladies besides tubies. Once this rainy season is over this excitement will pass. But when we came here no one told of a rainy season. The doctor has to account for a good many things he did and didn't tell us. But Arizona might have been as bad. We are not used to this race of men, despite the fact that they seem most like a cross between the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon. We were told up and down and assured again and again that we could stay here the year round. It was the principal attraction for us and therefore as we gave ourselves away it was especially emphasized. But if the summer is any hotter than to-day, the dry air cure would turn us both out fine Egyptian mummies. I will discuss changes of location later. But I spoke above of varieties. Last Wednesday we had one. The north wind blew and the sun (the only heating apparatus there is to keep us from thinking it is winter) was under clouds. With the sun in that condition we are always chilly. Fortunately it has not happened but three times, though the result is the same every day between three and four. But it happened Wednesday. This shack with a wind is like all out-of-doors. The stove had as much effect as a fire in a tomato can. Tillie would not let me get up till noon. Then we both froze. The wind was so strong that it made us both nervous and wore on us so that we both went to bed tired out. The next day came out a dream of warmth and beauty, and my wrath cooled (a strange paradox). I was about on the point of driving to town and demanding what they thought we were made of. The trouble is that weather in town is not the same as here, and they may have thought we were as well off as ever. Since then the weather has been charming, and our plan of moving to town till we did not need to dodge

the rainy season has melted before the sun only to be revived the next bad day. . . .

"Despite all these disturbing elements I continue to gain. Thursday I walked fully half a mile and Friday a mile without too great weariness, and I assure you that has not been possible for many months. As my strength returns, my gains will be more rapid, I should think. The doctors say my voice has improved. As this was, according to the 'Frisco doctors, half the trouble, I am still more encouraged. I sometimes wonder if I do enough to help along. But authorities differ so radically that one despairs, his only satisfaction being that if he does nothing he will be at least following one school.

"Now good-bye. This week you will think of us as with Brownell and Helen [Mr. and Mrs. Gage] and I tell you we are looking forward to it with the greatest pleasure."

During the last week in January the monotony of camp life was broken by a visit from the Gages, who were on their way to China as the successors of the Thurstons in the Yale Mission. Shortly after their departure the failure of all facilities for water and supplies on the mountainside made it necessary for Lawrence and his wife to move to town, and on the first of February they settled down in a little house on C Street. Early in March Lawrence's mother and sister came for an extended visit, and the united family passed a happy month together.

"Just because mamma and Isabel are here it is not fair to you who cannot be to leave you without the usual

weekly breeze, unless perchance that treatment might be a relief. There is no use in saying that we are enjoying their being here, because that falls so far short of the truth that it is almost untruth. It is just simply too good to be true. Yet it seems just as natural as if we had not wandered all over China, collected insects for the American market, and been busy for three months in another strange land getting rid of them before we returned to the real America, that is, the America that is old enough to wear short trousers. . . . We have not done much since but see each other and I have again keenly realized what a deprivation to me, not to others, is my lack of a voice. Having the tales of eighteen months to tell, imagine my condition. . . . I have talked, and doubtless too much, but now I am going to be good. . . .

"I have just come in from a sun-bath in the back yard, and the birds there reminded me that I have never told you about our birds. In the canyon they used to sit on every bush, and we feared that here they might leave us. But, save for the wild birds, they are thick enough. Whether they consider this only a transient hotel and will move soon, remains to be seen. Since the robins came the sparrows are not as thick, and may have moved out. In New England we just have samples of the birds. This is one of the wholesale departments. This morning there were at least eleven robins drinking at once at a puddle, and they kept coming and going as if it were a soda-water fountain. Some may have found another nickel and come back, but most were first comers, I think. I regret to say that the robins seem to prefer stronger drinks than the sparrows. In fact, the sparrows were more particular than a good many of the higher

animals. One of our hydrants leaks, and the sparrows have always drunk from the drip. I thought I could help them along by giving them water in a dish. But few would touch it. They preferred to cling to the little post beside the hydrant, and fill their bills with the occasional drop which oozed from the pipe. But not a robin has drunk there to my knowledge. Instead, they imbibe quantities of water from our sink drain, doubtless more nourishing, but not proper for a robin. Food seems to be their principal aim in life, for they are much more busy eating than the sparrows, which are happy playing hide-and-go-seek among the trees. In fact, it is as good as a trained animal show to see them at the hydrant. There is only room for one, and that means waiting for something else. It was usually something else before the drinker had got more than three drops. Up would fly one, two or three thirsty ones, and off would go the first, and also two others. Then the game would be repeated till the end of the chapter, with variations to make it interesting. Sometimes one would try to be a woodpecker and hang on from beneath, but this perversion of nature never worked. Meanwhile, mind you, there were pans of fresh water below. We have some pretty superior sparrows here. Some have little red crests, but the gayest sport red vests, which if a little larger would suggest baby robins. The blackbirds are in town, but perhaps they agree with the merchants that we live too far out—or else they do not like robins. Anyhow, we have to see them elsewhere, and, as usual with the birds here, they are fairly tame so that you can see them. Yesterday we drove past two that gave us a beautiful view of their iridescent plumage. Two woodpeckers often remind us of electric buzzers and make

strangers jump. There are some mocking-birds that furnish music in the morning and make other noises when it is hotter. What is coming next we must wait to see."

But although the letters rang with cheer and courage, there were other thoughts than those of stars and of birds which came to Lawrence in the long nights on the mountainside, and later as he sat beneath the bower of roses in the quiet of the San Bernardino home. Alone with God he made the same request which all men instinctively make when the sorrow comes—which even the Master made. It was the request that the cup might pass from him. But like the Master, in entire resignation, he left the decision with God.

"John 5:6. Would'st thou be made whole? Christ asks me that also, and is as ready to answer it. But am I as ready to rise up and walk? Does it take more faith for me than for the man? If it does, still I have more evidence, and more reason for faith. Why do I not rise up and walk?—Go out and expect to be whole, and be whole?

"Oh, Christ, I do not know. Thy power is the same. Why do I not? Teach me exactly what is my part and my heritage and give me the faith to accept and receive it."

Early in April, Lawrence's mother left for home, and up to the middle of this same month Lawrence had gained steadily. The fact that the warm season was approaching, and that the house at San Bernardino was

about to be sold, necessitated a change in location, and in the middle of April Mrs. Thurston visited Claremont, which was about twenty-five miles distant, and secured quarters for the summer months. On the 1st of May the family moved thither.

Three days after the arrival Lawrence stayed in bed all the morning, the first time that he had cared to do so since his illness began. "Oh, I do hate this so," he said, "this just being sick." Later in the day he became very ill. He seemed dazed, and talked very little, although he craved being read to, as he often had in his earlier days. Later in the day he lapsed into unconsciousness. The doctor pronounced him very ill with cerebral embolism and gave little hope of recovery. Then followed the six days and nights while the devoted wife and sister watched by the bedside for the return to consciousness. But it was not so to be and on the 10th of May, in the evening, he passed on, obedient to that summons, the deeper meaning of which he had not fully realized when seven months before, standing upon China's soil, he had been "ordered home."

And what of the task that had been so suddenly terminated, and of the life itself so soon laid down? Was the task finished and was the life complete? Who will dare say that it was not? Of whom can it ever be said, that their work is finished save of those alone who, following in the Master's steps, know the will of God and do it? Two weeks later when we gathered in the Congregational Church at Whitinsville, close by the home which he loved so well, and looked for the last time

upon his face, we could not but feel that after all there was a peculiar completeness about those thirty years; and somehow it did not seem so strange to us that he who has obeyed his Master's will so faithfully in all else, should have obeyed at the last when he had been "ordered home."

How often this thought—the thought of the peculiar completeness of those few years—found expression in the messages which came to the home in Whitinsville:

"The secret of individual personality, I believe," wrote one, "is that every man's life is a thought of God and meant to be an expression of one element in the divine perfection. If that be so, a man's life is complete as soon as that thought of God has been uttered clearly in his personality. . . . It could not have been made clearer in Lawrence's life by any multiplied duration of existence here. So in that sense his life seems complete to me. He spoke to the world the individual message God gave him to utter."

"If his time in China was short it was yet most important," wrote another, "for it changed the entire plan of the Mission and secured for it a field second to none in the empire. He built on the costliest of foundations, a rich and full life, freely offered up for a great cause. . . . His death assured the Mission of its permanence."

"I can only repeat to you the strong conviction which I have already expressed," was the message from a third, "that his life was as fruitful a one, judged by the right standards, as that of any recent graduate of Yale."

"Lawrence Thurston may be said to have accomplished the service of a lifetime in a year," wrote yet another.

". . . He recognized his opportunity with the same promptness that distinguishes a great leader in a moment of crisis, proving in this single operation a fitness much above the average of men. That he came home so soon thereafter to die was a bitter grief to those who loved him, but they do not bewail a fortune that was unkind to him, since few missionaries have done so much in years of service for their boards as he completed in eleven months."

And yet with the passing years, this thought—the thought of the completeness of the life—has strangely enough yielded first place in many of our minds to still another,—to a thought that has come but will not go. It is a thought that makes itself felt with compelling sweetness in those rare moments when the heart sometimes has

> "Intimations clear of wider scope,
> Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
> The soul alert with noble discontent
> And onward yearnings of unstilled desire,
> Fruitless except we now and then divined
> A mystery of purpose gleaming through
> The secular confusions of the world ——"

It is a thought that comes again and again at those times when one feels:

> "Sometimes in waking, in the street sometimes,
> Or on the hillside, always unforewarned,
> A grace of being, finer than himself
> That beckons and is gone."

How shall we express it, and how shall we explain it —this thought that comes and will not go at such an hour?

"Sweet memories they are, as they rise before me—those recollections of Laurie; the long years in Yale on the top floor of Lawrance Hall; the journeys in the West in the intense days of our life, learning some of the deepest spiritual lessons that could come to a young man; those many times on the island when relaxation was justified and enjoyed; that wonderful year at Auburn when the broader thoughts of modern study gripped us both and we felt a cautious way into a position that should combine the strongest elements of both the old and the new. They are a precious and permanent memorial of as true a friend, as strong and courageous and useful a man as I will ever know. His death only increases the power he had over my life. For in all the college days his was one of the strongest formative influences that came to me. And now that he has so soon finished his work here I find the example of the dear friend still as potent for good as ever it was when we lived together."

"Still as potent for good as ever it was." Truly, herein is the marvellous mystery of the miracle of obedience,—not that he that willeth to do God's will shall know and do,—shall finish his work—but that he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

Note of the Subsequent Progress of the Yale Mission

For four months there was no representative of the Yale Mission on the field. Brownell Gage ('98) and his wife reached China in March, 1904. On their way they had a protracted conference with Mr. and Mrs. Thurston in California, on the past and future of the Mission, and were joined in Shanghai after a few weeks by Professor and Mrs. Beach. The party proceeded to Hankow and visited Chang-Sha. After a summer in Kuling, the Gages were joined in November by Rev. Warren B. Seabury (1900), and that winter was spent in Hankow on language study. In the spring of 1905 a house in Chang-Sha, formerly occupied by the Norwegian Mission, was available, and the Yale Mission was at last established in the city to which it had been so strangely guided. In spite of difficulty in obtaining the land for a permanent campus, the choice of Chang-Sha has been approved in the judgment of all.

Dr. Edward H. Hume ('97) and Mrs. Hume joined the Mission in the summer of 1905, and Rev. William J. Hail (1905 D), in the fall of 1906. Later that same year Mrs. Thurston returned to the Mission, having spent the two years at home in work among the colleges as travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement.

A piece of property on one of the main streets of the city was purchased, after much search and with the necessary strategy, and the buildings on it were altered to provide accommodations for a school of thirty students.

Another house across the street was rented and fitted up as Dispensary and Hospital. The school opened November 16, 1906, with thirty pupils, chosen from a larger number of applicants, and the medical work was carried on in a quiet way that winter.

The loss of Mr. Seabury, who was drowned at Kuling, July 29, 1907, seems almost irreparable. Largely through his untiring efforts the school property was obtained and it was possible to make a good beginning in work. The only solution of the mystery is in seeing the work as God's work, and realizing that no one human instrument is indispensable to it. Rather is work like this a special opportunity for the preparation needed for the higher service to which God calls us. In this view is it not in a sense an honour to the Mission that two men have so quickly learned earth's lesson and been promoted to serve their Lord where they may "see His face"?

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